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THE  
**British Bibliographer.**

BY  
*SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.*  
AND  
*JOSEPH HASLEWOOD.*

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VOLUME IV.

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1814.





## PREFACE.

I KNOW not whether the readers of this work, the few who interest themselves about the literary antiquities of their country, will regret to learn that this volume closes the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER. The Editors regret it, because the materials for its continuance are in more ample abundance before them than they ever were before. Increased friends, increased aid, and the rich stores of the Bodleian, unfolded to them through channels as well calculated to interest and gratify public curiosity as flattering to themselves; the treasures of Mr. Heber, Mr. Bindley, Mr. Utterson, Mr. Bolland, Mr. Phelps, and many others, always most kindly open to their researches, cause them some pain at quitting the task of communicating what is thus liberally offered to their hands. But reasons of a private nature, and a change of employment and incompatible engagements in those with whom the risk, and the profit if any, was placed, have led to this conclusion.

Minds of different talents and different pursuits will necessarily have various opinions of the utility of such publications. Perhaps the Editors are not more blind than their most witty or most bitter censurers to all the dullness and all the defects of the present work. The sole question is, whether it performs that which it undertakes; and whether that undertaking is in itself useful? He, who thinks all reading dull or repulsive but modern books, who likes no language but that of the last fashion,

fashion, will undoubtedly, in the supremacy of his ignorant conceit, look upon the uncouth phraseology of former centuries with unqualified scorn! But perhaps the self-applauding confidence of this vivacious critic will weigh but a little in the determination of the question! The value depends on other qualities than he can apprehend; and other principles of judgment than his powers can reach!

In what single library, private or public, can be found all the curious volumes which the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER has recorded? Or if they could all be found centered in one rich depository, is there no use in extending two-hundred-fold notices of their titles, and specimens of their contents?

It is not impossible that the greater part of the volumes here registered may be already known to some of those who have for years constantly frequented sale-rooms of books in the metropolis; but of those who are inquisitive on these subjects, how few have leisure or opportunity to frequent sale-rooms; and of these few how small a portion have the desire or the talent to collect for any other than a selfish gratification!

When the writer of this preface looks back on the curious contents of these volumes, (of which he may be entitled thus to speak because scarcely any of them proceeded from himself) he cannot refrain from pointing out with some satisfaction, that patient and indefatigable industry, which could by laborious transcription rescue specimens of so many rare books, before they passed into libraries, where it might be difficult to consult, and whither it might sometimes be not easy even to trace them. For many valuable tracts, besides those which luckily pass into the hands of known collectors, float for

a day on the market, and then pass into some secret treasure house, where perhaps they lie hidden to all but the retired owner.

“And if all these things, with all that the Bibliographer and *Censura Literaria* have endeavoured to rescue from a just oblivion; if all that the black-letter has stained with its ugly impression,” cries some pert wittling, “were burnt in the next clearing fire of the metropolis, what would literature lose?” I leave him to enjoy the triumphant wisdom of his question; or to seek for other answerers than him who has spent nine years\* in the toil of these pursuits!

Hereafter as these relics of ancient genius and ancient learning, or ancient pedantry, these examples of the progress of language, these memorials of long past manners and customs, become every day more rare and difficult of access, the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER, which has collected so many notices and extracts of them, will at least continue to possess an interest and an use, of which, they, whose approbation is most to be coveted, have already had the candour to give it the credit.

If the Editors, attracted by the curiosity of the subject, have dealt rather in extracts than in original criticisms, they do not think they have performed a less useful, because it has been a more humble task. As long as the materials forced themselves in such abundance on their hands, their time has been too much occupied in gathering, to allow them leisure to build with them. Let those who find these pages dry and repulsive, and devoid of data for interesting reflection, keep aloof from them! They are not arrived at that degree of mental cultivation and curiosity which fits them for these studies!

\* The *Censura Literaria* commenced with the year 1805.

For the Bibliography of old English poetry, which had been begun by William Oldys, had been pursued by Thomas Warton and Bishop Percy, been continued by George Stevens and Edmund Malone, and taken up with minute labour and dry perseverance by Joseph Ritson, very ample and not easily exhausted matter may be found in the *Censura Literaria*, and in the present work.

During the period that these works have been passing the press, the spirit of research in this line has increased to a degree which has excited much wonder, and some ridicule. The *mania* may, in some instances, raise a well-founded smile; but that its effects have been altogether beneficial to literature, I cannot doubt. An undistinguishing admiration of that which is old, and a desire of possessing rarities, which arises from a mean vanity, are foibles which may be condemned, but are of little injury to the public. On the other hand, the advantages to literature, derivable from this curiosity, are numerous and permanent. If the labours of the present Editors have contributed to that curiosity, the retrospect will amply repay them for the years consumed in the pursuit.

If ever a full Bibliographical Catalogue of English Literature, up to the close of the 17th century, which is at present a most important desideratum, shall be executed, the *Censura Literaria*, combined with the labours of Wood, Tanner, Ames, Herbert, Warton, and Dibdin, will go far in furnishing the necessary materials.

Nor will a candid and reflecting judgment refuse to admit, that something has been added to our national stores of intellect by the entire reprints which have formed part of the present miscellany. The *Paradise of Dainty*.

*Dainty Devises, England's Helicon, Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, in their original text; with *John Higgins's* part of *The Mirror for Magistrates*, all of them books of uncommon rarity and great intrinsic merit, have opened to the literati, who are inquisitive in this department, treasures which had hitherto been sealed.

“Thus to reply to anticipated objections, thus anxiously to insist on some faint praise, does it betray a firm consciousness of having endeavoured and deserved well?” Such, probably, will be the question of the reader, who is petulant and captious! For the author, who, whether in the higher walks of genius, or the more humble paths of compilation, appears calm in the confidence of his own well-meant exertions, knows little of the ingenuity of envy, or the liveliness of malicious degradation!

It may not seem very presumptuous to aim at a reputation similar to that of the well known Thomas Hearne. Yet his celebrity is surely not altogether unenviable, whose works, comprehending voluminous materials of solid information, are every day rising in value, and are become the necessary ornaments of every rich library.\*

The present work, of which much of the matter could never probably again be re-assembled, and of which scarcely more than 150 complete sets can exist, will scarcely lose its price with the progress of time. The *Censura Literaria*, if by any chance a copy comes into the market, fetches much more than double its original cost. That a fate not less flattering will attend the BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER we cannot doubt.

It is easy to plan out schemes of ideal perfection; to

\* The set from the library of Mr. Willett of Merly, all large paper, fetched 405*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* They consisted of 32 lots.

design a work in which all the perseverance of laborious enquiry and patient transcripts shall be united with all the grace of taste, and all the rich eloquence of genius ; in which the plodding hand that collects the rude materials shall shape and combine them into forms of just proportion and exquisite beauty, or imposing magnificence ! But, to plan and to perform, to suggest schemes, and to execute them, are immeasurably different ! Even Warton, with great learning, great taste, and strong powers of original and nice criticism, united (I will venture to add, in defiance of some strange cavillers), with great and powerful genius, suffered the vigorous faculties of his digesting, discriminating, and creative mind, to be oppressed and overlaid by the weight of the heavy materials which incumbered him. Even he could not always move like a master under his load.

It is true that too many readers require to be taught how to think and to judge ! It is not sufficient to give them specimens, and leave them to form their own opinions. Trite criticism, and remarks sometimes superficial, and sometimes deeply erroneous, might fill pages of plausible commentary without any great expence either of time or talent to the writer. But are these the idlenesses to which a wise man will either commit his name, or consign his pen ? Better a thousand times is the plodding task of copying the dullest extracts, to which time has given an adventitious value ! These the profound antiquary, the philosophic investigator of ancient language and ancient manners, will know how to appreciate ; while the praise or the jest of the flippant lover of the piquant style of modern criticism may be treated with equal indifference !

Is there any one who wishes to know with what degree of reluctance the editors resign a task in which they  
have

have been so long engaged? It cannot be supposed, that either of them wants employment; that he has no other literary amusements which invite his attention! They quit their work with a sigh, because they are convinced, that its use is not insignificant, and its discontinuance will be a loss; for it cannot be necessary to declare, that their views have been the most remote from mercenary, and that their labours have been solely prompted by a desire to promote this department of Bibliographical knowledge. The writer of this Preface may be forgiven for here asserting of his coadjutor Mr. Haslewood, that his union of arduous and inextinguishable industry with opportunities created by his long experience in this pursuit, have given him the power of preserving numerous literary memorials, beyond what is ever likely again to be rivalled, or even imitated!

It is highly consolatory to the Editors, that their last number is filled with matter so rich and so curious, that no candid judges can suspect them of exhausted stores! The first article of that number, from the pen of one of the most eminent ornaments of that illustrious University, in which he justly holds so conspicuous a station, may be fairly pointed to, for a justification of language, that some may deem arrogant! On this account, if on no other, the Editors again heave a sigh, that here closes the *BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER*!

S. E. B.

Dec. 22, 1813.





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*a. Fernick Pinx.*

*sculpsit W. Wilson.*

Jacobus Sherlaeus

*Memoir of James Shirley.*

In a former number we gave a portrait of this poet and eminent dramatic writer, and we appropriate the little space left at the conclusion of the Preface to give a hasty and brief sketch of his life. He was born near the Stocks Market in the city of London, about 1594, and probably descended from an antient family in Sussex. He was educated at Merchant Taylor's Hall, and removed to St. John's College, Oxford. Afterwards leaving this university without a degree,\* he was entered of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and studied there several years, having for his contemporary Thomas Bancroft, the epigrammatist, who has recorded the circumstance in one of his epigrams. 1639, qto. B. 1. Ep. 13.† At this university he probably obtained a degree, and after entering into orders, held some preferment near the town of St. Albans. Being unsettled in his principles, he afterwards changed his religion for that of Rome, and having resigned his living, taught a grammar school at St. Albans; but finding this employment uneasy to him, he left it for the metropolis, where he resided in Gray's Inn, and commenced dramatic writer. In this new undertaking he not only obtained a considerable livelihood, but was respected and encouraged by persons of quality, and particularly by the queen of Charles I. who made him her servant. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he was forced to leave London, with his wife and children, and appears to have served in the wars upon the invitation of his patron the Duke of Newcastle. When the king's cause declined, he again contrived to take up his residence obscurely in London, where he was assisted by his friend Thomas Stanley, and afterwards re-established himself as a schoolmaster in Whitefriars, and educated several eminent men. At length when about 72 years of age he was driven, with his second wife Frances, from his residence near Fleet-street, by the fire of London in 1666, and took refuge in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, where being overcome with affright at their miseries and losses, they both expired in one day, and were buried at St. Giles's Church the 29th October 1666.‡

As an author, he appears by one of his poems to have written as early as 1619;§ and his prolific muse produced for the stage not less than forty-four dramatic pieces.|| Four of these are mentioned by Langbaine, as performed in his time at the King's house, and the Duke's theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, *i. e.* Portugal-row. In the specimens selected by Mr. Ellis (vol. iii. p. 132.) occur those beautiful lines from the "*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the armor of Achilles*;" beginning "*The glories of our blood and state*," and which

\* Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 376. † Oldys' Notes on Langbaine. ‡ Wood *ut sup.* † He occasionally was joined by Chapman, &c. For an enumeration of his pieces see the forthcoming work called the *Prompter*, p. 85. § Oldys. || *Account of Dramatick Poets*, p. 475.

Oldys says "is the fine song which old Bowman (the actor used to sing to K. Charles, and which he has often sung to me." Had Shirley left no other record of his pen than the concluding stanza, his name would not have perished :

The garlands wither on your brow :  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !  
 Upon death's purple altar now  
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !  
     Your heads must come  
     To the cold tomb,  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

We have seen announced a complete edition of his works, and scarcely know any writer more deserving the attention and patronage of the literary world.

Besides his plays, he published a volume of poems in 1646 21<sup>mo</sup>, and we also see a reference to *Shirley's Guide to Children in the Principles of Grammar*, Lond. 1660, 8vo. probably by him, unless there has been some mistake in referring to a work from which we shall give an unnoticed poem of his writing.

This Poem of Shirley is to be found in an obscure little volume, by *Francis Hawkins*, entitled *Youth's Behaviour*, 1668.\*

" *In Laudem Authoris.*

" Though here be wonder when 'tis known,  
 A child† should make this work his own,  
 (Since he that can translate and please  
 Must needs command two languages)  
 Yet this is nothing to the rest  
 Of treasure, which this little chest  
 Contains, and will in time bring forth,  
 To call just volumes of his worth.  
 If thus a branch, what will he be  
 When he is grown to be a tree ?  
 So glorious in the bud, let men  
 Look for th' *Hesperides* again ;  
 And gather fruit, nor think't unfit  
 A child should teach the world more wit.

JAMES SHUKLEY.

\* *Youth's Behaviour*, or *Decency in Conversation amongst Men*. Composed in French by grave persons, for the use and benefit of their youth. Now newly turned into English by Francis Hawkins, nephew of Sir Thomas Hawkins, translator of *Causoin's Holy Court*. With the addition of 26 new precepts, written by a grave author, &c. The 9th impression, &c. London : printed for W. Lea, &c. 1668, small 8vo.

† By the Preface, it appears that he was only eight years old ; and that he was son of Dr. Hawkins ; and that it was first published 25 years before. His uncle Sir Thomas was of Nesh Cort in Boughton under Blean, co. Kent.

# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup>. XII.

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† *The ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Loue, divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson, Gentleman; and published at the request of certeine Gentlemen his very frendes. London, Imprinted by John Wolfe, for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paule's Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.*

THIS title page has no date.\* It is within an ornamented wood-cut border. The volume is a very thin 4to. with one sonnet on every page. It is dedicated to Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxenford, &c. followed by an address "To the frendly reader." Then comes a prose letter from "Iohn Lyly to the authour his freind." This is succeeded by "Authoris ad Libellum suum Protrepticon," 46 hexameter and pentameter lines. Now follow the commendatory verses, which are these :

1. A Quatorzain in the commendation of Master Thomas Watson, and of his Mistres, for whom he wrote this book of Passionat Sonnetes, † signed *G. Bucke*.

2. To the Authour, signed *T. Acheley*.

3. An Ode written to the Muses concerning this authour, signed *C. Downhalus*. Also, *Ejusdem aliud de authore* ; 18 hexameter and pentameter verses.

\* The work is entered on the Stationer's Books, 1531.

† Reprinted in *Gent. Mag.* lxviii. p. 904. and *Theatr. Poet.* p. 214.

## 4. Lines beginning

“ It's seldom seene that Merite hath his due.”

signed *M. Roydon*.

5. To the Authour, signed *G. Peele*.

Then comes “ A Quatorzain of the Authour unto this his booke of Love-Passions.”

On the next page the sonnets begin.

The author was a native of London, and educated at Oxford, whence he returned to the metropolis and studied the law. He also wrote *Melibæus*, a Latin eclogue on the death of Sir Francis Walsingham, 1590, 4to. *Amintæ Gaudia* in hexameter verses. Lond. 4to. 1592. He also translated the *Antigone* of Sophocles, 1581—and Englished a set of Italian Madrigals, published by Bird, 1590. Meres has compared him with Petrarch. In his Latin address ad *Libellum*, he speaks of his cotemporaries Sydney and Dyer, as of similar fame; and expresses his own dependence on the house of Vere.

“ Hic quoque, seu subeas *Sydnæi*, siue *Dyeri*

Scrinia, qua Musis area bina patet;

Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis esse clientis,

Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu,

Et tamen exhibitum *Vero*, qui magna meretur

Virtute, et vera nobilitate sua.

Inde serenato vultu te mitis vterque

Perleget, et næuos condet vterque tuos.

Dum famulus *Verum* comitaris in aurea tecta,

Officii semper sit tibi cura tui.

Tum fortasse piis Nymphis dabit ille legendum,

Cum de Cyprigeno verba iocosa serent,” &c.

The late Mr. George Steevens chose to pronounce WATSON “ a more elegant sonneteer than Shakspeare;” with what justice the long specimens which follow, extracted from an uncommonly scarce book, will enable the reader to judge. It is true that Shakspeare's sonnets are not among the best of his minor poems; but they exhibit some occasional traits of his genius; and, I think, more genuine poetical talent throughout than those of the writer now before us.

The epithet “ *elegant*” seems ill applied to Watson. Elegance must unite simplicity with grace. Overlaboured



laboured and far-fetched ingenuity cannot be elegant. It may extort unwilling praise for perverted ability : but if it wants nature, it merits not the encomium which has been thus whimsically bestowed.

Watson's Sonnets are very valuable as specimens of the degree of polish of the vernacular language of his day. They are terse, harmonious, and often constructed with admirable artifice. They are seldom disgraced by expletives, flat expressions, or imperfectly formed sentences. There is no involution of words, which generally follow one another in their proper places with uncommon felicity. There are whole sonnets in which not one single word takes a different position from that which it ought to have in prose. The very accentuation is seldom different from that of our times. That miserable intermixture of lame lines, or lame half-lines, which deforms most of the poetry of the Elizabethan age, never disgraces Watson.

This must be admitted to be high praise, though it be not the highest. The truth is, that such excellencies regard the form and dress, and not the soul, of poetry. It is in the materials, and in the spirit which inspires them, that the genuine character of the Muse is seen, and felt. To meditate upon a subject, till it is broken into a thousand remote allusions and conceits ; to accustom the mind to a familiarity with metaphysical subtleties, and casual similitudes in contradictory objects, is to cultivate intellectual habits directly opposite to those from whence real poetry springs ; and to produce effects directly opposite to those which real poetry is intended to produce.

The real poet does but pursue, fix, and heighten those day-dreams which every intellectual being more or less at times indulges ; though the difference of the degree, as well as of the frequency, in which individuals indulge them, is incalculable ; arising from the difference of mental talent and sensibility, as well as of cultivation. But who is there, in whose fancy some absent image does not occasionally revive ? And who is there so utterly dull and hard, that in him it arises unassociated with the slightest emotion of pain or pleasure ? Yet in what abundance and richness of colouring such images

are constantly springing up in the mind of the poet? Visions adhere to the boughs of every tree; and painting what he sees and feels with his natural enthusiasm, he carries the reader of sensibility along with him; kindles his fainter ideas into a flame; draws forth the yet weak impression into body and form; and irradiates his whole brain with his own light. The chords of the heart are touched; and while thus played upon produce enchanting music; till, as the spell is silent, the object of this borrowed inspiration is astonished to find, that all this brilliant entertainment sprung from the wand of the poetical magician.

If this be the secret of true poetry, what is he who seeks to convey images so unnatural, that no one had ever even an imperfect glimpse of them before, and no one can sympathize with them when expressed? Can he, whose thoughts find no mirror in the minds of others be a poet? Is not a *metaphysical poet* a contradiction of terms?

He who adopts these principles, will think of Watson as I do.—Has he painted the natural emotions of the mind, or the heart? Has he given

“A local habitation, and a name,”

to those “airy nothings” which more or less haunt every fancy? Or has he not sat down rather to exercise the subtlety of his wit, than to discharge the fullness of his bosom? Whether Shakspeare in the sonnets to which these have been preferred, has done better, we may afterwards consider.

Let us proceed therefore to a more particular examination, accompanied by specimens, of the work before us. These sonnets do not adhere to the strict form of the class, of which they assume the name.—They consist of 18 lines instead of 14; and the rhymes are differently arranged, and not repeated like those of Petrarch and his followers. But this is a very trifling objection. Still as Watson is an imitator in many respects sufficiently servile, and does not at all spare labour, I rather wonder at an unnecessary departure from an established model: more especially as it will be difficult to convince his readers that he has improved upon it: for, in spite of Johnson, it must not be admitted, that that model is

ill

ill suited to the character of the English language.—A few poets, both old and modern, have shewn that they can manage it with skill and facility\*.

If the reader is tired with the length of the extracts, let him recollect that it is all, which, from its scarcity, he will probably ever see of the book : and that it is not unworthy to contribute its share to the treasures of Elizabethan literature.

As a scholar, Watson appears to deserve great praise. In describing the passion of love he seems to have tasked his ingenuity to embrace all the conceits on that subject, which are to be found in classical mythology, as well as in the more affected and metaphysical parts of the similar compositions of his prototype Petrarch.

## I.

The author in this passion taketh but occasion to open his estate in loue ; the miserable accidentes whereof are sufficiently described hereafter in the copious varietie of his deuises ; and whereas in this sonnet he seemeth one while to despaire, and yet by and by after to have some hope of good successe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature and true qualitie of a loue passion bee well considered. And where he mentioneth that once he scorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, which he wrote long since, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that have seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to keepe it backe from the printe.

Well fare the life sometimes I ledde ere this,  
 When yet no downy heare yclad my face :  
 My heart deuoyde of cares did bath in blisse,  
 My thoughts were free in euery time and place :  
     But now, alas, all's fowle, which then was faire,  
 My wonted ioyes are turning to despaire.  
 Where then I liv'd without controule or checke,  
 An other now is mistris of my minde,  
 Cupid hath clapt a yoake vpon my necke,  
 Vnder whose waighte I liue in seruile kinde :

\* Perhaps none better than the present Lord Thurlow, who has caught the true spirit of Spenser's best sonnets ; and the very modulation of his language, without servility, or the smallest appearance of affectation.

I now cry creak, that ere I scorned loue,  
 Whose might is more than other God's aboue.  
 I have assaide by labour to eschewe  
 What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite,  
 But nearthelesse my thought reuiues anew,  
 Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite :  
 Some comfort yet I haue to liue her thrall,  
 In whome as yet I find no fault at all !

## V.

All this passion, two verses only excepted, is wholly translated out of Petrarch, where he writeth,\*

S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io sento ?  
 Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale ?  
 Se buona, ond' è l'effetto aspro e mortale ?  
 Se ria, ond' è sì dolce ogni tormento ?

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are icident to him that loneth extreemelye, are liuely expressed by a metaphore. And it may be noted that the author in his first halfe verse of this translation varieth from that sense, which Chawcer vseth in translating the selfe same : which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne simple priuate opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand vpon.

If't bee not loue I feele, what is it then ?  
 If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue ?  
 If good, how chance he hurtes so many men ?  
 If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes disproue ?  
 If willingly I burne, how chance I waile ?  
 If gainst my will, what sorrow will auaille ?  
 O luesome death, O sweete and pleasant ill,  
 Against my minde how can thy might preuaile ?  
 If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,  
 ¶ If I consent, I doe not well to waile ;  
 § [And touching him, whome will hath made a slaue,  
 ¶ The prouerbe saith of olde, *selfe doe, selfe haue.*] †  
 Thus being tost with wiudes of sundry sorte  
 Through daung'rous seas but in a slender boat,  
 With errour stuf, and driu'n beside the porte,  
 Where voide of wisdomes freight it lies afloate,  
 I waue in doubt what helpe I shall require,  
 In sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

\* Part prima Sonet 103.

† Adduntur Tuscano hij duo versus.

## VI.

This passion is a translation into Latine of the selfe same sonnet of Petrarch which you red lastly alleaged, and cometh somewhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase thē the English doth. The author whē he translated it was nut then minded euer to haue emboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our English poets. But beinge busied in translating Petrarch his sonnets into Latin, new clothed this amōgst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it befitteth this place, he is content you suruey it here as a probable signe of his dayly sufferance in loue.

Hoc si non sit amor, quod persentisco, quid ergo est?  
 Si sit amor, tum quid sit amor, qualisque, rogandum:  
 Si bonus est, vnde effectus producit acerbos?  
 Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur?  
 Sique volens uror, quæ tanti causa doloris?  
 Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt?  
 O læthum viuax, O delectabile damuum,  
 Quî sic me superes, tibi si concedere nolim?  
 Et me si patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?  
 Aduersis rapior ventis, nulloque magistro,  
 Per maris effusi fluctus, in puppe caduca,  
 Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata est,  
 Ipusus ut ignorem de me quid dicere possim:  
 Frigeo dum media est æstas; dum bruma, calesco.

## XIX.

The author in this passion reprocueth the vsuall description of loue, whiche olde poetes haue so long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities, that he neither is a childe, (as they say,) nor blinde, nor winged like a hirde, nor armed archer like with bowe and arrowes, neither frantike, nor wise, nor yet vnclothed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet whē he hath said al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the secret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue spent a long and tedious course of time in his seruice.

If Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine,  
 How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might?  
 If blind, how chance so many to their paine,  
 Whom he hath hitte, can witnesse of his sight?  
 If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him best,  
 How happes he lurketh still within my brest?

If bowe and shaftes should be his chieftest tooles,  
 Why doth he set so many heartes on fire?  
 If he were madde, how could he further fooles  
 To whet their wits, as place and time require?  
 If wise, how could so many leeze their wittes,  
 Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes?  
 If naked still he wander too and froe,  
 How doth not sunne or frost offend his skinne?  
 If that a God he be, how falles it so  
 That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?  
 O wondrous thing, that I, whom Loue hath spent,  
 Can scarcely knowe himself, or his intent.

## XXII.

The substance of this passion is taken out of *Seraphine*,  
 Sonetto 127, which beineth thus :

Quando nascesti amor? quando la terra  
 Se rinueste di verde e bel colore;  
 Di che fusti creato? d'un ardore,  
 Che cio lascio in se rinchiude e serra, &c.

But the author hath in this translation inuerted the order  
 of some verses of *Seraphine*, and added the two last of him-  
 selfe, to make the rest to seeme the more patheticall.

“Whenwert thou borne sweet Loue? who was thy sire?”—

“When Flora first adorn’d dame Tellus lap,  
 Then sprung I forth from wanton hote *DESIRE*.”

“Who was thy nurse to feede thee first with pap?”

“*YOUTH* first with tender hand bound up my heade,  
 Then saide, with *LOOKES* alone I should be fed.”—

“What maides had she attendant on her side,  
 To playe, to singe, to rocke thee fast a sleepe?”—

“*VAINENICESSE*, *BEAUTIEFAIRE*, and pompous *PRIDE*.”—

“By stea’t when further Age on thee did creepe;  
 Where didst thou make thy chiefe abiding place?”—

“In *willing Hartes*, which were of gentle race.”—

“What is’t wherewith thou wigest warres with me?”—

“*FEARE* cold as ise, and *HOPE* as hote fire.”

“And cannot Age, or Death make end of thee?”—

“No, no: my dying life still makes retire.”—

“Why then, sweete Loue, take pittie on my paine,  
 Which often dye, and eft reuiue againe.”

## XXV.

It is to be considered in reading this passion, howe in some  
 answers

answers, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward passion of Loue, is contraried by the replies of Echo : whose meaning yet is not so much to gaine say him, as to expresse her owne miserable estate in daily consuming away for the loue of her beloued Narcissus, whose vnkindnes Ouid describeth at large, together with the extreme loue of Echo.\*

*Author.* In all this world I thinke none lou's but I.

*Echo.* None lou's but I. *Auth.* Thou foolish tattling ghest

In this thou telst a lie. *Echo.* Thou telst a lie.

*Author.* Why? Loue him selfe he lodgeth in my brest.

*Echo.* He lodgeth in my brest. *Auth.* I pine for grieffe, And yet I want reliefe. *Echo.* I want reliefe.

*Author.* No starre more faire than her whom I adore.

*Echo.* Then the, whom I adore. *Auth.* Herehence I burne

Stil more and more. *Echo.* I burne stil more and more.

*Author.* Loue, let my heart returne. *Echo.* My heart, returne.

*Author.* Is then the Saint, for whom thou makest mone, And whom I loue but one? *Echo.* I loue but one.

*Author.* O heav'ns is there in loue no ende of ills?

*Echo.* In loue no ende of ills. *Auth.* Thou pratling voyce, Dwel'st thou in th'ayre, or but in hollow hills?

*Echo.* In hollow hills. *Auth.* Cease of to vaunt thy choyse.

*Echo.* Cease of to vaunt thy choyse. *Auth.* I would repleie, But here for loue I die. *Echo.* For loue I die.

## XXVI.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with some deepe melancholie, compareth him selfe vnto the nightingale, and conferrcth his unhappie estate (for that by no meanes his mistresse will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmonie all those that giue attentiuē eare, they conceiue more delight in the muscalle varietie of her noates, then they take iust compassion vpon her distressed heauines.

\* Lib. 1. Metamorph.

† S. liquescens immutat sensum.

When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull spring  
 Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with flowres,  
 And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing ;  
 And louely Nature smiles, and nothing lowres ;  
 Then Philomela most doth straine her brest  
 With night-complaints, and sits in litle rest.  
 This bird's estate I may compare with mine,  
 To whom fond loue doth worke such wrongs by day,  
 That in the night my heart must needes repine,  
 And storme with sighes to ease me as I may ;  
 Whilst others are becalm'd or lye them still,  
 Or sayle secure with tide and winde at will.  
 And as all those which heare this Bird complaine,  
 Conceiue in all her tunes a sweete delight,  
 Without remorse, or pitying her payne :  
 So she, for whom I wayle both day and night,  
 Doth sport her selfe in hearing my complaint ;  
 A iust reward for seruing such a Saint.

## XLI.

This Passion is framed vpon a somewhat tedious or too  
 much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique,  
 whiche of the Grekes is called *παλιλογία* or *αναδιπλωσις*, of  
 the Latins *Reduplicatio* ; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well  
 remember me) alleadgeth this example out of Virgill :

Sequitur pulcherrimus Austur,  
 Austur equo fidens. Æneid. 10.

O happy men that finde no lacke in Loue ;  
 I loue, and lacke what most I do desire ;  
 My deepe desire no reason can remoue ;  
 All reason shunneth my brest, that's set one fire ;  
 And so the fire mainetaines both force and flame,  
 That force auayleth not against the same.  
 One onely helpe can slake this burning heate,  
 Which burning heate proceedeth from her face ;  
 Whose face by lookes bewitched my conceite,  
 Through which conceite I liue in woefull case.  
 O woefull case, which hath no ende of woe,  
 Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe.  
 And yet my foe mainetaineth such a warre,  
 As all her warre is nothing els but peace ;  
 But such a peace as breedeth secreat jarre,  
 Which jarre no witte, no force, no time can cease.

Yet



Yet cease despaire; for time, by witte, or force,  
 May force my frendly foe to take remorse.

## XLII.

In this Passion the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and lively praise his Mistres, so farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before Helen of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but also before howe many soeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of itselſe is so plainly and effectually set downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

This latter night amidst my troubled rest  
 A dismall dreame my fearefull hart appald,  
 Whereof the somme was this: Loue made a feast  
 To which all neighbour Saintes and God's were calde:  
 The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,  
 And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.  
 Then Ioue amidst his cuppes for seruice done  
 Gan thus to iest with Ganymede his boy;  
 I faine would finde for thee, my preaty Soune,  
 A fayrer wife, then Paris brought to Troy:  
 Why, Sir, quoth he, if Phebus stand my frend,  
 Who knows the world, this geere will soon haue end.  
 Then Ioue replide that Phebus should not choose  
 But do his best to finde the fayrest face;  
 And she once found should neither will nor choose,  
 But yeelde her selfe, and change her dwelling place;  
 Alas, how much was then my hart affright;  
 Which bade me wake, and watch my faire delight?

## XLV.

The Authour vseth in this passion the like sense to that which he had in the last before it, calling his mistres a second Sunne vpon earth, wherewith Heauen itselſe is become in loue. But when he compiled this Sounet, he thought not to haue placed it among these his English toys.

Fælices alii iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris  
 Aptos fecit amoribus,  
 Exoptare solent tenebrosa crepuscula noctis,  
 Auroræ maledicere:  
 At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima conjux  
 Tythoni gelidisenis,  
 Dum venit in prima surgentis parte diei,  
 Et soles geminos mihi

Apperit et mæsto fælices reddit ocellos,  
 Quod soles videam duos,  
 Qui simili forma, simili sic luce coruscant,  
 Et mittunt radios pares,  
 Vt Polus ipse nouo Terræ laqueatus amore,  
 Flammis inuideat meis,  
 Solis et ignoto se torreat igne secundi,  
 Oblitus decoris sui,  
 Haud secus atque olim, cum veris prima venustas  
 Multo flore superbijt,  
 Et intidos primum strophis ornare capillos  
 Pulchri Naiadum chori.

## LII.

Here the Authour after some dolorous discourse of his unhappines, and rehearsall of some particular hurtes which he susteineth in the pursute of his loue: first questioneth with his lady of his deserte; and then, as hauinge made a sufficiente prooffe of his innocency, perswadeth her to pitie him, whom she herselfe hath hurte. Moreouer it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verses in this passion being ioyned together as they stand, do containe this posie agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me pungit et urit.*

A A world of woes doth raigne within my brest,  
 m My pensiue thoughtes are cou'red all with care,  
 o Of all that sing the Swanne doth please me best,  
 r Restraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare,  
 M Mad mooded Loue vsurping Reason's place,  
 e Extremitie doth ouer rule the case.  
 P Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall blood,  
 u Unlesse the Saint I serue geue helpe in time:  
 n None els, but she alone, can do me good.  
 g Graunt then, ye Gods, that first she may not clime  
 i Immortall heav'us, to liue with saintes aboue,  
 t 'Then she vouchsafe to yeeld me loue for loue.  
 E Examine well the time of my distresse,  
 t Thou dainty dame, for whom I pine away  
 V Unguylty though as needs thou must confesse,  
 r Remembring but the cause of my decay:  
 i In vewing thy sweet face arose my grieffe,  
 t Therefore in time vouchsafe me some reliefe.

## LXVI.

This Latine passion is borrowed from Petrarch, sonnetto 133, which beginneth,

*Hor,*

*Hor, ch'l ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,  
E le fere, e gli uugelli il sonno affrena,  
Notte'l carro stellato in giro mena,  
E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace, &c.*

Wherein he imitated Virgill, speaking of Dido, thus :

*Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant fessa soporem  
Corpora, &c.*

And this author presumeth upon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully translating it, to place it amongst these his owne passions, for a signe of his great sufferance in loue.

*Dum cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventusque silescit,  
Dumque feras, volucresque quies complectitur alta,  
Noxque agit in gyrum stellantes sydere currus,  
Inque suo lecto recubat sine flumine Pontus,  
Multa ego contemplor ; studeo ; conflagro ; gemisco ;  
Et, mea quæ dulcis pœna est, mihi semper oberrat.  
In me bella gero plenusque doloris et iræ,  
Paxque mihi modica est Lauræ solius in umbra.  
Oritur ex uno charo mihi fonte et acerbum,  
Et quod dulce sapit ; quorum depascor utroque.  
Unica meque manus lædit, læsoque medetur,  
Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clausum est,  
Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque resumo  
Quoque die ; superestque mihi spes nulla salutis.*

## LXXV.

In this passion the Authour borroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of Juppiter in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde ; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verses may be thus cited to the explaining of this passion, although but lamelie.

*Accipe ut ignaram candentis imagine Tauri  
Luserit Europam ficta, &c.  
Quam nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore, &c.  
Qualis et Asterien aquilinis presserit alis :  
Quoque dolo lædam ficto sub ore fefellit.  
Adde quod Antiopam Satyri sub imagine, &c.  
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tiryntheia, &c.  
Æginæque duos ignis sub imagine natos, &c.  
Parrhasiam fictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ,  
Mnemosynen Pastor, serpens Deoida lusit, &c.*

Oyid writeth somewhat in like manner, *Metam. lib. 6.*

Not

Not she, whom Ioue transported into Crete ;  
 Nor Semele, to whom he vow'd in hast ;  
 Nor she whose flannes he filld with fayned heate ;  
 Nor whome with Ægles winges he oft embrast ;  
 Nor Danaë beguyld by golden rape ;  
 Nor she, for whome he tooke Dianaes shape ;  
 Nor faire Antiopa, whose fruitefull loue  
 He gayned Satyr like ; nor she, whose sonne  
 To wanton Hebe was conioyn'd aboue ;  
 Nor sweete Mnemosyne, whose lone he wunne  
 In shepherdes weede ; no such are like the Saint,  
 Whose eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.  
 And Ioue himselfe may storme, if so he please,  
 To heare me thns compare my Loue with his :  
 No forked fire, nor thunder can disease  
 This heart of mine, wherc stronger torment is :  
 But O how this surpasseth all the rest,  
 That she, which hurtes me most, I loue her best.

## LXXIX.

The authour in this Passion seemeth vpon mislike of his wearisome estate in loue to enter into a deepe discourse with himselfe touching the particular miseries which befall him that loueth : And for his sense in this place, hee is very like vnto himselfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of Antigone in Sophocles (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth :

Mali quando Cupidinis  
 Venas æstus edax occupat intimas,  
 Artes ingenium labitur in malas ;  
 Iactatur variè, nec cereris subit  
 Nec Bacchi studium ; pernigiles trahit  
 Noctes ; cura animum sollicita atterit, &c.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this passion that the Authour prepareth him selfe to fall from Lone and all his Lawes as will well appeare by the sequell of his other Passions that followe, which are all made vpon this Posie, *My loue is Past.*

Where heate of Loue doth once possesse the heart,  
 There cares oppresse the minde with wondrous ill,  
 Wit runns awrye, not fearing future smarte,  
 And foud desire doth ouermaster will :  
 The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,  
 Nor ouerwatched eyes desire to winke :

Footsteps are false, and wau'ring too and free ;  
 The brightsome flow'r of beauty fades away :  
 Reason retyres, and pleasure brings in woe ;  
 And wisdom yeldeth place to black decay :  
 Counsell, and fame, and friendship are contemn'd ;  
 And bashfull shame; and Gods themselues condemn'd.  
 Watchfull Suspect is linked with despaire :  
 Inconstant Hope is often drown'd in feares :  
 What Folly hurtes not Fortune can repayre ;  
 And Misery doth swimme in seas of teares :  
 Long vse of life is but a lingring foe,  
 And gentle death is only end of woe.

The next Sonnet **LXXX** begins the title of  
 “ MY LOVE IS PAST.”

**LXXXIII.**

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of Ronsarde's  
 Odes\*, which begioneth thus :

“ Les Muses herent un iour  
 De chaines de roses Amour,  
 Et pour le garder, le donnerent  
 Aus Graces et á la Beauté :  
 Qui voyans sa desloyauté,  
 Sur Parnase l'emprisonnerent,” &c.

The Muses not long since intrapping Loue  
 In chaines of roases linked all araye,  
 Gaue Beawtie charge to watch in their behoue  
 With Graces three, lest he should wend awaye :  
 Who fearing yet he would escape at last,  
 On high Parnassus toppe they clapt him fast.  
 When Venus vnderstoode her sonne was thrall,  
 She made post haste to haue God Vulcan's ayde, †  
 Solde him her gemmes, and ceston therewithall,  
 To ransome home her Sonne that was betraide ;  
 But all in vaine. The Muses made no stoare  
 Of gold, but bound him faster then before.  
 Therefore all you, whom Loue did ere abuse,  
 Come clappe your handes with me, to see him thrall,  
 Whose former dedes no reason can excuse

\* Au liure de ses meslanges.

† Ut Martis revocetur amor, summique Tonantis  
 A te Juno petit ceston, et ipsa Venus.

For killing those which hurt him not at all :  
 Myselfe by him was lately led awrye,  
 Though now at last I force my loue to dye.

## LXXXV.

The chiefest substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certeine Latin verses of Strozza, a nobleman of Italy, and one of the best Poets in all his age, who in describing metaphorically to his friend Antonius the true forme of his amorous estate, writeth thus :

“ Unda hic sunt Lachrimæ, Venti suspiria, Remi  
 Vota, error velum, Mens malesana Ratis ;  
 Spes temo, curæ comites, constantia amoris  
 Est malus, Dolor est anchora, Nauita amor, &c.

The souldiar worne with warres, delightes in peace ;  
 The pilgrime in his ease when toyles are past ;  
 The ship to gayne the porte, when stormes doe cease ;  
 And I reioyce, from loue discharg'd at last ;  
 Whome while I seru'd, peace, rest, and land I lost,  
 With grieusome wars, with toyles, with storms betost.  
 Sweete liberty nowe giues me leaue to sing,  
 What worlde it was, where Loue the rule did beare ;  
 Howe foolish Chance by lottes rul'd euery thing ;  
 Howe Error was maine saile ; each waue a Teare ;  
 The Master Loue himselfe ; deepe sighes were windes,  
 Cares row'd with vowes the ship *vnmerly minde*.  
 False hope as hearme oft turnd the boat about ;  
 Inconstant faith stood vp for middle maste ;  
 Despaire the cable twisted all with doubt ;  
 Held Griping griefe the pyked Anchor fast ;  
 Beautie was all the rockes. But I at last  
 Am now twise free, and all my loue is past.

Now are these, or are they not more elegant sonnets than Shakspeare's? Surely not. They want his moral cast ; his unsophisticated materials ; his pure and natural train of thought. Only let us contrast them by one single specimen taken at random.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SONNET L.IV.

O how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem  
 By that sweet ornament, which truth doth give.  
 The rose looks fair ; but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet colour, which doth in it liue.

The

The canker blooms have full as deep a dye  
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;  
 But for their virtue only is their shew,  
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;  
 Die in themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.  
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,\*  
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

Drayton's sonnets are somewhat of the same class ; but flowing from a colder vein. Daniel's are better than Drayton's. But I am in doubt where to place Sydney's. Those prefixed to Spenser's *Fairy Queen* are the best of that poet ; and better than Warton will allow them to be. Ellis in his *Specimen*† has given one or two by Barnaby Barnes from his *Divine Centurie of Spiritual Sonnets*, 1595, which are excellent. Drummond's of Hawthornden, which are many of them beautiful, both for sentiment and description, are not classed with them, because they are of half a century later. Perhaps there are not above 100 sonnets in the whole language, which are perfectly good, if we confine them to the strictness of the Petrarchian form. Among them are one or two of Edwards's, one or two of Tom. Warton ; one or two of John Bampfylde ; one or two of Mrs. Smith and Miss Seward ; and above all two or three of Kirke White. I speak not of the living ; from whom I could produce a few admirable specimens. Nor have I thought it necessary to point out those majestic ones of Milton, which are on the lips of every cultivated reader.

B.

April 6, 1811.

## I Sir Cleges. MS.

Mr. Weber has, among other Metrical Romances, edited that entitled "Sir Cleges" from a copy which,

\* It seems as if this was one of those Sonnets intended in the character of Venus to Adonis. † LI. 373.

though imperfect, he apprehends to be unique.—He has very ingeniously imitated the style of the original in a few supplementary lines which he has attached to it. Accident, however, having thrown in my way a manuscript containing a perfect copy of this romance, I conceive that the publication of its genuine conclusion may possibly afford some gratification to the admirers of our early poetry.

The manuscript from which I have extracted it is contained in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford—By some singular oversight it has not been mentioned as a separate article in the Oxford Catalogue, the only notice of it being the following, “No. 6922, Another Poem by the same author (Ric. Rolle) 60. Vide etiam num. 61.” The No. 61 thus cursorily noticed has apparently no connection with the works of R. Rolle, (the writer of the *Stimulus Conscientiæ*) but is in fact a miscellaneous collection of early English poetry, chiefly of a religious or moral nature; in addition to which it contains the romances of “The Erle of Tolous,” “Lybens Dysconius,” “Ysumbras,” “King Orfeas,” and “Syr Clegys.” The latter in general corresponds with the copy edited by Mr. Weber, although (as is usually the case in different MSS. of poems of this description) it occasionally varies in its language. The concluding stanzas run thus :

The Castell of Cardyff also  
With all the \*pourtenas ther to  
To hold with pes & †grythe.

Than he made hym hys Steuere  
Of all hys londys afterwerd ;  
Of Water, lond, & frythe ;  
A ‡Cawpe of gold he gafe hym blythe  
To bere to Dam Clarys hys wyfe  
Tokening of Joy & myrthe.

The Kyng made hys Son Squyre  
And gafe hym a Coler for to were

\* Appurtenances.

† Peace,  $\zeta\eta\mu\delta$ , A. S. from the same source perhaps as the Latin *gratus*, the French *gré*, and the Greek  $\chi\alpha\rho\iota\varsigma$ .

‡ A Mantle, *Copa*.

With



Wyth a hundryth pownd of rente,  
 When thei com home in this manere  
 Dame Clarys that Lady clere  
 Sche thankyd God veramènt  
 Sche thankyd God of all manere  
 For sche had both knyght & squyre  
 Some what to this entente.\*

Upon the dettys that thei hyght  
 Thei paid als fast as thei myght  
 To every man with content :  
 A gentyll steward he was hold,  
 All men hym knew zong & old,  
 In lond wher that he wente  
 Ther fell to hym so grete rychès  
 He †vansyd hys lyne more & les,  
 The knyght curtas & hende :  
 Hys Lady & he lyved many yere  
 With joy & merri chere,  
 Tyll God dyde for them sende,  
 For their godness that thei did here  
 Their sawlys went to Hevyn clere  
 There is joy withouten end.

The MS. is a long narrow folio on paper, written apparently about the year 1450.

C.

¶ *The fyrst boke of the Introduction of Knowledge. The whych dothe teache a man to speake parte of all maner of languages, and to know the vsage and fashion of all maner of countreys. And for to know the moste parte of all maner of coynes of money, the whych is currant in euery region. Made by Andrew Borde, of Physycke Doctor. Dedyated to the right honorable & gracio<sup>9</sup> lady Mary daughter of our souerayne Lorde King Henry the eyght. [Wood cut to fill the page. Colophon.] Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete, at the Signe of the Rose Garland,*

\* I cannot clearly see the connection of this line with the context. It is possible that a prayer of the lady's originally followed it, which may have been omitted by the transcriber.

† Advanced.

by me William Copland.\* Then the mark or anagram of Robert Copland in a circle of roses with foliage: the name of William C. on a ribband underneath, and a rose and pomegranate in the upper corners, the whole enclosed in a line border. [See Herbert, p. 348.] qto. extends Niiij.

Andrew Boorde was an eminent physician of the time of Henry the VIIIth; and considerable popularity attached to his various literary works. Upon the authority of the subject of the present article he is registered by Wood as an Oxonian;† his *Breviary of Health*

\* A copy in the Bodleian library, among Selden's books, 4to. B. 5, 6, was "Imprinted at London in Lothbury ouer agaynste Sainch Margarytes church by me Wyllyam Copland." It contains the same number of leaves.

† Ath. Oxonienses, vol. I. col. 74. Wood refers to chapter xxxv of the present work as an authority for considering our author educated at the University. That "chapter treateth of the Latyn man and the English mā." As the Latyn man "dwels in euery place" no description of country could follow the introductory verses, and the remainder of the chapter is a specimen of the language as "Englyshe and some Latyne doth folow." The following is the passage referred to:

"What countrey man art thou? *Cuius es?*

I was borne in England and brought vp at Oxforde.

*Natus eram in Anglia et educatus oxoni.*

Doest not thou know me? *Noscis ne me?*

I know thee not. *Minime te nosca*

What is thy name? *Cuius nominis es?*

My name is Andrew borde.

*Andreas perforatus est meum nomen.*

How haue you fared many a day?

*Qua valetudine fuisti longo iam tempore?*

I haue faryd very wel thankes be to God.

*Optime me habui gratiarum acciones sunt deo.*

I am very glad of it. *Plurimum gaudio inde.*

Whyther dost thou go now? *Quous tendis modo?*

I go toward London. *Versus londinum lustro.*

What hast thou to do ther? *Quid illie tibi negoci est?*

I shal ease my mynd ther. *Animo meomorem gessero illis.*

Helth be to you al. *Salus sit omnibus.* . . .

The author introducing his own name seems the only ground upon which Wood and other writers can suppose he was an Oxonian. The dialogue is, in other respects, similar to antecedent ones: Of Scotland we have "What countryman be you?—I am a good fellow of the Scotyshe bloud."—In the language of "grece and

*Health* is noted as "the first written of that faculty in English," by Fuller;\* again, as a miscellaneous writer by Berkenhout;† nor has his "ryme dogrell" been thought unworthy the attention of Warton.‡. The insertion of his life and portrait in a modern miscellany was probably, from his *Mad Men of Gotham*§, and being reputedly considered the original Merry Andrew.||

His *Introduction to Knowledge*, is divided into 37 chapters, containing many genuine traits and characteristic notices of the various countries he visited. Wood cuts as illustrative of the national characters are prefixed to the chapters, and which may be found in other works printed by Copland to represent kings, saints, nuns, astrologers, knights, dames, groups of figures, age and youth, ¶ &c. Several may be found in the *Kalendar of Shepherds*, and the Scotchman is exhibited by the dramatic Jack Juggler.\*\* Of no better authority is the one before chap. vii. representing a person seated at a desk and having "Doctor Boorde" printed at the sinister corner, chief; for which purpose that part of the block has been pared away: the figure is laureated and was probably an imaginary portrait cut for one of the early Latin poets. I have on a former

and constantinople" is "Syr from whens do you come?—I did come frō Englād:" and in same chapter, where "trewe grek foloweth," occurs, "Syr whych is the way to Oxford?—Syr you be in the right way." This interrogation being made in Greece stamps the whole as common place dialogue. And in the account of England he only observes there "is the thyrede aūtyke vniuersite of the worlde named Oxford; and there is another noble vniuersitie called Cambridge."

\* *Worthies of England*, ed. 1811. vol. ii. p. 76.

† *Biographia Literaria*, p. 286.

‡ *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 70. Warton says, "Borde's name would not have been now remembered, had he wrote only profound systems in medicine and astronomy. He is known to posterity as a buffoon, not as a philosopher." Wood remarks he "was esteemed a noted poet, a witty and ingenious person and an excellent physician." He died April 1549.

§ See *British Bibl.* vol. ii. p. 67, 8.

|| *Wonderful Magazine*.

¶ Same as used for "Spare your good" by De Worde. *Cens. Literaria*, vol. ix. p. 373.

\*\* Described in *Bibliographer*, vol. 1. p. 400.

supposed

occasion pointed out a similar deception in another supposed resemblance of Boorde.\* The first chapter has a whimsical representation, which was probably borrowed from the Italian†, of an Englishman naked with a piece of cloth and a pair of shears as unable to conclude in what shape to fashion his garment. ‡—Such is the medley of typographic ornaments to embellish a volume that is become so rare that the late Mr. West believ'd no other copy§ than the one before me was known. || It now belongs to the collection of Mr. Bindley, whose successive loans for the Bibliographer are too numerous to be always noticed, and whose assistance is too liberal not to claim a remembrance beyond private acknowledgment.

#### By the dedication

“To the ryght honorable and gracyous lady Mary doughter of our souerayne Lorde Kyng Henry the VIII, Andrew borde of phisyk doctor doth surrender humble commendacion wyth honour and helth.

“After that I had dwelt (most gracyous Lady) in Scotlande, and had travayled thorow and round about all the regions Christynte and dwelling in Moutpyler, remembryng your bountiful goodnes, pretended to make thys first booke named the Introduction of Knowledge to your grace, the whyche boke dothe teache a man to speake parte of al maner of languages, and by it one maye knowe the vsage and fashyon of all maner of countres or regions, and also to know the moste part of all maner of coynes of mony that whych is currant in euery prouince or region, trustyng that your grace will accept my good wyll and dylygent labour in Chryste, who kepe your grace in health and honor. Fro

\* See *Cens. Literaria*, vol. vii. p. 28.

† See *Coryat's Crudities*, vol. ii. p. 34. modern edit. *Chetwind's Historical Collections*, p. 61. *Bulwer's Artific. Changeling*, p. 556, and *Brit. Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 173.

‡ A fac simile of this wood-cut will be introduced by Mr. Dibdin into the *Typographical Antiquities*, in the account of Copland; accompanied with Boord's description in verse, which has been inaccurately given in Camden's *Remains* and thence copied into Mrs. Cooper's *Muses Library*.

§ There is another in the Chetham library, at Manchester.

|| See No. 1643 in West's Catalogue, 1773, when this “strange conceited book,” as Paterson describes it, sold for only 1*l.* 16*s.* Again No. 1900 in Major Pearson's sale, 1788, when it sold for 4*l.* 15*s.*

Mountpyler\* the iii daye of May the yere of our Lorde.  
M.CCCCC.xlii."

It seems probable, that at that period, an Englishman on his visit to Scotland, had to contend with much caution and jealousy upon the part of the natives, if not infrequently with personal danger. He makes the Scotchman declare "trew I am to Fraunce" and "an Englyshman I cannot naturally loue, wherfore I offend them." He also says, "It is naturally geuen, or els it is of a deuyllsye dysposicion of a scotyshmā not to loue nor fauour an englyshemā. And I beyng there and dwellynge amonge them was hated but my scyences & other polyces dyd kepe me in fauour that I dyd know theyr secretes." This circumstance might be his reason for making the assertion in the dedication of having dwelt there, and the same country is again particularised at the head of the seventh chapter, which being one where our author speaks only of himself and work is now selected.

"The VII. Chapytre sheweth howe the auctor of thys boke how he had dwelt in Scotland, and other Ilandes; did go thorow and rounde about christendom, and oute of christendome; declarynge the properties of al the regions, countreys, and pronynces, the whiche he did trauel thorow.

Of noble England, of Ireland and of Wales,  
And also of Scotland I haue tolde som tales;  
And of other Ilandes I haue shewed my mynd;  
He that wyl trauell, the truthe he shal fynd:  
After my conscyence I do wryte truly,  
Although that many men wyl say that I do lye:  
But for that matter I do not greatly pas,  
But I am as I am but not as I was:  
And where my metre is ryme dogrell,  
The effect of the whych, no wise man wyl depell,  
For he wyl take the effect of my mynde,  
Although to make meter I am full blynde.

"For as muche as the most regall realme of England is cytuated in an angle of the worlde, hauing no region in chrystendom nor out of chrystendom equialent to it. The cōmo-

\* In chap. xxvii he says, "Mūpilior is the most nobilist vniuersite of the world for phisicions and surgions." He is supposed to have had his degree conferred upon him at that place.

dyties

dyties, the qualite & the quantyte, wyth other and many thynges considered within & aboute the sayd noble realme, wherefore yf I were a Iewe, a Turke, or a Sarasyn, or any other infidell, I yet must prayse & laud it, and so wold euery man yf they dyd know of other cōtrees as well as England, wherefore all nacyns aspyeng thys realme to be so comodyous and pleasaunt they haue a confluence to it more than to any other regyon. I haue traauayled rownd about chrystendom and out of christēdom, and I dyd neuer se nor know vii Englyshe men dwellynge in any towne or cyte in anye regyon by yond the see except marchauntes, students, & brokers, not theyr beyng parmanent nor abydyng, but resorting thyther for a space. In Englande howe many alyns hath and doth dwell of all maner of nacyns, let euery man judge the cause why and wherefore yf they haue reason to perscrute the matter. I haue also shewed my mynde of the realme of Ierlande, Wales, and Scotland and other iondes pretending to shew of regyons, kyngdoms, coūtreys and prouinces of Affrycke. As for Asia I was neuer in, yet I do wryte of it by auctours cronycles & by the wordes of credyble parsons the whiche haue trauelled in those partyes: But concernyng my purpose, and for my trauelyng in, thorow and round about Europ, whiche is all chrystendom.\*

I dyd

\* Professional pursuits served, as well as curiosity, to promote his travels. To preserve the health of a small band of English pilgrims upon their visit to the shrine of St. James, he volunteered his service as a guide, and amusingly describes the journey, where

“The xxxii chapter treteth of the kīngdome of Nauer.”—“Whan (he says) I dyd dwell in the vniuersitie of Orlyāce casually going ouer the bredge into the towne I dyd mete wyth ix Englyshe and skotyshe parsons goyng to saynt compostell a pylgrymage to Saynt James, I knowyng theyr pretence aduertysed thē to returne home to England, saying that I had rather to goc v tynes out of England to Rome, and so I had indede, thā ons to go from orlyance to compostell: saying also that if I had byn worthy to be of the kyng of englandes counsel such parsons as wolde take such iornes on them wythout hys lycences I wold set them by the fetē. And that I had rather they should dye in England thorowe my industry than they to kyll them selfe by the way, wyth other wordes I had to them of exasperacyon. They not regardyng my wordes nor sayynges, sayd, that they wolde go forth in their journey and wolde dye by the way rather than to returne home. I hauynge pitie they should be cast away poynted them to my hostage and went to dispache my busines in the vniuersyte of Orliaunce. And after that I went wyth them in theyr iurney thorow

I dyd wryte a booke of eüery region, countre, and prouynce, shewyngē the myles, the leeges and the dystaunce from cytie to cytie, and from towne to towne. And the cyties & townes names wyth notable thynges within the precyucte or about the sayde cytyes or townes, wyth many other thynges longe to reherse at this tyme, the whiche boke at byshops waltam viii myle from Wynchester in hāpshyre one Thomas Cromwell had it of me; and bycause he had many matters of to dyspache for al England my boke was loste y<sup>c</sup> which might at this presente tyme haue holpen me and set me forward in this matter.\* But syth y<sup>t</sup> I do lacke the aforesayde booke humbly I desyre all men of what nacyon soeuer they be of, not to be discontent wyth my playne wrytyng and that I do tell the trewth, for I do not wryte ony thyngē of a malycious nor of a peruerse mynde nor for no euyll pretence, but to manifest thynges y<sup>c</sup> whiche be openly knowen. And the thynges that I dyd se in many regyons, cytyes, and countryes openly vsed. Pascall the playn dyd wryte and preach manifest thynges that were opē in the face of the worlde to rebuke sin wyth the which matter I haue nothyng to do, for I doo speke of many countreys & regions, and of the naturall dysposicyon of the inhabitours of the same, with other necessary thynges to be knowen specially for them the whiche doth pretende to traunyle the countreys, regions and prouinces, that they may be in a redines to knowe what they should do whan they come there. And also to know the money of the couētre and to speke parte of the language or speach that there is vsed, by the whiche a man may com to aforder knowledge. Also I do not nor shall not

thorow Fraunce and so to Burdiou & Byon & than we entred into the baryn countrey of Byskay and Castyle wher we coulede get no meate for money, yet wyth great hunger we dyd come to Compostell; where we had plentye of meate and wyne: but in the retorning thorow Spayn for all the crafte of physycke that I coulede do, they dyed all by eatynge of frutes and drynkyngē of water, the whyche I dyd euer refrayne my selfe. And I assure al the worlde that I had rather goe v times to Rome oute of Englund than ons to Compostel; by watres it is no pain, but by land it is the greatest iurney that an englysbmā may go, and whan I returuyd and did come into Aquitany, I dyd kis the ground for ioy, surrendring thankes to God that I was deliuered out of greate daungers as well from many theues as from hunger and colde, and y<sup>t</sup> I was come into a plentiul country, for Aquitany hath no felow for good wyne & bred."

\* Printed by Hearne in the *Benedictus Abbas*, 1735. See ante vol. ii. p. 69.

dispraue

disprauē no man in this booke perticulerly but manifest thinges I doo wryte openly and generally of comin vsages for a generall cōmodite and we th."

As a specimen of the description he thus "treateth of Norway and of Islonde."

"I am a poore man borne in Norway  
 Hawkes and fysh of me marchauntes do by all daye  
 And I was borne in Islond, as brute as a beest,  
 Whan I ete candels ends I am at a feest  
 Talow and raw stockfysh I do loue to ete  
 In my countrey it is right good meate,  
 Raw fysh and flesh I eate when I haue nede  
 Vpon such meates I do loue to feed,  
 Lytle I do care for matyns or masse,  
 And for any good rayment I do neuer pass  
 Good beastes skyns I do loue for to were,  
 Be it the skins of a wolfe or of a beare.

"Norway is a great Ilond compassed abowt almost wyth the see, the countre is very colde, wherefore they haue lytle corne, and lytle bread and drynke, the countre is wyld and there be many rewde people. They do lyue by fyssh- yng and huntyng. Ther be many castours and whyte beares and other mōsterous beastes; there be welles the whyche doth tourne Wood into Irone. In somer there be many daies that the sunne doth neuer go downe but is continuallye daye. And in many dayes in wynter it is styll night. In Norway ther be good hawkes, ther is lytle money, for they do barter there fysh and hawkes for mele and shoes and other Marchaundies." . . . \*

"The XXXIII Chapter treateth of Bion and of Gascoy and of lytle britten and of the natural disposicion of the people and of theyr money, and of theyr speche.

\* Norway hawkes were particularly esteemed and bore the largest price. In describing "the naturall dysposyeyon of a selondder and holāder," he says,

"We haue haruest heryng, and good hawkes,  
 Whan great elys, and also great walkes."

Adding "Selond and Holand be proper and fayre Ilands, and there is plenty of baredled butter the whych is resty and salt, and there is cheese & hering, salmons, elys & lytle other fysh yt. I did se, therbe many goshawkes and other hawkes & wyld fowle." Where he also tells us "they be gentyll people but they do not fauer skottysch men."

I was



" I was borne in bion ens english I was,  
 If I had be so styl I wold not gretly pas.  
 And I was brought vp in genty l gascony,  
 For my good wyne I get money.  
 And I was borne in litle britten  
 Of al nacions I free englyshemen.  
 Whan they be angry lyke bees they do swarme,  
 I be shromp them they haue don me much harme.  
 Although I rag my hosen & my garment rounde aboute  
 Yet it is a vantage to pick pendiculus owt.

" As tochinge byon the towne is commodiouse, but the country is poor and barin, in the whiche be many theues; ther is a place calyd the hyue, it is fynete or lx myle ouer, there is nothyng but heth and there is no place to haue succour within vii or eyght myles, and than a man shall haue but a typling house. The women of Byon be dysgysed as players in enterludes be with long raiment,\* the sayd clokes hath hodes s[e]wed to them, and on the toppe of the hod is a long thyng like a poding bekyng forward.

" Gascony is a commodiouse country, for ther is plenty of wyne, bred, & corne, and other vytells, and good lodgyng  
 and

\* The last trace of this stage costume was in the person who delivered the prologue being habited in a long black velvet cloak and who usually entered after the trumpet had sounded thrice. In Reed's *Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 120. are some notices upon this subject, and in the *Four Prentises of London*, printed 1615, the author Thomas Heywood, introduces a dialogue as a prologue. The stage direction is "enter three in blacke clokes, at three doores," and the first gives the following description of his character. "What meane you, my maisters, to appeare thus before your times? Doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long black veluet cloke vpon my backe? Haue you not sounded thrice? Do I not looke pale, as fearing to bee out in my speech? Nay haue I not all the signes of a Prologue about me? Then, to what end come you to interrupt mee?"—At what time this practise discontinued is uncertain: I should conjecture it was not followed upon the revival of theatrical exhibitions after the restoration. In the preface to *the Mysteries of Love and Eloquence; or, the Arts of Wooing and Complementing*, it is said, "When playes were at their height, prologues were so in fashion at the court, and so desired on the stage, that without them the audience could not be pleased; so that the best poets were forced to satisfie the greedy expectation of the multitude, that gaped and yawned for such set and starcht speeches to be gravely delivered to their worships by the man in the long cloak with the coloured beard." *Third Edition*, 1685.

and good chere and gentle people. The chiefe towne of Gascony is burliouse, and in the cathedrall church of saint Androus is the fairist, and the grettest payer of Orgyus in al crystendome in the whyche Orgins be many instrumentes and vyces as Gians hedes and sterres. the whych doth moue and wagge withtheir iawes and eyes\* as fast as the player playeth.

Lytle Brytane is a proper and a commodiouse countre of wyne, corne, fysh, fleshe, & the people be hygh mynded & stubboroe. Thes iii countres speke french and vseth euery thyng as wel in ther mony & fashions as french men doth. Rochel & morles is praysed in Briten to be the best townes."

We shall conclude our extracts with "the thyrd chapter [which] treateth of Irland, and of the naturall disposicion of an Irishe man & of theyr money and speche.

"I am an Iryshe man, in Irland I was borne,  
 I loue to weare a saffron shert, although it be to torne.  
 My anger and my hastynes doth hurt me full sore,  
 I cannot leaue it, it creaseth more and more;  
 And al though I be poore I haue an angry hart;  
 I can kepe a hobby, a gardyn, and a cart.  
 I can make good mantyls and good Irysh fryce;  
 I can make aqua vite and good square dyce.  
 Pediculus other whyle do byte me by the backe  
 Wherefore dyuers tymes I make theyr bones cracke.  
 I do loue to eate my meate syttyng vpon the ground,  
 And do lye in oten strawe, slepyng ful sound.  
 I care not for ryches but for meate and drynke,  
 And dyuers tymes I wake whan other men do wynke.  
 I do vse no potte to seeth my meate in,  
 Wherefore I do boyle it in a bestes skyn:  
 Than after my meate, the brothe I do drynk vp,  
 I care not for no maszer, neyther cruse nor cup,  
 I am not new fangled nor neuer will be,  
 I do lyue in pouerty in myne owne countre.

"Irland is a kingdōship longing to the kyng of England. It is in the west parte of y<sup>e</sup> worlde & is deuyded in ii partes, one is y<sup>e</sup> engly pale & the other y<sup>e</sup> wyld Irysh. The English pale is a

\* The same extract is given by Warton in the Hist. of Poetry, vol. iii p. 76. note, and varies materially, but, I understand, he has transcribed it correctly from the Bodieian copy.

good cuntry, plentye of fyshe, flesh, wyld foule, & corne. There be good townes & cities, as Dulyne & Waterford where y<sup>e</sup> english fashion is; as in meate, drinke, other fare & lodgig. The people of the englyshe pale be metely wel manerd, vsyng the english tūge, but naturally, they be testy, specyally yf they be vexed. Yet there be many well disposed people aswel in the english pale, as in the wylde Iryshe, & vertuous creatures whan grace worketh above nature. The other parte of Irland is called the wilde Iryshe, & the Redshankes be among them. That cuntry is wylde wast and vast; full of marcyces & moūtayns & lytle corne, but they haue flesh sufficient, & litle bread or none, and none ale. For y<sup>e</sup> people there be slouthfull, not regarding to sow & tulle theyr landes, nor caryng for ryches. For in many places they care not for pot, pan, kettyl, nor for mattrys, fether bed, nor such implementes of houshold. Wherefore it is presuppose y<sup>e</sup> they laek maners & honesty, & be vntaught and rude; the which rudenes w<sup>t</sup> theyr melōcoly complexion causeth thē to be angry & testy wythout a cause. In those partyes they wyll eat theyr meat syttyng on the ground or erth. And they wyl sethe theyr meat in a beastes skyn, and the skyn shall be set on manye stakes of wood & than they wyll put in the water and the fleshe: And than they wyl make a great fyre vnder y<sup>e</sup> skyn betwyxt the stakes & the skyn wyl not greatly bren. And whā the meate is eaten they for theyr drynke wil drynk vp the brothe. In suche places men and womē wyll ly together in mantles and straw. There be many the which be swyfte of fote, & can cast a dart perylously. I did neuer finde more amyte and loue than I haue found of Iryshemen, the whyche was borne within the english pale. And in my lyfe I dyd neuer know more faythfuller men and parfyt lyuers than I haue knowen of them. In Irlond there is Saynt Partryckes purgatory, the whych, as I haue lerned of men dwellyng there and of them that hath be there, is not of that effycacyte as is spoken of, nor nothing lyke. Wherefore I do aduertise euery mā not haue affyaunce in such matters, yet in Ierland is stupēdyous thynges, for there is neyther pyes nor venymus wormes: There is no adder, nor snake, nor toode, nor lyzerd, nor no eiyt, nor none such lyke. I haue sene stones the whiche haue had the forme and shap of a snake and other venimous wormes. And the people of the cuntry sayth that suche stones were wormes, and they were turned into stones by the power of God and the prayers of Saynt Patryk. And englysh marchauntes of England do fetch of the erth of Irlonde

to caste in their gardens to kepe out and to kyll venimous wormes. Englysh money goth in Irelond, for Irlōd belongeth to England, for the kyng of Englonde is kyng of Irlond. In Irlond they haue Irysh grotes and harped grotes & Irysh pens."

J. H.

¶ "*The Laudable Life, and Deplorable Death, of our late peerlesse Prince HENRY. Briefly represented. Together with some other Poemes, in honor both of our most gracious Soueraigne King James, his auspicious entrie to this Crowne, and also of his most hopefull Children, Prince Charles and Princesse Elizabeths happy entrie into this world. By I. M. Master of Artes. London, Printed by Edw. Alde, for Thomas Pauier, dwelling neere the Royall Exchange, at the signe of the Cats and Parrat. 1612.*" 4to. not paged, but containing twenty-one pp.

"To ovr late peerlesse prince Henries deere brother and sister, prince Charles and princesse Elizabeth, infants of Albion, of greatest hope, all happinesse.

Thrise hopefull CHARLES, gracefull ELIZABETH  
Great Britaines *Hearts-joy*, Europes brightest beames  
Lo what my Muse, though mournfull, mused hath  
In laud of our late Lilly of Saint JAMES:  
All Europes obiect, and the flowre of Knights,  
Mirroure of man-hood, wonderment of wights.

The *Life* of him whom euery heart did loue,  
The *Death* of him whome each heart doth condole  
These lines doe limme, while Christ him crownes aboue;  
And that his fame far flee's twixt Pole and Pole:  
This duties birth I trust ye will it take  
In the best worth, for worthy HENRIES sake.

Of your Highnesses  
The right humble Seruant:

*James Maxwell.*

TO THE READER.

Lo heer's the pattern of Prince HENRIE's parts  
Of HENRIES foure the faire epitomie,  
Learn'd like the *First*; stout, toward, th'hope of hearts,

Like to the *Fift* once cheife of Chiuallrie :  
 Like to the *Sixt*, deuoute, milde, innocent,  
 Like to the *Seu'nth*, wise, thriftie, prouident.

The memorable Life and Death of ovr late Peerelesse Prince  
 HENRIE.

## 1

Mans life full well is likened to a flower,\*  
 Which growing vp doth grace a garden's aire  
 With sweetest smell, but withreth in an houre :  
 Or else is pluckt for sent, or colour faire :  
 Looke ou these lines ; they shall vnto thy sence  
 Of this likenesse giue perfect euidence.

## 2

A plant of price they offer to thy view,  
 Pluckt in the Spring by the great Owner's hand ;  
 Of whom each flower hath being, shape, and hue,  
 And at whose becke they florish, fall or stand :  
 A flower which twice ten sommers had not seene,  
 When it became as though it had not beene.

## 3

Great *Joue* one day as he did walke along,  
 Did find this flower, so fragrant, faire and sweet,  
 This Lilly-rose that fild all *Albion*  
 With his sweet sent, he said this flower's more meete  
 For to perfume the Paradise of Saints,  
 Then for to spring among earth's fading plants.

\* The anonymous writer of " Great Brittans Mourning Garment. Given to all faithfull sorrowfull Subiects at the Funerall of Prince Henry. London. Imprinted by G. Eld, for Arthur Jonson. 1612." 4to. makes the same comparison.

" Who in some earthly Paradise hath espide,  
 And long time view'd with pleasure of his eye  
 A well-growne Plant, adorn'd on euery side  
 With beautious blossomes lifted vp on high,  
 Ready when his due season shall require,  
 To yeild the sweet fruite of his boasted flowers ;  
 But all on sodaine with heauen's liquid fire  
 Is blasted, and on earth vntimely powers,  
 His unripe glorie by his Fate preuented:  
 Who such a luckles spectacle hath knowne ;  
 Let him compare the fortune then presented  
 Vnto Prince HENRIES Fate."——

Which

Which hauing said, to troupes of Angels bright  
 Post-haste from heau'n, vpon S. *Leonard's* day,  
 In the Spring garden at Saint *James* alight,  
 And thence our lovely Lilly fetch away:

Then home they haste scaling the starrie skies,  
 Leaving behind them blacknes, shrikes and cries."

The poet then describes the joy expressed by the heavenly choir, and the grief felt by mortals at the attainment on the one side, and the loss sustained by the latter.

"Angels were glad, but men were griened sore,  
 Angels did sing, whilst men did shout and roare,"

and proceeds to enumerate the prince's piety,\* his abstinence from swearing, his constant attendance upon divine service, and at the preaching of sermons; and characterises him as admirably skilled in divinity and philosophy; as dutifull to his parents, affectionate towards his brother and sister,† respectfull to the "Peeres, Pastors and Prelates;" and as possessing "greate humanitie, mildnesse and affabilitie." The next traits of his character mentioned by Maxwell are his liberality to foreign princes, his encouragement to his servants (which are enumerated at *seven hundred*‡ whom he daily maintained, and) who were none but those

"Of worthy parts,  
 For valour, warrefare, languages, or arts."

—his propensity to planting, building and repairing "olde ruins," and from this stanza we learn that through his means "faire Richmond standing by the Thames," and Saint James's pallace received considerable improvements.

The

\* "It was his daily practise twice to pray."

† Of the unfortunate Elizabeth, afterwards Countess Palatine, he thus speaks,

"*Eliza's* grace, one of the Graces three  
 That Princesse rare that like a Rose doth flourish,  
 Filling each eye with her milde curte-sie:  
 Whose happie breeding, worthy inclination,  
 Makes her admir'd, desir'd of euery Nation."

‡ In the account of the "Fvnerals of the high and mighty Prince HENRY," 4to. 1613. "Prince Henry his household scruants, according

The prince's attention to, and carefulness in rewarding men of letters is next recounted, with his bounty to soldiers and "valiant wights," and his own excellence in every warlike and manly exercise—his moderation in dress, his abstinence from all excess in diet, and his detestation of

"Sloath the schoole-mistris of euill."

the poet proceeds

28

"With wine or *Venus* neuer was defil'd  
The rosie body of this worthy wight,  
With lust's allurements was he ne're beguil'd;  
But pure and chaste remain'd both day and night:  
HENRY the Saint that worthy Emperour,  
Was not more chaste, then HENRY *Britaine's* floure.

29

A wondrous thing it is, yet very sure,  
That such a Prince should liue so continent,  
Where were so many obiects to allure  
His eyes and eares, his senses to inchant:  
Sith then this Soule so chaste was and diuine,  
Let all chaste hands heape Roses on his shrine."

The fate of England's prince is compared to that of

according to their seuerall Offices and Degrees: with Tradesmen and Artificers that belonged vnto his Highnesse," are mentioned as being "about 306." Daniel Price in his second sermon,\* thus addresses them, "You *poore soules* the *poore silly sheep* of his flocke, who was wont to giue you *meate* in due season; you that like those in *Ierusalem* doe *orise and cry in the night*," etc.—"Heare Dauids experience, I haue beene young (saith hee) but now am old, yet I neuer saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seede begging their bread. Honesty is the best Patrimony; leaue a good report of an honest life behinde you, and your children then haue sufficient legacies." P. 41.

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\* "Lamentations for the death of the late illustrious Prince *Henry*: and the dissolution of his religious familie. Two sermons: Preached in his Highnesse Chappell at Saint Iames, on the 10. and 15. day of *November*, being the first Tuesday and Sunday after his decease. By Daniel Price, Chaplaine then in attendance." 4to. Lond. 1613.

the two Henrys\* of Scotland, and Henry† of Hungary, his disease, which “ ten dayes did last,” noticed, and the time when he died stated to be the same month in which Edmond King of England suffered martyrdom; the poem then continues

## 35

“ Saint *Leonard's* day neere t' *All Saints* was his last,  
That's likewise nam'd Saint *Felix's* martyr-day,  
Saint *James* they call the place from whence he past,  
In th'armes of Saints to liue with Saints for aye :  
The PERSONS, Times, and Place's circumstance,  
Do HENRIE'S Soules Saints honour all aduance.

## 36

Lo North's bright Star thus hath of late gone downe  
In the South-point of this vnited Land :  
His too swift course hath made him set too soone,  
VVhen as his beames did blase o're sea and sand.  
Our Orbe too base it was this Starre to beare ;  
For it was worthy of an higher spheare.

## 37

Lo the rare Pearle, that we of late haue lost,  
A peerlesse Pearle, the Load-stone of this Ile ;  
VVhose worth did drawe from euery land and coast,  
The eyes of strangers many thousand mile :  
But this heart-drawing stone great *James* his Gem  
More worthy was t'adorne *Ioue's* Diadem.

## 38

Lo how the fragrant Lilly of this land,  
The hands of Angels haue pluckt vp in haste,  
Presenting it into *Iehouah's* hand ;  
For this Rose-Lilly did become him best :  
Saints Paradise good Lord how it adorne !  
Where floures are free from thistles & from thorns.

## 39

A Starre, a Pearle, a Flowre sith we haue lost,  
Bright, rare, and faire, if we haue cause to mourne—

\* Grand child of queen Margaret, eldest daughter of Edward, son of Edmond Ironside, King of England;—and the great great grand child of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, King of England.

† Henry Emeriek son of Stephen King of Hungary, died young before his father.



God wote, man wote ; loe that which cheer'd vs most,  
Now doth it to our greatest sorrow turne :

HENRIE aliue did lighten euey part,  
But HENRIE dead sends sorrow to each heart."

Maxwell takes this opportunity of paying his court to the rising sun, and in the next four stanzas we find Charles considered as the only person, who by his resemblance in person and mind to his brother, can assuage the sorrow, and "heale the heart-breake" of the nation ; his courage, dexterity and wit are represented as wonderful, and his partiality to the "Book diuine" is peculiarly mentioned. The poem then concludes with exciting the nation to bless heaven for having bestowed so promising a substitute, and to entreat that prosperity and honour may crown his life and actions ;—

## 44

"Brittans blesse God for such a toward youth  
As doth succede in our braue HENRIES place ;  
Pray vnto God for him with mind and mouth ;  
VVish him alwaies the heape of hap and grace ;  
That sweet CHARLES may for euer flourish till  
That great *Charles* chaire with honours hight he fill."

Seven epitaphs follow on the prince "in his owne foure languages\*," then "a poeme shewing how that both Theologie and Astrologie, doe pronounce the time of his *Maesties* entring to this crowne, to be auspicious and happy," consisting of fourteen stanzas, and "a Poeme shewing the Excellencie of our Soueraigne King JAMES his HAND, that giueth both health and wealth, instanced in his Curing of the Kings euill by touching the same, in hanging an Angell of Gold about the neck of the diseased, and in giuing the poorer sort money towards the charges of their iournie," of fourteen more ; which, with another poem of ten stanzas presented to the king on May day ; and one to Charles of twenty-two, and Elizabeth of thirteen more, comprise the volume. As a sufficient specimen has already been given of Maxwell's poetical talents I forbear making further extracts, and shall only observe that he displays more knowledge and reading in his notes and references,

\* English, French, Latin, and Greek.

(with which the volume abounds,) than poetical ability or harmonious versification in his lines, the former, with all their astrological inconsistency, contain useful information, the latter are in general destitute of taste, strength or melody.

B. L. O.

¶ “ *An Epicede or Funerall Song: On the most disastrous Death, of the High-borne Prince of Men, HENRY Prince of WALES, &c. With the Funeralls, and Representation of the Herse of the same High and mighty Prince; Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewaile and Rothsay, Count Palatine of Chester, Earle of Carick, and late Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter. Which Noble Prince deceased at St. James, the sixt day of Nouember, 1612, and was most Princely interred the seuenth day of December following, within the Abbey of Westminster, in the Eighteenth yeere of his Age. London: Printed by T. S. for John Budge, and are to bee sould at his shop at the great south dore of Paules, and at Brittaines Bursse. 1612.*”

Quarto, containing in all fifty two pages, not numbered, the page preceding the title to the poem, and the account of the funeral (which is separate,) black, with crest, initials, and motto on a small white ground, and a large plate of Henry on his tomb, with arms, H. P. etc. and four Latin lines by Hugh Holland, and four in English by George Chapman, at the base.

The poem which follows the account of the Prince's funeral is dedicated by Chapman, the author, to his “ affectionate, and true friend, Mr. Henry Jones.”

We transcribe his account of the prince's last moments.

“ And now did *Phæbus* with his twelfth Lampe\* show  
The world his haples light : and in his Brow  
A Torch of Pitch stuck, lighting halfe t'half† skies,  
When life's last error prest the broken eyes  
Of this heart-breaking Prince ; his forc't look fled ;  
Fled was all Colour from his checkes, yet fed

\* Maxwell says the prince was ill ten days.

† So for *the*.

His spirit; his sight, with dying now, he cast  
 On his kind King, his Father, on whome, fast  
 He fixt his fading beames, and with his view  
 A little did their empty orbs renew :  
 His Mind saw him, come frō the deeps of Death,  
 To whome he said, O Author of my Breath :  
 Soule to my life, and essence to my Soule,  
 Why grieue you so, that should al grieffe cōtroule ?  
 Death's sweet to me, that you are still life's creature :  
 I now haue fnisht the great worke of Nature :  
 I see you pay a perfect Father's debt,  
 And in a feastfull Peace your Empire kept.  
 If your true Sonnes last words haue any right  
 In your most righteous Bosome, doe not fright  
 Your hearkning kingdomes to your cariage now ;  
 All yours, in mee, I here resign to you,  
*My youth (J pray to God with my last powres)*  
*Substract from me may adde to you and yours.*  
 Thus vanisht he, thus swift, thus instantly ;  
 Ah now I see, euen heauenly powres must dye."—

The following lines are not deficient in strength or beauty.

" On on sad traine, as from a crannid rocke  
 Bee-swarmes rob'd of their honey, ceases flock.  
 Mourne, mourne, dissected now his cold lims lie,  
 Ah, knit so late vvith flame and Maiestie.  
 Where's now his gracious smile, his sparkling eie,  
 His Iudgement, Valour, Magnanimitie ?  
 O God what doth not one short hour snatch vp  
 Of all man's glosse ?"—etc.

The volume concludes with three epitaphs not worthy of preservation.

B. L. O.

¶ *Great Brittans Mourning Garment. given To all faithfull sorrowfull Subiects at the Funerall of Prince HENRY. London. Imprinted by G. Eld for Arthur Ionson. 1612.*" (4to. containing twenty-four pages, title included, not numbered.)

This curious tract consists of nineteen sonnets, and  
 an

an address "to the sad household of prince Henry." It is inscribed

"To the Honorable Knight, Sir DAVID MURRAY,\* and To the other Nobly descended, and honorably minded followers of the late deceased Prince HENRY.

On whom shall I these funerall notes bestow,  
 Newly bedew'd & hallowed with my teares?  
 But on you chiefly, for your secret woe  
 The heaviest burthen of our sorrow beares;  
 We but as strangers on the shore lament  
 A common ship-wracke, but you that did owe  
 Your service to that golden vessel (rent)  
 What wonder if your griefes doe o-er-flow?  
 By how much greater your fair fortunes were,  
 The losse is so much greater you sustaine,  
 We meaner men may our mischances beare  
 With lesser trouble, and more equall paine.

Yet spare your teares though you haue cause to mone,  
 It is not meete you should lament alone.

Few publications of this nature possess greater claim to notice than that now before me. It much resembles the *Period of Mourning* by Peacham, written at the same time and on the same occasion, which is reprinted by Waldron in his *Literary Museum*, 8vo. 1792. But the following extracts will enable the reader to judge for himself of the merits or defects of the poet.

#### SONNET V.

And you foule wrinckled destinies that do sit  
 In darknes to deprive the world of light,  
 Making the thread, and sodaine mangling it,  
 Through peeuish rancour, and peruerse despight.

Your hand appears in this our Tragedie,  
 The wound we feele, by your sharp edge was made,  
 That edge which cut the golden twist so nigh  
 Of our Prince HENRY, who in liewles shade

As yet amased of his sodaine change  
 Lookes for those louing friends whom he lov'd best;  
 But when he sees himselfe so farre estrang'd,  
 He yields his spirit to eternall rest.

\* He was master of the prince's wardrobe. Peacham addresses one of his emblems to him. See *Minerva Britannica*, 4to. 1612, p. 36. which work was dedicated to Prince Henry.

Hard-hearted fates, that him of life depriue,  
That leaues so many mournfull friends aliuē.

## VI.

Sad Melancholy lead me to the caue  
Where thy black Incense and dim Tapers burne,  
Let me some darke and hollow corner haue,  
Where desolate my sorrowes I may mourne :  
And let thy heauiest Musick softly sound  
Vnto the doleful songs that I recite ;  
And euer let this direfull voice rebound  
Through the vast den : Ah dead is *Britan's* light ;  
Then if thy heart be with compassion mou'd  
Of my laments, come rest thy self by me,  
And mourne with me, for thou hast euer lov'd  
To beare a part in euery Tragedie :  
And if to plaints thou wilt inure thy mind,  
Thou neuer couldst a fitter season finde.

## X.

You sacred Forrests, and you spotles streames  
That part the flowry meadowes with your fall,  
You water-Nymphes and Ladies of the 'Tea'ms,  
And thou dread Thamesis, mother of them all ;  
With brinish teares weep in your sandy ford :  
Weep fields, and groues, and you poore Driads weep,  
The sodaine Funerall of our Brittish Lord,  
Whose eyes are now clos'd vp in iron sleepe.  
Both trees, and streams, lament his loss that lov'd  
Your siluer waters, and wide spreading shades,  
But now is farre away, from you remoov'd,  
Vnto a Paradice that neuer fades,  
There in eternall happinesse to remaine,  
But we in sorrow here, and ceaseless paine.

## XVIII.

Once more *Melpomene* grant thy willing aide,  
I sing not now of franticke *Progne's* change,  
Nor of the boy transform'd into a maide :  
Nor how the girle did like a Heifar range.  
Farre sadder notes, my sullen Musicke yeelds,  
Farre other dreames afflict my sad repose  
Of broken Tombes, and of th' *Elisian* fields,  
And of the scathfull flouds, *that Dis* enclose.

But

But let such vaine thoughts vanish with my sleepe,  
 And of Prince *Henrie's* death now let vs sing,  
 And teach the Rockes on *Monas* shores to weepe,  
 And fright the sea with their vast bellowing :  
 That *Neptune* hearing of their pitteous cry,  
 May thinke that all the Westerne world did die.

The address to the household contains six stanzas of six lines each, with which this valuable tract concludes.

B. L. O.

¶ *The Golden Booke of the Leaden Goddes. Wherein is described the wayne imaginations of Heathē Pagans, and counterfaict Christians : wyth a description of their seuerall Tables, what ech of their pictures signified. By Stephan Batman, Student in Diuinitie. Exod. 17. Wryte this for a remembraunce in a Booke and committe it vnto the eares of Josua : for I wyll roote Amalech, from vnder heauen, so that hee shalbe no more remembred. Psal. 102. This shalbee written for those that come after, that the people which shalbe borne, maie prayse the Lord. Anno. 1577. [In the border generally used by Marshe, see Her. 856. Colophon.] Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete, neare vnto Saynct Dunstanes Church, by Thomas Marshe. Anno Domini. 1577. Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis. qto. 40 leaves.*

In a dedication “ to the Right Honorable Lord Henry Cary, of the most noble order of the Garter Knight, Baron of Hunsdon,” &c. the author says, “ this smal treatise of the putative & imagined Gods of the Gentiles, a worke, as heretofore, not gathered in oure vulgar tonge : So I trust not so barreio of fructfull documentes, but that it maye seeme both to sauour of no small paynes on myne owne behalfe, and also to yelde out such other instructions, as maye tende to sundrye Godlye purposes, and to the betteringe of manye others. Wherein we Christians, now luyng in the cleare light of the Gospel, may euidently see, with what erroneous trüperies, antiquitie hath bene nozzeled : in what foggy mystes they haue long wandered : in what filthye puddles they haue been myered : vnder what masking vysors of clouted religiōs, they haue bene

bene bewytched: what traditions they haue of theyr owne phantastical braynes to themselues forged: & finallye into what Apostacye, Atheisme, Blasphemy, Idolatrye, and Heresie they haue plunged their soules & affiaunced their beleenes." Subscribed "at Newington the 8 of September 1577, your Lordshippes most humble Seruaunt in the Lord, Stephan Batman, Minister."

"To the wel disposed reader. Mennes natures being as sundry and variable as their Phisnomies & faces bee diuers & disagreeable, small maruayle is it, though in iudgements and verdicts, they square frō an vnity, and iump not together in one reasonable accord of opiniō. Knowing therfore gentle reader, that there be as many Tastes as there be mouthes, I loke not to be accompted so perfect a cooke as is able to season foode and condimentes for euery palate & appetite: but referring the construction of my good wil to the considerations of such hūgry stomakes as cā and wil feede vpon and digest such holesome (thoughe homely) cheare, as is sette before them: for the other coyer sorte, I professe my selfe more redier to disclayme acquaintaunce, then willing to ioine with thē in their so squemish affectiōs. A prooue of both these natured persons, I am sure in this boke to find, hoping as touching the censure thereof, rather to fal into the hādes of indifferente welwillers and by theym to be tryed, then among thē whych (lyke Aesopes dogge) lying in the Maunger wil neyther doe any thyng themselues, nor thynke wel of others, y<sup>t</sup> sweat for their cōmodity. Whiche poore labour if I perceiue to be wel accepted, I shalbe animated shortly to aduenture a further, paynfuller and greater enterprise. Farewell."

"Thomas Newtonus, Cestreshyrius" has a Latin poem prefixed and "E. L. in the Author's commendation," has five English stanzas concluding

"Certes, such a worke in english neuer was,  
As this (though small) which doth vayne thinges bewraye:  
What then needes hee, that made the same once passe,  
On Romish Curres what they do barke or say:  
No let them gnarle and do the worst they can,  
The worke is good, the prooue shal prayse the man."

This volume contains first the description of a considerable number of the heathen deities for gods of the gentiles, then an article having a symbolical figure as set between the heathens, pagans, and false christians,  
and

and an abstruse calculation on the subject of our Saviour; concluding with the disputation between Adrianus and Epictetus: An account of the gods of superstition as belonging to the Romish church follows, among which are the names of Arrius, Donatus, Henry Nicolas, &c. with "certaine vpstart Anabaptisticall Errours." At the end "the names of the authors out of whom this worke is gathered."

"Iupiter was figured sytting in throne of Estate, with three eyes, and no eares, al naked from the middle vpward, the rest couered: his vysage resembling a womans countenance: in his right hand he held lightening and in the left a scepter, standing or treading vpon gyautes: before him an Eagle, and a page presentinge a cup of golde. Ouer his head an Angel standing on a globe holding a laurell garland.—Signification. His sitting in throne betokeneth his kingdome to be durable, his three eyes signifieth his merueilous wysdome, by which hee ruleth Heauen, Sea, and Earth: his want of eares declare him to be indifferent vnto all, not harkening more to one, then to another. The nakednesse of his vpper partes and couerture of the nether, did purport him to be inuisible vnto mē which dwel beelow, but visible to the heauenly myndes which are aboue. Hys womanly looke and full breastes intimate al thinges to be made & nourished by him. His lightening in his right hand dooth signifie his power, which lyke to lightening pearceth through all: his scepter betokeneth his prouidence by which as by a scepter hee disposeth with hys creatures as he thinketh best. His treading vpon Giautes doth declare him to be a punisher of thē which are at defiaunce with him: by the Eagle is vnderstode the soule: for as the eagle surmounteth all other birdes and is swiftest, so much doth the minde surpasse the bodye: by the page the simplicity therof: intimating thereby that if the soule of man be free from the querkes of dissembling phantasie, and as the eagle soareth aloft, so if the soule of man shalbe occupied with heauenlye cogitations that then shalbee enioyed the cup of golde, whereby is signified the rewarde of vertue in the presence of Iupiter. By the angell is signified the swiftness of well doing. By the globe vnder his feete the small regarde of worldlye vanitie. By the garlande, the endlesse crowne of Immortalitie. The auncient Romans entituled him Optimus Maximus, because in very dede it is better, and more acceptable, to profite many, thē to possesse great wealth and reuene."

"Mercurie



“Mercurie was portraicted with winges at head and feete, wearing an hat of white & black colloures: a fawlchon by his side, in one hand a scepter & in the other a pype; on the one side stode a cocke and a ramme, and close by his side a Fylcher or Cutpurse, and headlesse Argus.—Signification. By Mercurie Marchautes be ment. His wynges at head & feete betoken the expedition of Marchātes, which to gett worldly pelfe post through all corners of the world: the whyte & blacke coloured hat, signifieth their subtilty which for greedines of gaine spare not to face white for blacke, & blacke for white. By his fawlchon is signified goodes gotten by violence when subtilte cannot comprehend. His mace is a token of peace but the knot with two serpentes clasping ech other aboute the sayde scepter, doth intimate that no promise must be broken. His pype resembleth eloquence, which refresheth the mynd as harmony doth the eares. The cocke is sayde to be the best obseruer of tymes and seasons, warning marchantes and trauelers to forsake no opportunity. The ramme is a resemblaūce of hys office, because the poets fayne Mercurie to be embassadoure of the Gods: all are obedient to hym as the flockes of shepe are to the ramme: the figured cut purse is a proof that Mercurie was a thiefe: and headlesse Argus is a witnessse that one plague bewrayes a thousand euilles. The poets feigne that Argus the sonne of Aristor, had an hundred eyes, of al which only two did sleepe by course so that he was not to be takē with al a sleepe: so subtil was Argus that what fraude soeuer was imagined, hee had policie to defende it. Wherefore Iuno enuyinge Io (her brother and husband Iupiter’s harlot) committed the keping of Io to Argus, supposing so to be most assured from euermore the hauing of Iupiter’s company. Iupiter to acquite Iuno’s practise commaundeth Mercurye to take him to his pype and with melodious soundes, brought Argus eyes a sleepe: by which is signified, what is hee that is so circumspect or aduised, but that flattrye or counterfeited perswasion, at one time or other, may deceiue: which worke being accomplished, hee stryketh of Argus head and setteth Io, the transformed cow, at liberty. Iuno seeing this hap, in token of her good wyll sets Argus eyes into the Peacockes tayle, for perpetual remembraunce of his trusty seruice. A manifest shoue how vayne a thinge rewarde is when it dyeth wyth the partie, from the posteritie. As when Carnalia had slayne his freend Obliuys enemye, thereby receiuing his deathes wounde for his labour was rewarded with a million of gold: what pleasure had hee

thereof heeing prevented from the vse by death and not geuen to his familie.”

“Genius was portraicted like a younge man hauing two winges, powring wyne out of a holle vpon an alter.—Signification. By Genius is signified the towardnes of quicke wittes, whereby sundry sortes of people are found to exceede others: his wings betoken the swiftnesse of the mynde as also the readynesse vpon whom he hath taken charge: he is sayed to bee the sonne of the immortall God, because hee is ioyned to humaine forme called reasonable: His powryng wyne on an Alter signifieth the abundance of ayry moysture, which doth force the barren earth, to yeld foorth ech creature and substaunce. Plutarch wryteth that Iulius Cæsar had a mighty Genius allotted vnto him, by whose helpe he not onlie atchieued great Victories in his lyfe, but was also reuenged on his murderers after his death: for his Genius so pursued his conspiratours at the verye heeles, both by Sea and Lande, that hee suffered not one to remayne on lyue, which eyther was a doer or a conspirour of the fact. So likewise after the fact of Robbers and wilful murderers, in flyinge from place to place, they haue neuer beene at quiet, til death hath finished theyr deserued course.”

“Vulcan was figured lympinge, wyth a blew hat on his head, a hammer in his hand, prepared to the forge lyke a smyth.—Signification. By Vulcan his ment fier, & by his blew hat the ayry firmament, by his limping the reuolucions of the heauens, which whē it descendeth to vs looseth much of his former strength. By Vulcan is signified labor; by his hatte of blew, true dealing; by his hammer or sledge the continuall toyle of husbandrye, aswel by the plough in earing the tough earth; as by the hammer in forging of mettall, whose force must bee prepared as well to the mayntenaunce of the Prince as the enriching of the subiect. The poetes faigne that Iupiter iarring with Iuno his wyfe, fell from wordes to blowes, Vulcan comming to the reskue of Iuno, Iupiter waxed so angrye that hee tooke Vulcan by the legges, and flange him into Lemnos, whom the inhabitants receiued as sent from heauen and learned of him to prepare iron for necessary vses.”

“Flora was portraicted with flowers in her hand of beanes and pease; her coat in as many colours as the rayne bowe.—Signification. Flora her coloured coate, signifieth the diuers hue y<sup>t</sup> is geuē to flowers; her beanes & pease declare a custome of y<sup>e</sup> Romayns, who esteeme no more of baudery then of Superstition: Which, to beare rusticall signes in hande,  
that

that Flora was goddesse, as well of grayne as floweyrs, erlay in honour of y<sup>e</sup> same, they dyd sparcle beanes and pease amonge the comon people. Thys Flora was a famous harlot, and exceeding' ryche, constitutyng at her death, the people of Rome to bee her heyre: Shee ordayned for euer a great summe of money to be imployed on shoves and playes. The ordinaunce of a gentle deuill deludinge many fooles: of such force is wycked Māmon, that hee can make an harlot counted for a goddes. Thus the pope and poet can make both harlot & theefe a sayncte."

At the head of the sectarian gods is placed the Pope for his heresy. The following is a description of his apparel.

"The Pope's apparel domesticall, is a purple veluet cappe, edged with Armine, or other ryche Furrer; hys vpper garment a red or purple cloake euen w<sup>t</sup> his elbowes, vnder y<sup>t</sup> which is a blacke silke vesture, & vnder the vesture a whyte linnen garment, edged w<sup>t</sup> golde & hunge with pendentes or belles, his pontificall adiourninge is a tryple crowne of great rychesse set with stones of peerelesse value; his vpper garment is a cope, more worth then his condicions: hee is caried on the backes of foure deacons, after the maner of carying whytepot queenes in Westerne May-games."\*

Most of the characters given under this division may be found more at large in a *View of all Religions* by Ross; and who but "hath read Alexander Ross over?"

J. H.

¶ *Divine Poems, written by Thomas Washbourne, Bachelor in Divinity. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*

A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flyes,  
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

*Herbert's Church Porch.*

*London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Princes Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1654.*"  
(12mo. pp. 141, exclusive of title, preface, commendatory verses, and table 13 more.)

Washbourne and his productions are totally unno-

\* See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 457

ticed by Mr. Ellis in his specimens of our early poetry, whether from accident or design remains to be ascertained. It is possible that he might not have met with a copy of the volume, which is of considerable rarity.

The only account of Washbourne's life is given by Wood, who informs us that he was born at Wychenford in Worcestershire,\* educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and became prebendary of Gloucester, which situation he lost during the civil wars, but regained at the Restoration. He afterwards took the degree of doctor in divinity, and obtained the living of Dumbleton in Gloucestershire. He died May 6, 1687, and was buried in Gloucester cathedral. †

In the preface of his Poems, the author tells his reader that he is induced to publish them not from "any itching ambition to bee in print (thogh a very catching disease of the time) but a zealous affection to be doing some good"—and "though they may not relish well with the captious critick—yet hee believes they will not displease the charitable and consciencious christian," etc. A poetical address to the Lady Vere, one "to his ever honoured mother, the University of Oxford," and five copies of commendatory verses precede the poems, which are, with few exceptions, upon various passages of scripture, and will not "relish" sufficiently "well" to warrant any copious extracts.

" Scylla and Carybdis.

Two gulfs there are 'twixt which 'tis hard to sail,  
And not be shipwrackt: here prophanesesse stands  
With all it's brood of vices at its tayle,  
There superstition with its numerous bands

\* From Nash's Worcestershire we find that the family was both ancient and respectable, and that, at one time, it possessed a considerable property in the county.

† Besides "Divine Poems," Washbourne published two sermons: 1. "At the Funeral of Charles Cocks, Esq. one of the Masters in Chancery," etc. 4to. Lond. for Twyford, 1655.—2. "The Repairer of the Breach," etc. at the Anniversary of the King's Birth-day, 4to. 1661.

Of false traditions ; 'twas the main intent  
 Of our late Pilots between both to steere :  
 But froward fate, to seamen incident,  
 Made them mistake their way ; for whiles they fear

To sink into the gulf of superstition,  
 They in the gulfe of profanation fal,  
 And in the furious heate of opposition  
 'Gainst Papists, are like to turn Atheists all.

So some of th' ancient Fathers in dispute  
 Against one heresie, did too much bend  
 Unto another, and their arrow shoot  
 Besides the mark, thus marre what they would mend.

But cannot we keep in the middle region  
 Except we sink too low, or soar too high ?  
 Is there no moderate temper in religion,  
 But we must 'either scorch'd or frozen die ?

What hath the Church no habitable part,  
 Betwixt the torrid aud the frozen zone ?  
 Nor hath the Churchman learnt as yet the Art  
 O'th'moralist, that vertue leans to none

Of the extremes, but in the center lyes ?  
 So doth religious Truth, if we could find  
 It's track out ; but the fault is in our eyes  
 That wil not see, or rather in our mind

That wil not keep the road and safest way  
 Which by the best and wisest men is gone,  
 But rather through unbeaten deserts stray,  
 Which lead to nothing but confusion.

O God, be though our Pilot once again,  
 Or put some Pharos up, that by the light  
 Our ship the Church may saile safe through the main,  
 And not be swallow'd by these gulfs i'th'night."

P. B.

¶ *Old Madrigals.\**

## i.

O say deere life when shall these twine borne berries,  
 So louely ripe by my rude lips be tasted :  
 Shall I not plucke, sweet, say not nay, those cherries?  
 O let them not with sommer's heate be blasted !  
 Nature thou know't bestow'd them free on thee ;  
 Then be thou kinde bestow them free on me.

## ii.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,  
 At sound of horne which he himselfe did blow ;  
 Fearing and feared thus from himselfe he fled,  
 Deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

## iii.

Loue is a dainte milde and sweet,  
 A gentle power, a feeling fine and tender ;  
 So that those harmes and paynes vnmeet,  
 Which I doe passe, thou dost engender :  
 Onely to him his torments loue deuiseeth,  
 That scorns his lawes, his rites, and Loue despiseth.

## iv.

Vpon a bank with roses set about,  
 Where pretty turtles ioyning bill to bill ;  
 And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,  
 Washing the foot of Pleasure's sacred hill :  
 There little Loue sore wounded lyes,  
 His bow and arrow broken ;  
 Bedew'd with teares from Venus eyes ;  
 Oh, grienous to bee spoken !

## v.

Retire my troubled soul ! rest, and behold  
 Thy dayes of dolour ; dangers manifold !  
 See life is but a dreame whose best contenting,  
 Begun with hope ; pursued with doubt ;  
 Enioy'd with feare ends in repenting.

\* *The First set of English Madrigals, to 3, 4, 5 and 6 parts : apt both for viols and voyces. With a Mourning Song in memory of Prince Henry. Newly composed by John Ward. Tenor. Printed by Thomas Sondham. n. d. Dedicated by Ward to his "very good maister Sir Henry Fanshawe Knight."* Contains 28 songs.

## vi.

O, deuine Loue ! which so aloft can raise,  
 And lift the minde out of this earthly mire ;  
 And doth inspire vs with so glorious praise,  
 As with the heauens doth equall man's desire :  
 Who doth not help to deck thy holy shrine,  
 With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree ;  
 Who will not say that thou art more deuine,  
 At least confesse a Deitye in thee ?

## vii. (part 1.)

If the deep sighs of an afflicted brest,  
 Orewhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected eyes  
 Of a poore wretch with miseries opprest,  
 For whose complaints tears neuer could suffice :  
 Haue not the power your Deities to moue,  
 Who shall ere looke for succour from aboute ?  
 For whom too long I taried for reliefe,  
 Nowe aske but death that onely ends my grieffe.

## viii. (part 2.)

There's not a groue that wonders not my woe,  
 Nor not a riuer weeps not at my tale ;  
 I heare the Echchos (wandring to and fro)  
 Resounde my grieffe through euery hill and dale ;  
 The birds and beasts yet in their simple kind,  
 Lament for me : no pittie else I finde ;  
 And teares I find doe bring no other good,  
 But as new showers encrease the rising flood.

## ix.

I haue intreated and I haue complained,  
 I haue disprais'd and praise I likewise gaue ;  
 All means to win her grace I tryed haue,  
 And still I loue and still I am disdain'd.  
 Oh, could my sighes once purchase me reliefe,  
 Or in her hart my teares imprint my grieffe ;  
 But cease vaine sighes, cease yee fruitlesse teares ;  
 Teares cannot pierce her hart, nor sighes her eares.

## x.

*In Memory of Prince Henry.*

Weepe forth your teares, and doe lament ; He's dead,  
 Who liuing was of all the world beloued ;  
 Let dolorous lamenting still be spread,  
 Through all the earth that all harts may be moued.

To sighe and plaine,  
 Since death hath slaine  
*Prince Henry.*

Oh had he liu'd our hopes had still increased;  
 But he is dead and all our ioye's deceased.

J. H.

¶ *Our Ladys Retorne to England, accompanied with saint Frances and the good Iesus of Viana in Portugal, who, comming from Brasell, ariued at Clauelly in Deuonshire, the third of June, 1592. A wonder of the Lorde most admirable, to note how many Spanish saintes are enforced to come one pilgrimage for Englande. With the most happie fortune of that braue gentill-man William Graftone Cittizen of London, Captaine and oner of our Ladies. Writen by H. R. [wood cut, a shield with ship in full sail, &c.] Imprinted at London by A. I. and are to be sold by William Barlye at his shop in gracious streeete ouer against Leaden Hall. 1592. Four leaves 4to.*

— This is a plain narrative addressed in a letter “to the worshipful George Lancaster Esquire, at his lodging in London;” giving the particulars of a voyage made by the vessel called “our Lady” commanded by “Maister William Grafton,” a citizen of London, whereby was captured the Spanish vessels “Saint Francis” and “Good Iesus” two of the “many Spanish saints” forced, as the title has it “to come on pilgrimage to England.” On the back of the title is

“H. R. in Captaine Grafton’s worthie deserued commendations.

Braue noble brutes, ye troiane youthfull wightes,  
 Whose laud doth reach the sentoure of the sunne:  
 Your braue attempts by lande, or seaes your fightes,  
 Your forward hearts, imortall fame hath wonne;  
 The world reportes, what Londoners hath done,  
 Freemen I meane, and prentices of worth,  
 For countrie seruice that are called forth.

Amongst which, of name let Grafton haue his due,  
 Valiant braue man whose courage none could quaile:  
 His actes at larg heere after shall insue,

And



And how in fight he often did preuail:  
 When three to one on seaes did him assaile,  
 Seeking by force his ruine to haue wrought,  
 Which he surpraised and them to England brought.

Read Graftones deedes you cauelires of worth,  
 Sureuay his life and learne by him to liue:  
 Whose bountie, kindnes, and valoure shewed forth,  
 If I should write the dastard hart my greene:  
 Casting great doubtles how they might me beleue,  
 Yet Ile maintaine this captaines actes are such,  
 As fewe I know will hassard halfe so much."

The letter describes Captain Grafton as having prepared a "small caruell called our Lady fitte for the seas, embarqued himselfe at Youholl in Ireland, well furnished with braue and resolut men." On the seventh day they fell in with two vessels the one of an hundred and twenty tons, having forty six men and ten cast pieces, the other of threescore tons and sixteen men.

"After the captaine had hailed them, and bad them strike the bearing Spaniards proud mindes, seeing so smale a Caruill as his owr Ladie of the Captaines, scorned to yeeld, but made reddie to fight, and both began with all their force to assaile him most hotly, the gunner from the great ship shot the Caruilles meane missen from the yarden, shered many ropes and did them great mischeefe, so that with splycing and repairing, the same company was greatly pussed; in this time the Captaine called for a canne of wine and drinking hartely to them, desired them all as they loued him to follow him and at the next comming vp they would boord her, where to they were al very willing and comming vp with them againe the Gunner with his brokenmouth miniou racked him fore and oft, the barre entring at the starre went throughout. Then comming vp in her quarter the Captaine leapt in at their cheane holes, and one other with him who was hardly [set] with pikes and other hand weapons; yet kept hee is place when the shippes falling off he had no remedy but abide that chance God had allotted them. The company aboard loth to let their Captaine rest in so great danger came aboard againe, when valiantly they entered, his boy being with the first aboard had taken downe their flag, to the great greefe of the enemie, who now repenting their hardinesse craued mercie. The other smale seeing all the men of warre almost aboard their prise, layed the Caruill

E 2

aboard

aboard but to their great cost, for there being courageous men, entered but six of them with their swordes and daggers, swordes and targates, and such as they had, and stowed the fiteene Portingauls, so that they were possessed of both sooner than they expected. The Captaine seeing the other was taken gaue God thanks for his goodnes."

A prior voyage appears to have been equally fortunate, when the Captain's

"Owne ship was the grace of God who took our Lady and saint Anthonie, Our Lady she made a man of warre who ha'h taken now those two prises loaden with suger, the one called saint Fraunces, the other the good Iesus both of Viana, a wonder of the Lorde to appoint this Spanish saints to make rich his english sailours, as by this valiant Captaine is shewed, for how many Captaines hath had such blessinges as this gentleman, or who more fortunate whom Iesus, our Lady, S. Fraunces & S. Anthony hath brought their blessinges there. News ther is none worthy to write, but for your hawkes, I hope by Saint Iames tide to bring you, till then with my heartiest commendationes, I leaue you to his protection whom I daily pray to blesse vs all. From Barnstable in the north of Deuonshire this 6 of July, 1592. Yours ener redie to vse. H. R."

J. H.

¶ *An Arithmetical Militare Treatise, named Stratioticos compendiously teaching the Science of Numbers, as well in Fractions as Integers, & so much of the Rules & Equations Algebraicall & Arte of Numbers Cossicall, as are requisite for the Profession of a Soldiour. Together with the Moderne Militare Discipline, Offices, Lawes and Dueties in euery well gouerned Campe & Armie to be observed. Long since attempted by LEONARD DIGGES Gentleman; Augmented, Digested and lately finished by THOMAS DIGGES, his Sonne. Whereto he hath also adioyned certaine Questions of great Ordinaunce, resolued in his other Treatise of Pyrotechny & great Artillerie, hereafter to be published.*

*Videt post funera Vertus.*

*At London Printed by Henry Bynneman Anno Domini 1579. pp. 192. 4to.*

¶ *A Geometrical Practical Treatise named Pantometria, divided*

divided into three Bookes, *Longimetra*, *Planimetra*, & *Stereometria*, Containing rules manifolde for mensuration of all Lines, Superficies and Solides: with sundrie strange conclusions both by instrument & without, & also by glasses to set forth the true description or exact Platte of an whole Region. First published by THOMAS DIGGES Esq. & dedicated to the graue, wise, and honourable Sir Nicholas Bacon, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England. With a Mathematicall Discourse of the five regular Platonick Solides, and their Metamorphoses into other five compound rare Geometricall Bodies, conteyning an hundred newe Theoremes at least of his owne Inuention, neuer mentioned before by anye other Geometrician. Lately reviewed by the Author himselfe, and augmented with sundrie Additions, Diffinitions, Problems, and rare Theoremes, to open the passage, and prepare a way to the understanding of his Treatise of Martiall Pyrotechnie & great Artillerie, hereafter to be published. At London. Printed by Abell Jeffes, Anno. 1591. Folio. pp. 196.

LEONARD DIGGES, of Wootton Court, between Canterbury and Dover, (which seat he purchased in the last year of K. Hen. VIII.) was a younger son of James Digges, Esq. of Digges's Court in the adjoining parish of Barham. He was educated at Oxford, and became eminent for his skill in mathematics, architecture, and land-surveying. His first publication was

*Tectonicon*, on the measurement of land, &c. 1556, 4to. augmented by his son Thomas 1592, 4to.; printed again 1647, 4to.\*

Another was *Prognostication everlasting, of right good Effect: or choice rules to judge the weather by the Sun, Moon, Stars, &c.* London, 1555, 1556, 1564, 4to. and augmented by his son Thomas, with divers general Tables, and many compendious rules. Lond. 1592, 4to. †

He died not later than 1573.

THOMAS DIGGES, his son, who was at least equally eminent in the same sciences, sold his paternal seat at

\* Wood's Ath. I. 180. Biogr. Brit. 2d, edit. v. 238.

† Ibid.

Wootton (probably immediately after his father's death.) His mother was Bridget, sister to Sir James, and Sir Thomas Wilford, two distinguished Kentish knights. Thomas was educated at Oxford, like his father, having by his father's instructions spent his younger years, even from his cradle, in the liberal sciences. These qualifications afterwards obtained him the situation of Muster Master General of all Queen Elizabeth's forces in the Low Countries under his patron Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester.

He was author of many learned works. But lawsuits, which probably descended upon him with his patrimony, and were productive of pecuniary embarrassments, broke in upon his studies, and embittered his days, as he himself complains with much feeling in a passage, which I shall presently cite.

He died Aug. 24, 1595, and was buried in the chancel of the Church of Aldermanbury London. He married Agnes, daughter of Sir William St. Leger, Knt. by Ursula, daughter of George Neville, Lord Abergavenny. His monument was destroyed by the fire of London 1666; but the inscription is as follows:

“ Thomas Digges, Esq. sonne & heyre of Leonard Digges, of Wotton, in the county of Kent, Esq. & of Bridget his wife daughter of Thomas Wilford Esq. which Thomas deceased the 24th day of Aug. Anno Dom. 1595.

“ Agnes wife to Thomas Digges Esq. daughter to Sir William Seintleger, Knight, & of Ursula his wife, daughter of George Nevil, Lord of Abergavenny, by whom the said Thomas had issue Dudley his sonne & heyre, Leonard his second son; Margaret & Ursula now living; beside William & Mary, who died young.

“ Deo Opt. Max. et Memoria.

“ Hic resurrectionem mortuorum expectat Thomas Digsæus Armiger, ex antiquâ Digsæorum in Cantia familiâ oriundus. Vir fide et pietate in Deum singulari, rei militaris admodum peritus, optimarum literarum studiosus et scientiis mathematicis ad miraculum (ut ex libris editis constat) eruditissimus: Quem Deus in cœlestem patriam, Anno Salutis 1595, evocavit. Charissimo Merito uxor mæstissima posuit.

“ Here lieth in assured hope to rise in Christ, Thomas Digges Esq. sometime Muster Master of the English Army in the Low Countries: A man zealously affected

to

“ to true religion, wise, discrete, courteous, faithfull to his  
 “ friends, & of rare knowledge in Geometry, Astrologie, &  
 “ other Mathematical Sciences, who finished this transitory  
 “ life with an happy end in Anno 1595.

“ That the dead might live, Christ died.”\*

Of the first of the works here registered the following is the Epistle Dedicatory to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

“ Right Honourable, finding mysele to your Lordship deeply bounde, as well for my preferment to hir Maiesties seruice, as for sundrie other faouours continuallye powred on me, I haue carefullye bethought mysele, whyche way I might render some testimonye of a gratefull minde. And hauing spent many of my yeares in reducing the Sciences Mathematicall, from Demonstrative Contemplations, to Experimentall Actions, for the seruice of my Prince & Countrey: (beeyng thereto greatly ayded by the Practises, Observations, Monuments & conferences of MY FATHER, with the rarest Souldyours of hys time) haue among sundrie other discourses of Navigation, of Fortification, of Pyrotechnie & great Artillerie, long sithence comenced, latelie finished this Arithmeticall Treatise, wholly applied to Militare affayres. And finding not onely by the whole course of Histories of all times & countreys, howe Kingdomes haue flourished in all felicitie, whereas this Arte hath bene embraced, & duellie practised, & cōtrarywise, how most happie Empires after warlike discipline haue bin corrupted, haue fallen to ruine & miserable seruitude: but also by experience even in these dayes seene what extreame disorders growe in those Armyes, where militare lawes & ordinaunces haue bene regulated: haue thought this matter not unfit to be remembred in these our flourishing & quiet times, that as the Pallace of this most happie kingdome (ruled by a Sovereigne Princesse, whose wisdomes & rare vertues all Europe haue in admiration) is inwardlye most curiouslie garnished with the perfection of Sciences Humane and Diuine, with sundrie artes, with riches, rest, wealth & pleasure comparable with, or surpassing anye other of Christendome: so wishing also it maye not wante (when need shall be) the rooffe & outward couering, to defend & garde it from the winde & rayne, & furious stormes of forraigne tempestes. And as the

\* Biogr. Brit. v. 239. Strype's Stow's Survey, Edit, 1720. vol. i. p. 71, 72.

fame of an honourable enterprize, vnder your Lordship's conduite generally expected, did first moue me to employ my Mathematicall Muses upon this Militare Argument, so sithence hauing in some points altered & augmented the first originall, to your Lordship then presented, & now fully digested & finished the same, (wel knowing the methode suche as hytherto in no language hath bin published; & your Lordship for wisdom, learning, & experience, (hauing long sithence borne honourable office in the field) fullie able of yourselfe to discerne the veritie & valour of this worke.) In discharge of some part of my dutie, I presume to present & publish the same vnder the protection of your Name. As a Patrone, I aduow myselfe to honour, by all other due dutifull meanes I can. And crauing fauorable acceptation of this my homelie dutifull present, humbly leaue your Lordship to the direction of the Almighty, who graunt you a long prosperous life, garnished with cōtinuall encrease of honourable actions, to the amplyfying of his glorie & true Religion, the faithfull seruice of hir most excellent maiestie, & comfort of vs that loue & honour you.

Your Honours duetifully at command,

THOMAS DIGGES."

The author thus commences the Preface to the Reader.

"Hauing spent my youngest yeres euen from my cradle in the Sciences Liberal, & especially in searching the most difficult & curious Demonstrations Mathematicall, by prooffe at last I found the saying of that wise Tarentine & eloquent Romane most true: That if it wer possible for a mortall man by power Diuine to beē transferred into some solitarie garden of incomparable pleasure, & there all things that could be wished as it were by the hands of Angels to be ministered unto him enjoying perfect health, strength, & all other good giftes of nature, that were requisite to a ful perfection of delite both in minde & body, saue only that it should not be lawfull for him to haue Societie or cōference with any man to communicate the state of his felicitie: That notwithstanding all these delites, his life should seeme tedious, & all those pleasures loathsome.

"Even so, albeit the straunge varietie of Inuentions in all the more subtile part of those Mathematical Demonstrations did breede in me for a time a singular delectation, yet finding none or very few, with whome to conferre & communicate those my delites, (& remembring also that graue sentence of diuine Plato, that we are not borne for ourselues, but also  
for

for our Parents, Countrie, & Friends) after I grew to yeares of riper iudgement, I haue wholly bent myself to reduce those Imaginative Cōtemplations to sensible practicall conclusions : as well thereby to haue some companions of those my delectable studies, as also to be able, when Time is, to employ them to the seruice of my Prince & countrie.”

He then goes on to explain the particular motives which led him to the subjects of the present volume. And concludes thus :

“ And so good Reeder I committe thee to the Treatise itselfe, wherein if thou finde any thing that dothe contente thee, yeele due thanks to the Patrone of the Worke, whose honourable disposition in fauouring & aduancing all Vertue, & chieflie the studious of these Liherall Sciences, with many especiall favoures upon myselfe, hath provoked or rather inforced me to take in hande this presentē worke, finished the 13 of October 1579.”

Afterwards this notice occurs :

“ *The Bookes alreadie published by the Authoure of thys Treatise.*

“ A general *Pronostication* long sithence published by his Father, after perused by hymselfe & thereto adjoynd frame of the Worlde, according to Copernicus Hipothesis, vpon the mobilitie of the Earth.

A Geometricall Treatise called *Pantometria*, begon by hys Father, augmented & finished by himselfe.

A Booke in Latin, entituled *Alæ seu Scalæ Mathematicæ*, deliuering sundrye Demonstrations, for the finding of the Paralaxis of any Comet, or other Celestiall bodie, wyth the correction of the Erroures in the vse of Radius Astronomicus.

This present Arithmeticall Stratiotics deuided into three Bookes.”

“ *Bookes begon by the Author, hereafter to be published.*”

1. A Treatise of the Arte of Nauigation, bewraying the grosse Erroures by oure Maysters, & Marriners practised, deliuering new Rules, & Instruments infallible, & practicable, some also accommodate to the vulgare capacitie, with a discourse demonstratine, vpon sundry hypotheseis of the Nauticall Compasse hys Variation, discovering rules for the inuention of the Longitude at all tymes to bee practised, as certayne as by the ☉ Eclipses.

2. A brieft Treatise of Architecture Nauticall, wherein is deliuered

deliuered Rules infallible vpon anye one forme or Modell of excellencie founde, to buylde shypes for all burthens of lyke perfection & propertie to the Patterne, wyth certayne kyndes of forcible fyghtes lawes also & orders in sea services to be obserued.

3. Commentaries vpon the Reuolutions of Copernicus, by euidente demonstrations grounded vpon late observations, to ratifye & confirme hys Theorikes & Hypothesis, wherein also demonstratiuelie shall be discussed, whether it bee possible vpon the vulgare Thesis of the Earthes stabilitie, to delyuer any true Theorike voyde of such irregular motions, & other absurdities, as repugne the whole principles of Philosophie Naturall, & apparant groundes of common Reason.

4. A Booke of Dialling, teaching the Arte to garnish all the Regular & transformed bedyes, in his *Pantometria* mentioned, with houres vulgare & Planetare, Signes, Azimuthes, Almicanter, &c. & also to make all sortes of Dials, Anulare, Cylinders, Nauicles, Hydracles.

5. A Treatise of Great Artillerie, & Pyrotechnie, conteyning sundrye demonstrations, geometricall, & instruments exactly to shoote in all sorts of peeces at all degrees of Randoms, both by day & night, with other new Inuentions, & seruiceable secretes, begon by his father after long experience, augmented & heereafter to be finished by himselfe.

6. A Treatise of Fortification of Townes, Fortes, & Campes by a Methode cleane repugnant to anye hitherto practised, conteyning sundrie sorts of more forcible formes, with rules of great facilitie by certayne instruments Geometricall to stake them out, & readilie to set downe in good order an whole armie, with all his regiments, Footemen, Horsmen, Munition, Carriadges, &c. in most commodious & strong maner that place will permitte.

*All these & other long sithens, the Author had finished & published, had not the Internall Furies, enuying such his Fælicitie & happie Societie with his Mathematical Muses, for many yeares so tormented him with Lawe-Brables, that he hath bene enforced to discontinue those his delectable Studies,*

*To implore in Ayde, Jupiter's Pallace,*

PHILORTHUS, PHILARETES and

PHILOMATHES

Againste

APLESTODOLEROS AMOUSEOS

MISOGENAIOS.

DABIT DEUS HIS QUOQUE FINEM."

Dedication



Dedication of the Pantometria to Sir Nicholas Bacon,  
Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England.

“ Calling to memorie right Honourable, & my singular good Lorde, the great fauour your Lordship bare my father in his lifetime, & the conference it pleased your Honour to vse with him touching the Sciences Mathematicall, especially in Geometricall mensurations, perusing also of late certaine volumes that he in his youthe time long sithens had compiled in the English tongue, among other I found this Geometricall Practise which my father (if God had spared hym life) minded to haue presented your Honour withall, but untimely Death preuenting his determination, I thought it my part to accomplish the same, as well for the satisfaction of his desire, as also to shew myselfe not unmindefull of so many good turnes as your honor from time to time most abundantly hath bestowed on me ; having therefore supplied such partes of this Treatise as were least obscure or imperfect, adioyning therevnto a Discourse Geometricall of the fixe regulare or Platonicall bodies, contayning sundry Theoricall and practicall propositions of the manifolde proportions arising by mutuall conference of these Solides, Inscription, Circumscription or Transformation, & now at the last fully finished the same, I am bolde to exhibite & dedicate it to your Honor, as an eternall memoriall of your Lordship’s great faouore towardes the furtherance of learning, & a publike testimonie of my bounden duetie : hoping your Honor will rather respect the good will wherewith it is prosecuted, then the worthinesse of the present, not agreeable I confesse to the excellent knowledge wherewith your Lordshippe is indued, euen in the verye Fountaines themselues whence these conclusions as springs or branches are deriued. And yet such as I nothing doubt your Honor will both accept in good parte, & also at vacant leysure from affaires of more importance delite yourselfe withall, the rather for that it containeth sundry such new inuented Theoremes, & other strange conclusions, as no Geometers have hitherto in any language published. Whereby your Lordship shall not only iucourage me heereafter to attempt greater matters, but also as it were with a soveraigne medicine preuent the poisoned infection of eniuous backbiting toongs : for as the veritie of these experiments & rules shall neuer be impugned, being so firmly grounded, garded, & defended with Geometricall demonstrations, against whose puissance no subtile sophistrie or craftee coloured arguments can preuaile, so thinke I there is none so impudently

prudently malicious, as wil or dare reprove them for vaine or unprofitable, when they shall perceiue your Lordship (whose learned iudgement gravitie & wisdome is sufficiently knowne to the world) doth allow & accepte them as fragrant flowres, select & gathered out of the pleasant gardines Mathematicall meete to delite any noble, free, or well disposed minde, & profitable frutes serving most commodiously to sundry necessary vses in a publike weale, & such as shall thereby receiue pleasure or commoditie, must of dutie yeeld condigne thanks vnto your Lordship, vnder whose protection & patronage I have not feared to sende abroade (as a wandring pilgrime) this Orphane & fatherlesse childe, the which as I perceiue of your Honor favorably accepted, so meane I, God sparing life, to imploy no small portion of this my shorte & transitorie time in storing our native tongue with Mathematicall Demonstrations, & some such other rare experiments and practical conclusions as no forraine realme hath hitherto beene, I suppose, partaker of. In the meane time I leaue longer to detaine your honour with my rude & homely tale, from more seriouse & waightie affaites, committing your Lordship to the tuition of the Almighty, who graunt you a long healthfull honourable life, accompanied with perfect felicitie.

Your Honours most bounden  
 THOMAS DIGGES."

SIR DUDLEY DIGGES, eldest son of this Thomas, was born in 1583, after his father had sold the seat at Wootton. He was educated at University College, Oxford; and obtained the seat of Chilham Castle in Kent, situated between Canterbury and Ashford, by marriage with Mary, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir Thomas Kemp. In the early struggles for liberty by the Parliament against K. Charles I. he was one of the most patriotic and eminent leaders. He succeeded to the Mastership of the Rolls (on the death of Sir Julius Cæsar) in April 1636, and died Mar. 18, 1638, aged 57. A. Wood says that "his understanding few could equal; and his virtues fewer would." He adds, that "the wisest men reckoned his death among the public calamities of those times."

He had a younger brother LEONARD DIGGES, born 1588, educated also at Oxford, who was esteemed by those who knew him "a great master of the English language,

language, a perfect understander of the French and Spanish, a good poet and no mean orator."\* His commendatory verses to Shakespeare may be seen before that poet's works. He died 7 April, 1635. See an account of his translation of the Spanish Romance of *Gerardo* in *Cens. Lit.* He also translated *the Rape of Proserpine* from Claudian, Lond. 1617, 1628, 4to. †

DUDLEY DIGGES, (a younger son of Sir Dudley) as if learning was hereditary in this family, was also celebrated "as a great scholar, and general artist and linguist" says Wood. He was born about 1612, educated at Oxford, and died in the garrison there Oct. 1, 1643, aged 31. He was author of a *Treatise on the Unlawfulness of Subjects taking up arms against their Sovereign, &c.* 1643, 4to. which Wood highly commends.

The spot from whence so justly distinguished a family arose, gains a lively interest in the minds of all who are endued with fancy and sentiment. The writer of this article feels a natural desire to give due force to the colours which belong to the spot of his nativity. In the shades of WOORTON was first cherished that ardent and solid learning, which burned with such steady light through four successive generations of the race of Digges. Did darkness, when they abandoned the honoured mansion, succeed to this splendor? Another family, of less distinction, made it, a few years afterwards, their permanent abode. Yet were not these totally unconnected with honourable alliances, and

\* Athenæ, I. c. 600.

† Thomas Digges, Esq. of Chilham Castle, eldest son of Sir Dudley, died in 1687, having had by Mary, daughter of Sir Maurice Abbot, Knt. six sons. Sir Maurice Digges eldest son, was knighted, and afterwards created a baronet Mar. 6, 1665, but died without issue before his father in 1666.

Leonard Digges, the youngest, but only surviving son, died in 1717, having married Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Osborne of Chicksand in Bedfordshire.

John, his eldest son, succeeded him at Chilham Castle, and died without issue two years afterwards, 1719.

Col. Thomas Digges his brother and heir, (and great grandson to Sir Dudley) sold the estate at Chilham in March, 1724, to the Colebrooke family. He married the same year Elizabeth West, daughter of John Lord Delaware, and left two sons. His younger son was West Digges, the player.

persons of high endowment. The family of Coppin\*, for the three or four generations that they possessed the place, from the accession of King James I., always gave some of their members a learned education at Cambridge; and seem to have taken a lively concern in all the literary, religious, and political disputes of their time. By a matrimonial alliance with the family of the celebrated Dr. Bargrave Dean of Canterbury,† there was opened to them an acquaintance with men as eminent for their talents and station in the world as for their worth. It cannot reasonably be questioned that the walls of Wootton were sanctified by the profuse piety of Dean Boys, and enlivened by the wit, polish, anecdote, and knowledge of the world of Dean Bargrave; men whose eminence in their day was generally acknowledged, and whose memories are not yet forgotten. At this time the Coppins intermarried with an house not yet equally known; but which has since become still more conspicuous. John Coppin, who died in 1654, married Anne, daughter of THOMAS GIBBON\* of Westcliffe near Dover, (whose son Matthew Gibbon was great grandfather of the Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire). But even then the Gibbons were variously and honourably allied. Among these was Sir JOHN FINET† a native of the same parish  
of

\* John Coppin purchased this estate in 1607, jointly with his mother Mary, (daughter of William Denne, Esq. of Dennehill in Kingston, by Agnes, daughter of Nicholas Tufton, Esq. of Nordiam in Sussex, ancestor to the Earl of Thanet) which Mary was remarried to Thomas Boys of Eythorne, father, by a former wife, of Dr. John Boys, the learned Dean of Canterbury. John Coppin died in 1680; his mother died in 1616, æt. 72.

† The Rev. Thomas Coppin of Wootton, eldest son of John, of Wootton, married in 1636 Anne daughter of Dean Bargrave, by Elizabeth Dering, whose mother was Elizabeth sister of Edward Lord Wotton, and the illustrious and well known Sir Henry Wotton. Mrs. Coppin remarried Sir Henry Palmer of Howletts, Comptroller of the Navy. For memoirs of Dean Boys and Dean Bargrave, see *Todd's Lives of the Deans of Canterbury*.

\* From this house, by his mother Elizabeth Gibbon, sprung the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, a native of Dover, born 1690.

† The scandalous page of Sir Anthony Weldon states that on the rise of Villiers, "the King (James) began to eat abroad, who formerly used to eat in his bedchamber, or if by chance supped in his bedchamber, after supper would come forth to see pastimes

and

of Westcliffe, a wit, a poet, and a man of learning, who was born 1571, knighted 1615, and succeeded Sir Lewis Lewknor, as Master of the Ceremonies in 1626. He died 1641, having married Jane, daughter of Henry Lord Wentworth of Nettlested, by a daughter of Sir Owen Hopton, (whose other daughter married William, 4th Lord Chandos, and was mother of Grey, Lord Chandos, called king of Cotswould). The abode which was frequented by such a guest as Sir John Finet was probably not insensible to the ornaments of a cultivated mind. A few years afterwards the sister of Mr. Gibbon's last wife married Sir John Maynard, a profound lawyer, whose character may be read in the pages of Lord Clarendon. And a little later White Kennet, a native of Dover, who afterwards rose to the most distinguished rank in the literary world, and to the see of Peterborough, lived for some time at the neighbouring seat of Beakesbourne as tutor to a near alliance of this house. He speaks of the Coppins as a family with whom he was familiar; and under that roof, which the idea of his presence renders more venerable, he spent, I doubt not, many of his youthful hours in cultivated hospitality.\* But how many are there to whom the past is like the departed wind, unthought of; and without a trace or memorial.†

They

and fooleries; in which Sir Edward Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir JOHN FINET, were the chief and master fools; and surely the fooling got them more than many others wisdom, far above them in desert. Zouch his part it was to sing bawdy songs, and tell bawdy tales—Finet to compose those songs: then were a set of fiddlers brought up on purpose for this fooling: and Goring was master of the game for fooleries." &c. *Secret History of the Court of K. James, reprinted at Edinburgh 1811, 2 vols. 8vo.*

\* The last of the male line of the Coppins died 1701. Wootton then came by devise to their next relations, the present owners.

† The naked list of celebrated names here introduced stands thus:

1. Leonard Digges, ob. ——— 1573.
2. Thomas Digges, ob. Aug. 24, 1595.
3. Sir Dudley Digges, ob. Mar. 18, 1638.
4. Leonard Digges, ob. April 7, 1635.
5. Dudley Digges, ob. Oct. 1, 1643.
6. Dean Boys, ob. ——— 1625.
7. Dean Bargrave, ob. ——— 1642, æt. 56.
8. Sir Hen. Wotton, ob. ——— 1639.
9. Sir John Finet, ob. ——— 1641.

They see nothing but that which forces itself in a material shape upon their eyes; and they hear nothing but what impresses itself upon their external senses! They hear not the voice of the dead; and care not for the characters of those who sleep in their graves!

These reflections are but introductory to the following Sonnets which the subject has suggested.

FIVE SONNETS ADDRESSED TO WOOTTON, THE SPOT OF THE AUTHOR'S NATIVITY.

SONNET I.

Ye walls, familiar to mine infant plays,  
Ye trees, that whisper'd music to mine ears,

10. Sir John Maynard, ob. Oct. 9, 1690, aged 88.

11. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough, ob. Dec. 19, 1728, aged 68.

12. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, ob. Mar. 6, 1764, æt. 74.

13. Edward Gibbon, ob. Jan. 1794, æt. 75.

To these may be added.

14. Lawrence Rooke of Monk's Horton, near Hythe, a great astronomer, "*vir omni literarum, genere instructissimus,*" who died June 27, 1662. See *Wood's Ath.* II. 297.

15. Dr. William Harvey, the illustrious physician who discovered the circulation of the blood, born at Folkstone, April 2, 1578, and died June 3, 1657, æt. 80.

16. Sir George Ent, M.D. President of the College of Physicians, born at Sandwich in Kent, Nov. 6, 1604, the learned friend, follower, and coadjutor of Dr. Harvey: he died Oct. 13, 1689, æt. 85.

17. Sir John Mennes, a wit and a poet, born at Sandwich, May 11, 1598, died Comptroller of the Navy, Feb. 18, 1670, æt. 72.

But these three last were rather neighbours than in any way connected at the time with the owners of Wootton.

As to the exact place in the scale of fame, due to each of these worthies, the sage, the moralist, and the critic may differ. But it will scarcely be denied that the reputation of all them was founded upon merits which lifted them above the mass of mankind. As to mere naked pedigree, a pedigree of mere titles and rent-rolls, whatever the uneducated herald may think, it is nothing: nay perhaps it is a disgrace: But they who have gained a place by their virtues and exertions in the literary or political history of their country, may justly reflect some portion of respectability on the places where they resided, and the posterity of those with whom they were connected. The native sparks of an ardent mind are blown into a flame by an early familiarity with the memories of such men; and the flame thus kindled, despising all vulgar distinctions, aspires to honours on the great theatre of the world, by works which shall outlive their author, and render his name sacred in after-times.

Which

Which fill'd my boyish eyes with rapture's tears !  
 Ye lawns, where Fancy's many-colour'd rays  
 First round me shot a visionary blaze,  
 Is it the whim of folly, that to years  
 Long past I look ; and glory, if appears  
 Learning's high lamp her steady light to raise  
 E'en then o'er your abodes ?—I backward turn,  
 Two centuries and more, my pensive thought,  
 And see the same fond love for letters burn ;  
 With equal thirst for fame your inmate fraught !  
 Ah happier he, whose memory still survives :  
 Mine with the grave's oblivion vainly strives !

15, Apr. 1811.

SONNET 2.

When first upon my childish eyelids broke  
 The morning sun o'er that rude flinted tower  
 Bosom'd in antique trees ; when first awoke  
 On each delighted sense the vernal flower,  
 And birds began, touch'd by young spring, to pour  
 Their tremulous harmony ; when first the croak  
 Of that old rookery, and the woodman's stroke,  
 Speeded with purest joy mine infant hour ;  
 O dear departed sprites of holy men,  
 By intellectual efforts purified,  
 Hover'd ye round your earthly haunts again,  
 To thirst of fame like yours my soul to guide ?  
 'Tis thus perchance that, from life's earliest dawn,  
 Forwards by fairy lights my steps are drawn !

SONNET 3.

Not barbarous is the soil, where first my feet  
 Their tottering efforts tried, nor quite unknown  
 To the lov'd Muses hill or vale or down,  
 Dingle, or upland lawn, or deep retreat  
 Of woods, where first upon my childhood shone  
 The light of Heaven ! On yonder turf seat,  
 When great Eliza's sway adorn'd the throne,  
 A Sage profound was daily wont to greet  
 Fair Science and her handmaids. — Truths abstruse  
 Here they evolv'd together, pondering well  
 The facts of many-colour'd life, whose use,  
 Courts, State, War, Travel, taught them how to spell.  
 To me, dear scenes, ye softer themes impart :  
 To learn and sing the dictates of the heart !

## SONNET 4.

The boorish Squire, the rude unletter'd train  
 Impenetrable to each impulse fine  
 Of the soul's movements, it has not been thine  
 Within this sacred shelter to maintain !  
 Spirits of nobler cast, upon whose brain  
 Nature, more generous, spread the spark divine,  
 Wont in a nation's great affairs to join,  
 Quiet within thine arms did not disdain !  
 Tho' silent now at times thine halls have been,  
 And thro' thy groves the common sight could view  
 No Muse her footsteps bending, yet are seen,  
 By purer eyes, in vests of varied hue,  
 Thro' the domain the Sisters Nine to play,  
 Circled by forms of every orient ray.

## SONNET 5.

The breath of Heaven, that over yonder trees  
 Passing, from thence a local tincture drew,  
 Here first upon my new-born body blew !  
 O was there magic in the trembling breeze,  
 That could with such delicious softness seize  
 Each melting sense ; and wake to music new ;  
 And bear upon its wings a shadowy crew,  
 That only Fancy's gifted vision sees ?  
 Still round the sacred mansion do ye dwell,  
 Ye lovely Fairy tribes, or are ye fled ?  
 O once again renew th' entrancing spell ;  
 And o'er each raptur'd vein your pinions spread !  
 Bliss above earth were mine, could I once more  
 Those dear delusions of the soul restore !

18 April, 1812.

¶ *A Piece of Fugitive Poetry by Lord Falkland.**An Epitaph upon the excellent Countesse of Huntingdon.\**

The chief perfection of both sexes joined,  
 With neither's vice nor vanity combin'd ;

\* This must have been Elizabeth wife of Henry Hastings, 5th Earl of Huntingdon. She died Jan. 20, 1633, in the White Friars, London, and was buried at Ashby de la Zouch. She was youngest of the three daughters and coheirs of Ferdinando Stanley Earl of Derby, by Alice daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Knt.— She was mother of Ferdinando 6th Earl of Huntingdon, who died Feb. 13, 1655 ; and married Elizabeth daughter and heir of the celebrated poet Sir John Davies, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.



Of this our age the wonder, love, and care,  
 Th' example of the following, and despair ;  
 Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow ;  
 Such majesty that none durst tell her so ;  
 A wisdom of so large and potent sway,  
 Rome's senate might have wish'd, her conclave may.  
 Which did to earthly thoughts so seldom bow,  
 Alive she scarce was less in heaven than now ;  
 So void of the least pride, to her alone  
 These radiant excellencies seem'd unknown.  
 Such once there was : but let thy grief appear,  
 Reader, there is not : Huntingdon lies here.

By him who says what he saw

FALKLAND.

¶ *A treatise entitled the Path waye to the towre of perfection. Compiled by Myles Huggarde, seruant to the Quenes most excellent maiestie: Imprinted at London by Robert Caly within the precinct of the late dissolued house of the graye Freers, nowe conuerted to an Hospitall, called Christes Hospitall: 1554. 4to. bl. let. extends to sig. E.*

This “ famous butt of the Protestants who was a shoemaker” according to Warton, but according to Strype a hosier, seems to have been one of the most indefatigable enemies the reformation had to contend with. In the well known lampoon against the new preachers or gospellers called the PORE HELP, our author is thus commended

And also maister huggarde  
 Doth shewe hym selfe no sluggarde  
 Nor yet no dronken druggard  
 But sharpeth vp his wyt  
 And frameth it so fyt  
 These yonkers for to hyt  
 And wyll not them permyt  
 In errour styll to syt  
 As it maye well apeare  
 By his clarkely answer, &c.

Most of his pamphlets were remarkable rather for their virulence than intrinsic merit, and “ were made important only by extorting laboured answers from several

eminent divines." The present poem, if so it is to be termed, is not noticed by Warton; neither was this edition known to Ames or Herbert, as the only one there noticed is that of 1556, without any printer's name. Ritson indeed has mentioned it, but as he has only given the title, an analysis of the work may not be unacceptable.

The introductory lines to the reader are written with a spirit of candour and humility, as to make us regret that the author should have been so tenacious of his errors.

“ Presumed I haue good gentyll Reader,  
 To make this treatise thus vnlearnedly,  
 Not that I woulde seeme to be a leder,  
 Of other men, for trulye none knowe I,  
 That wourse dothe lyue, displeasing god hye,  
 Than my selfe dothe, and therfore I pray,  
 All men to iudge well in that I will saye.  
 I study not for any eloquence,  
 For if I dyd my labour were in vaine,  
 First because I lacke the intelligence,  
 The which therunto doeth truly apertaine :  
 Secondely if I coulde, litle woulde it gaine,  
 The simple folke to whō I haue this boke wild,  
 Whiche in eloquente speache, is litle skilde.

However, he soon assures us that “ by ignoraunce he may erre,” but “ not to his knowledge.”

“ For in maters of faieth I haue assuraunce,  
 From which, I thanke God, I yet neuer fell  
 Nor I trust neuer shal, though the deuil in hell  
 Would from this same faith me daily perswaid,  
 But God in whom I trust, is alway mine aide.”

But however mistaken he was in matters of faith, the moral of this Poem is just and good.

He begins by informing us that in one of his rambles by a “ woodes syde”

“ For to walke abrode my custome oft hath bene  
 Because in songe of byrdes I had a delite,”

whilst meditating upon the power of God, and how all the works of creation tend to his glory, and how these birds

“ In their kinde our lord thei praise night & day  
 Keeping perfection in their degree,”

He

He laid himself down

“ A while to rest me  
Under the shadowe of a Cypresse tree,  
What with this study and the birdes singinge,  
Into a sounde slepe these two dyd me bryng”—

In this state of mind he dreamed that a bird, with which he had been accustomed to converse, appeared to him, and calling to his recollection his late meditations, chides him for remaining thus inactive in his sphere.

“Thou diddist while eyre, quod she, reuolue in thy minde,  
The perfection of vs in our estate,  
Now if thou thy selfe accordinge to kinde  
Wilt not labour that way to emytate,  
Which mought bring the vnto a perfite rate,  
What great shame shal we byrdes bring y<sup>o</sup> vnto  
If thou praise in vs that thy selfe wylte not do.”

A conversation then ensues in which the bird endeavours to persuade him to quit his former habits and walk by her directions in the more perfect path ; giving him at last the choice

“ Whether thou wylt in slouth, haue short ioy here,  
Or els by short paine, haue longe ioy els where.”

He is however unwilling to change his situation, convinced that

“ Their is no ioy to this to here these byrdes sing,  
And to lie wher so many swet floures doth spring.”

She then assures him how vain is this pleasure, how soon there may be an end thereof, and that he ought to shun “all worldly pleasures & vaine vanites :”—In order to do this effectually he is to “call for grace, which is ever at hande to all those that call for it.”—After a short prayer for grace, by her assistance he undertakes to follow his guide to the towre of Perfection. But he had not proceeded far before he begins to repent ; and whilst resting himself

“ Which was but a while,  
A woman auone vpon me layde holde :  
Wilt thou all ioy, quod she, from thee excyle :  
Which bearinge, for feare it made my hart cold,  
Her heyre lay out brayded shinginge lyke golde,  
Gorgiously decked, with necke and brest baire,  
Me thought I neuer sawe woman so faire.”

All the pleasures in her gift are then enumerated, and he is just yielding to her embraces and enticements, when the bird checks him, and bidding him again call for grace, shews how

“ All her inticementes be detestable,”

and that all those who have yielded to this temptation of the flesh, have suffered the most grievous punishments. The fate of “ Sodome & Gomore, Loth, the Israelites, Sāpsō, Dauid, & Salomon,” is then described.

At length, by help of grace and godly instruction, he is induced to “ avoid the false seduction of the flesh” and proceed on his journey.—He, however, soon again complains of the difficulty, danger, and pain of the path which leadeth to life, through “ woodes longe and thicke, among raging beastes, and where thornes to the very bones did him pricke.” At last he enters a meadow, “ with swet flowers goodly garnished,” where he is subjected to another temptation, of the world ;

“ And as I there lay I sawe sodainly,  
A man of hye stature standinge me by.  
Aparaled he was in ryche aray,  
As though he had been a great prince or kinge,  
Alas man quod he what doest thou this way,  
Behold what plesures in that pathe doth spring  
Wherin I do walke, and with that saying,  
He toke me vp streyght, and helde me on hye,  
Tell me now quod he what dost thou there spie.”

Castles, towers, parks, rich pastures, corn, oxen and sheep, gold and silver, pass before him in due order ; all of which he is offered the enjoyment of, if he will return ; he is enraptured with the offer, and is in the act of turning back, when his faithful guide arrests him, and convinces him how vain, deceitful and cursed are all the pleasures of the world—Grace is then again solicited and as readily obtained, and he proceeds

“ through a marise very softe,  
(Wher as I thought, I should sure haue lefte her,  
For in that grounde I stübled wonderous ofte,)”

emblematical of the frailty of life ; “ a faire green” however, at a little distance encourages him, but he has no sooner reached it, than he meets with another temptation, of the devil, who praising him for his exertions  
assures

assures him that he is now sufficient of himself to reach the goal.

“ And if any do aboue the take place,  
Thinke that he dothe it thy fame to deface.”

He instantly springs forward before his guide ; who thereupon reminds him of

“ What came of him that so hye did looke,  
When he had thought to be hiest of all,  
God for his pryde suche vengauce on him toke,  
That by and by in to hell he did fall,  
There to remaine in paines perpetuall,  
Nowe as he in him selfe gaue him selfe praise,  
So doth he moue the to bringe the that waies.

He then cautions him against pride and envy, the latter of which the devil's advice seems to encourage ; and relates to him various instances of its baneful influence, as of Cain, Jacob's sons, the Jews against our Saviour, &c. Much excellent advice follows, and he is shewn the pit of desperation, from which he has lately and so narrowly escaped, and round which his three tempters are standing. Impressed with a due sense of his errors he again prays for Grace, who comes to his assistance : bringing with her

“ Two deuout ladyes of vertu excellēt,”

Faith and Hope, both whose offices are explained ; and a working faith shewn to be only acceptable. By faith then and hope he sees the tower of perfection ; and proceeding onwards under their direction, he comes to a great and ragged stone wall, in which “ stode a dore wonderfull straite,” which is stated to be the gate “ to enter which, Christ all people exhorted,” and the wall to enclose the field of penance, divided into three parts. Having entered, he first meets a woman (Contrition)

“ Which of my synfull deedes did sore complaine.”

He then comes to a second gate, where he meets a “ woefull lady” (Confession)

“ The whiche helde her hart openly in her hande,”

who from various texts and examples exhorts him to confess his past sins—upon which a priest advances and gives him “ absolution sacramental.” Before he arrives at the third gate (of Satisfaction) he meets with Charity, whom

whom with Faith and Hope he is ordered to bear into it, which as he is on the point of performing,

“Thē met me corrupt nature which trouble me so  
That she stopte me at the gate in I could not go.”

By the advice of Faith he then looks in at the gate

“Ther me thought I saw christ w̄ his woūds bledīg  
Which said cōe to me, thi lacke I will supply,  
In my bitter death, because thou accordinge,  
Unto my holy worde, doest thy wyll apply,  
Though nature hinder the, I graunt the mercy,  
And because thou hast done thy deligence,  
Come in I pardon the for natures offence.”—

He is then admitted, and beholds the towre of perfection, which had only one gate or portal

“To enter in by, on which was Jesu,  
Deckt with precious stones frō which did insēw,  
So glorious a lyght, that the day might well  
Be called derkenes, this lyght did so excell.”

But even here were “diuers bye wayes,” through which many who had embraced the true word, were at last tempted “diuersly to go,” all which are duly pointed out to him, and their errors exposed.

At last he arrives at the tower, which is thus allegorized. The lowest part was Humility, and was supported by two pillars

“Justice was the one staied vp by equite,  
Lawe, correction, iudgement and verite.

The other pyller was force or fortitude,  
Which was strongly staide by magnificence,  
With constauce also whiche dothe exclude,  
Al wauering thoughtes which troubleth cōsciēce,  
Toleraunce, which bereth & forgiueth ech offēce  
And perseueraunce kept all these from separaciō.  
This of vertue is worthy commendacion.”

Another corner was supported by Prudence, assisted by Providence, and the Peace of God and Memory. The fourth by Temperance, whose chief stay was discretion, morality, fasting, soberness, and taciturnity. There were four towers also, Charity, Faith, Hope and Grace, from the latter proceeded the three former, and from them the roof, viz. from faith

“ Religion, clenness, and obedience,  
Chastite, virginitee, and holy continence.

From Charite came petie, peace, and swetnes  
Mercy compassion and benignitee,  
Concorde, vnite, and fre forgyuenes,  
Amittee vnfained with liberalitee,  
Praier, Almyse, and Hospitalitee,  
These were of suche vertue that they had power  
To couer thre partes of the roffe of this towre.

From Hooppe did procede holy contemplacion  
True confession, ioy and honeste,  
Compunction of hart, the soules consolation,  
Pacience also and longanimitee,  
These couerde this towre of hye felicittee,  
And to garnishe it godly, I sawe on the wall,  
The foure Evangelistes and the Apostels all.”

Our author is now admitted into the tower, and here we perceive the drift of his allegory from the exhortation that follows, which at the same time that it inculcates the advantages and necessity of a holy and virtuous life, insists in equally strong terms upon the leading article of his faith—Transubstantiation.

B. W.

¶ *SOME ACCOUNT OF DR. RAWLINSON'S MSS. IN THE BODLEIAN. Poet. 145.*

This MS. originally belonged to Hearne, and came at his decease to Dr. Rawlinson, who purchased Hearne's whole collection, including several of his printed books with MSS. notes, for one hundred pounds, a sum which will not now appear extraordinary to those who are informed that they considerably exceeded two hundred volumes, many of which contain ten, and some twenty distinct treatises.

The present consists of seven folios only, excellently written on vellum, and although now very much cut, was evidently large quarto in its original state. It appears to have been used at some subsequent period for fly leaves to a quarto volume, as on the first page is a table of contents or index, written in a modern hand, and adapted to some theological treatise on the Romish Church.

Hearne

Hearne has described it on the blank page as follows :

“ *Suum cuiq.* Tho. Hearne, 1721.

Ex dono amicissimi viri, Joannis Murray Londinensis.

Some very old Fragments, containing

1. Remarks in verse upon K. Athelstan, K. Edmund, King Edred and King Edgar.

2. Two pages in Prose upon these words, *Omnia quæcunq; vultis, ut faciant vobis homines, eadem vos facite illis.*

3. Four Pages in verse (and some few Lines in Prose) upon the Love of our Neighbour, Purity of Heart, and upon Hope.

4. Two Pages in Verse about the name and division of England.

5. Two Pages about K. Lucius, K. Sigebert, and about some numbers. Vol. 144. Pr. 87.”

Hearne, who has quoted these fragments in Heming's *Chartulary*, 8vo. 1723, p. 654, and again in Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, 8vo. 1724, p. 731, does not seem aware that they contain pieces of two distinct treatises, although written by the same hand, nor did Warton, who gives extracts from them in his *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, i. 93—98, describe them with sufficient accuracy. The fact is, that owing to the mistake of the binder, both these singular fragments are so intermingled, as to render it very difficult to unite the parts of each treatise properly, particularly as the last lines of some pages, and the first of others, in several places, are totally lost. I have however endeavoured to connect them, and, I think, with success.

The first fragment is part of the CHRONICLE OF ENGLELAND, printed by Ritson in his *Ancient English Metrical Romances*, 8vo. 1802, ii. 270, which he transcribed from a MS. in the royal library (12 C XII), and which commences :

“ Herkneþ hideward, lordynges,  
Ye that wolleth here of Kynges :  
Ant ye mowen heren anon  
Hou Engelonde furst bigon.”\*

In the advocate's library, Edinburgh, is another copy with the following title :

\* This *Chronicle*, according to Ritson, bears internal evidence of having been composed in the reign of Edward the Second, and the MS. itself seems of the same age.

Here



“ Here may men read, who co can,  
 How Inglood first bigan ;  
 Then mow it find in Englische  
 As the Brout it telleth y wis.”

The present MS. commences, as I suppose, with what Hearne terms “ about some numbers,” fol. 7, b, which is merely a direction how to write from one to six hundred thousand, as :

		l'	l'	l'
l'	l'	m	m	m
m:	ij. m.	iij:	iiij:	v
1000,	2000,	3000,	4000,	5000, &c.
l'	l'			l
m	m			
x:	xx:			
10000,	20000,	&c.		
l'	l'	l		
m	m	m		
c	c	c		
	ij	iij		
100000,	200000,	300000,	&c.	

Et sic ascendendo per ordinem predictum usq. ad numerum infinitum,” &c.\*

At fol. 2 the metrical portion of the chronicle begins, preceded by the following abstract of events, in red ink.

“ Nota ab origine mundi usq. ad incarnationem dñi ñri ihũ xp̃i. quinq.  $\frac{1}{m}$  Nonaginta. nouem anni.

A morte bruti usq. ad regnum arthuri regnarunt in ãglia diuisim. C. reges quõr xvj. erant xp̃iani.

Anno dñi. Quingentesimo. xvj<sup>o</sup>. coronacio Arthuri Regis qui regnauit annis. xxvj. de cuius obitu uel sepultura certum non referunt historie. Anno dñi. Quingentesimo. lxxxvj<sup>o</sup>, ab Anglis dicitur Anglia diuisa p' octo regna, id est: Cantiam. Southesexiam. Westsexiam. Merciam. Estesxiam. Estangliam. Derram & brẽniam.”

\* The introduction of arithmetical information is by no means uncommon in ancient manuscripts, even where the subject matter of the remainder is perfectly different. The computation given in the present MS. was afterwards considerably enlarged by John Huswist, in a very curious volume 4to. 1554. *Enchiridion nouus Algorismi summpere visus de integris minutijs vulgarib' proiectilib' et regulis mercator sine figuraruz (more Italiõ) deletionẽ p' comode tractã omib' cuiuscũq. status fuerint multum necessarius.*

It would seem from the arithmetical information, and the chronological abstract just noticed, that these fragments composed part of a volume intended as well for the private study of the early history of the times, as for recitations on public occasions. Although containing several passages not found in the MS. in the royal library, they still appear to have formed a part rather, of an abbreviation of the chronicle of England, than the chronicle itself. This will be seen by comparing the first passage with Ritson's copy. It commences with the introduction of Christianity into England :

“ In that tyme y<sup>e</sup> pope of rome,  
 He be thowth hym wel swythe\* sone  
 Gode werkys for to wyrche,  
 And to syng in holy churche,  
*Gloria in excelsis deo ;*  
 And zefe grete pardon ther too.  
 After hym J understand,  
 Lucius browzte in to Englonde  
 Cristandome, unite,† and pes,  
 Ffram the pope Eleutheries,  
 That be fore seynt Austyn came here  
 J. C. vij. and .l. zere ‡  
 Tho cristyndome came in to this lande  
 Whas Sebard kyng in Englonde.”

The MS. in the Royal library begins with an account of Brute, Lokeryn, Lud, Bladud, &c. The tradition of the latter's formation of the warm baths, since so celebrated, is very curious :

“ After thilke Kyng Lud  
 Reignede his sone Bladud ;  
 He wes clerk of nigremaucie,  
 That ys an art of gret maistrie ;  
 He made the wonder, ful y wis  
 That hote bathe ycleped ys.

\* Earnestly. † Gright. *MS. reg.*

‡ Four hundred and ahte and fourti yer. *MS. reg.*

Er that seint Austin hider come y wis,

Four hundred zer and twenti ido was al this.”

*MS. Collation by Dr. Waterland, to Rob. of Gloucester's Chronicle, by Hearne, Bibl. Bodl.*

Herkneth alle that beth hende,\*  
 Ant y schal telle, ord and ende, †  
 The rihte sothe, ‡ful y wys,  
 Hou hote bathe ymaked ys :  
 Four tonnes ther beoth of bras,  
 Al for sothe thus hit was,  
 Feole§ thinges ther beth ynne,  
 Craftilich ymad with gynne, ||  
 Quic brimston and othre alsuo,  
 With wyld fur ymad therto,  
 Salgemme and saltpetre  
 Salarmoniac ther ys eke,  
 Salnitre that ys briht :  
 Berneth bothe day and nyth.  
 This ys in the tonnes ydon,  
 Ant other thinges moni on :  
 Berneth bothe nyht and day,  
 Ah never quenchen hit ne may.  
 In four sprunges the tonnes liggeth,  
 Ase this filosofres suggeth, ¶  
 The hete withynne, water withoute,  
 Maketh hot al aboute.  
 The tuo sprunges urneth yfere,\*\*  
 Ah the other tuo beth more clere ;  
 Therof ys maked, ful y wys,  
 That Kynges bathe ycleped ys."

Ritson, ii. 277.

The story proceeds to inform us, that if any of the materials were found wanting to effect this great undertaking :

" From Bathe to Londone he wolde fleo,  
 Ant thilke dai self ayeyn teo."

The metrical chronicle, however, does not tell us how

\* Kind, courteous,

" Ac wen he nas o liue nozt, he bad the kyng be *hinde*,"  
*Rob. of Gloucester*, 124.

† Beginning and end, the following lines explain both these verses exactly.

" She seyde, syr knyght, gentyl and *hende*  
 I wot thy stat, *ord and ende*  
 Be naught aschamed of me" —

*Launfal*, v. 303

‡ Truth. § Many. *Ang. Sax.* *peala*.

|| Engine, or contrivance. ¶ Sayeth.

\*\* Run together.

necessary

necessary all this trouble was to his prosperity, which will be proved by the following brief account :

“ And aft’ this ludibras, reigned Bladude his son & a gret nigremancier, the whiteh *thorow merveilous hote bathes* reigned xvj yer’ & died”—&c. *Prose Chronicle*, BRUTE, ms. in Bibl. Bodl. *Digby*, 185. chap. xi.

To return to King Sebert, or rather Segbert. The MS. continues in prose ;

“ Anno dñi Sexcentesimo primo cepit regnare Rex Sober-tus renouator Ecclie Westmonasterij qm̄ beatus Petrus tunc dedicauit in qua rex ipē regni sui Anno quintodecimo tumu-latur.\*

He was a gode holy man,  
Westmyster he ferste by ganne ;  
Westmyster he dud ferste a rere,  
A syden† he was y byred there.

[Here the two next lines are lost, which I supply from the remarks at the beginning of the Cottonian MS. of Rob. of Gloucester. Hearne’s edit. p. 610.

“ Seuen hundred yere & six there were nigh agon,  
Sithe that he was buried faire vnder a ston,”]  
And now he ys all’ so hole y fonde,  
As whan he was y leyde on grounde :  
And zyf ze will’ not trow me,  
Goth to Westmyst’ and ze mow se.”

Then follows the account of “ mayde ynge,” which is not in Ritson’s copy, but which, as it has been given by Warton, *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, i, 98—100, and by Hearne, in his glossary to *Robert of Gloucester*, 731, needs not to be repeated here.

The next leaf begins with a list of the presents sent to King Athelstan by King Charles the third of France ;

“ Ther in was closyd a nayle grete,  
That went thorw oure lordis fete.‡  
Zyt he presentyd hym the spere.  
That charles was wont to bere

\* In red. † Afterwards.

‡ Helena, mother to King Constantine, being converted to the Christian religion, “ traueyled soone after to Ierusalem, where she by her industry and labour, fande out the holy crosse, with the .iii. nayles that oure Lorde was nayled with to the same crosse.” Fabyan, *Chronicle*, edit. 1811, p. 47, where the reader will see the devout manner in which Helena disposed of these precious curiosities.

A zens y<sup>e</sup> sarasyms in batayle  
 Many swore and sayde samfayle  
 That w<sup>t</sup> that spere smerte  
 Oure lorde was stongen to y<sup>e</sup> herte  
 And a party of the holy crosse  
 Jn crystalle done yn a cloos  
 And iij of the thornes kene  
 That was in crystes hede sene  
 And a ryche crowne of golde  
 None rycher Kyng wery scholde  
 Y made w<sup>t</sup> yn & w<sup>t</sup> oute  
 With precius stonys alle a bowte,"—&c.

See the remainder in Warton, i. 94, 95, who has however omitted the metrical titles, in Latin, prefixed to the reigns of the several kings. These do not seem to be found in the royal MS. or in that at Edinburgh.

1. " Post Athelstanum fratrem regnauerat Edmund,  
 Quem post occidit gladio sicarius unus.
2. Edred Edmundo successit, tercius horum,  
 Uir sanctus, sed dum vixit, ualitudine tentus.  
 Edmundus fratrem medius generauit Edwynum,  
 Edgarumque pium morum probitate venustum.
3. Tunc pius Edgarus fratri successit Edwyno,  
 Justicia cum pace tenens, per tempora longa :  
 Archiepiscopus efficitur Dunstanus ab isto,  
 Odmari comitis hic natam duxerat ex qua."

The remaining portion of these fragments is on a subject totally different, although no doubt can exist of their being written by the same hand; in all probability indeed, they were composed by the same author, as the preceding Chronicle. They consist of short explanations of various scriptural passages in prose, intermixed with exhortations in metre, to which are prefixed texts, in Latin, as titles to the subjects illustrated. An extract from each will more immediately shew the nature of these ancient instructions.

" Omnia quecumq. uultis ut faciant uobis homines, eadem uos facite illis.\* That ys to say alle thynges that ye wyllle y<sup>t</sup> men do to zow do ze y<sup>e</sup> the same to hemen.† And therefore y der hardely say. y<sup>t</sup> yf ze kepeth thes commaundementis yn

\* In red.

† Them. *Hem* is continually used by old writers in this sense.  
*Ang. Sax.* heome.

louying

louying god ouer alle thyng. And zowre neyzebor as zow seife. And last yn kepyng of thys lesson to zowre lyfe ys ende.”—&c.

“ Beati mundo corde quoniam ipsi deum uidebunt.\*

That ys to say y telle hyt the,  
 The clene of herte y blessed they be.  
 Ffor ate the hyze dome† sykerlyche,‡  
 They schullen se god a pertelyche§  
 In hys god hede, and yn hys blysse,  
 Of wyche they schullen neuer mysse.  
 Than schullen they hyre and herkne nowthe  
 A blessed worde of god ys mowthe ;  
 Cometh my blessyd fere,||  
 That to my fader beth leue¶ & dere,  
 Into my blysse ze schullen wende,\*\*  
 That lastyth euer w<sup>t</sup> oute ende.  
 And euer more ther ynne to wonet††  
 Wyt the fader and wyth the sone,  
 And w<sup>t</sup> the holy goste, yn vnite,  
 Ther ys the holy trinite.”—&c.

From the general character of these curious fragments, I should suppose they originally formed part of a volume intended for the study and information of the younger part of society in some religious house. Theological, historical, and arithmetical instruction were evidently the ends proposed, and it seems by no means improbable, that the metrical portions were used either for recitation, or as songs on the principal festivals of the church, and at the commemorations of the founders of the society.

They were probably written about the year 1320.

It is singular that Selden, in his notes to the *Polyolbion* song 3, quotes a part of the *Chronicle*, which he tells us he found “ in a very ancient fragment.” It is very likely to have been a portion of this identical MS.

P. B.

\* In red.

|| Companion.

† Last Judgment.

¶ Loved.

‡ Certainly.

\*\* Go.

§ Openly.

†† Dwell.

I The Kyng and the Hermyt.  
*Fragment of a Metrical Romance. MS.*

It is well known to those conversant with our early literature that poems of the humorous kind, especially those which answer to the *fabliau* of the French minstrels, are comparatively of very rare occurrence in our own language.\*

This circumstance induces me to think the annexed fragment not unworthy of insertion in the *Bibliographer*. It is faithfully copied from the same MS. which afforded the termination of *Sir Cleges*. The story evidently belongs to the same class with those of *The King and the Tanner of Tamworth*, *The Miller of Mansfield*, &c.

I have added a few explanatory notes, and those few are perhaps scarcely necessary for persons even moderately acquainted with the works of our earlier poets.

---

Ihesu that is hevyn kyng  
 Giff them all god endyng.  
 (If it be thy wyll.)  
 And gif them parte of hevenly game,  
 That well can call gestes same†  
 With mete and drinke to fylle.  
 When that men be glad and blyth,  
 Tham were solas god to lyth,  
 He that wold be styлле.  
 Off a kyng I wyll you telle,  
 What a ventore hym be felle,  
 He that wyll herke theretylle.  
 It be felle be god Edwerd's deys,  
 Ffor soth so the romans seys,  
 Herkyng I wyll you telle.  
 The Kyng to Scherwod gan wend,  
 On hys pleyng for to †lend,  
 Ffor to solas hym that stond,  
 The grete herte for to hunte,  
 In §frythys and in felle.  
 With ryall festis and feyr ensemblè  
 With all ye lordys of that contrè

\* See Mr. Weber's Introduction to *Sir Cleges*.

† Together.

‡ To remain.

§ Woods.

With hym ther gan thei well.  
 Tyll it be fell upon a day.  
 To hys forstere he gan sey,  
 " Ffelowys were is the best?  
 " In your playng wher ye have bene?  
 " Were have ye most gam sene  
 " Off dere in this forest?"  
 They answerd, and fell on kne,  
 " Over all, Lord, is gret plente  
 " Both est and west,  
 " We may schew you at a syht  
 " Two thousand dere this same nyht  
 " Or ye son go to reste."  
 An old forester drew hym nere,  
 " Lyfans Lord, I saw a dere  
 " Under a tre,  
 " So grete a hed as he bare  
 " Sych one saw I never \*are,  
 " No feyrer myht be,  
 " He is †more than any two,  
 " That ever I saw on erth go,"  
 Than seyde the kyng so fre,  
 " Thy ‡waryson I will ye geve  
 " Ever more whyll you doyst lyve,  
 " That dere you late me se,  
 Upon the morne thei ryden fast  
 With hounds and with hornes blast  
 To wodde than are thei wente  
 Netts and gynnes than leyde he,  
 Every archer to hys tre,  
 With bowys redy bent,  
 They blew thrys, uncoupld hounds,  
 They reysed the dere up that stonds,§  
 So nere that span and sprent||  
 The hounds all as they were wode  
 They ronned the dere as they were wode¶  
 The kyng hys hors he hent\*\*

\* Heretofore. † Larger. ‡ Reward. § Time.

|| Sprung up and leaped away. The two words in the original are perhaps still more nearly synonymous.

¶ I apprehend that the copyist has through inadvertency substituted a repetition of part of the first line in this couplet, for the clause which originally terminated the second. By reading " thro' the grene wode," we may avoid this awkward recurrence.

\*\* Took.



The kyng saȝe one a god coreser  
 Ffast he rode after ye dere,  
 And chasyd hym ryght fast,  
 Both throw thyke and thine,  
 Throw the forest he gan wyn  
 With hounds and hornes blast.  
 The kyng had followyd hym so long,  
 Hys god sted was ne strong,  
 Hys hert awey was past,  
 Horn ne hunter myght he not here,  
 So ranne the hounds at the dere,  
 A wey was at the last.  
 The kyng had folowyd hym so long  
 Ffro mydey to the ev'ning song,  
 That lykyd hym full ille.  
 He ne wyst were that he was,  
 Ne out of the forest for to passe,  
 And thus he rode all wylle.  
 " Whyle I may the dey liht se  
 " Better is to loge under a tre"  
 He seyde hym selve untylle.  
 The kyng cast in hys wytte.  
 " Gyff I stryke into a pytte  
 " Hors and man myght spylle.  
 " I have herd pore men call at morow  
 " Seynt Julyan send yem god \*harborow  
 " When they had nede  
 " And that when that they were travyst, †  
 " And of herborow were abayst, ‡  
 " He wole them wysse and rede.  
 " Seynt Julyan, as I ame trew knyht,  
 " Send me grace this iche nyght,  
 " Of god harborow to sped.  
 " A gift I schall thee gyve,  
 " Every here whyll that I lyve,  
 " Ffolke for thy sake to fede."

\* Harbour, lodging. Three saints named Julyan are commemorated in the Golden Legend. One of these is supposed to be the same person with Simon the Leper; and *some saye that this is he that Pylgrymes and wayseringe men call and require for good herborowe, because our Lord was lodged in hys house.* G. L. The author however, afterwards states his belief that another St. Julyan is the patron invoked in such cases. His legend is to be found in that work, and is not uninteresting.

† Bewildered?

‡ Disappointed.

As he rode whyll he had lyht,  
 And at the last he hade syght  
 Off an hermyte hym be syde,  
 Off that syght he was full feyn.  
 Ffor he wold gladly be in the pleyne  
 And theder he gan to ryde.  
 An hermytage he found there,  
 He throwyd a chapell that it were,  
 Than seyde the kyng that tyde  
 "Now seynt Julyan a bone ventyll\*  
 "As pylgrymes know full wele  
 "Yonder I wyll abyde."  
 A lytell gate he fond ney  
 There on he gan to call and cry,  
 That within myght here.  
 That herd an hermyte there within,  
 Unto the gate he gan to wyn,  
 Bedyng his preyer.  
 And when the hermyt saw the kyng,  
 He seyde; "Sir gode evynyng"  
 "Wele worth thee, Sir Frere."  
 "I prey thee I myht be thy gest,  
 "Ffor I have ryden wyll in this forest,  
 "And nyght neyhes me nere."  
 The hermyte seyde, "So mote I the,†  
 "Ffor sych a lord as ye be,  
 "I have non herborow tyll,  
 "Bot if it be soe pore a wyght,  
 "I ne der not herbor hym a nyht,  
 "But he for faute schuld spyll.‡  
 "I wone here in wyldernes,  
 "With rotys and rynds among wyld bests,  
 "As it is my lords wylle."  
 The kyng seyde, "I ye beseche  
 "The way to the toune thou wold me teche;  
 "And I schall thee be hyght,||  
 "That I schall thy trevell quyte  
 "That thou schall me not wyte,¶

\* A bonne aventure.

† So may I thrive.

‡ I am not clear as to the intention of this line. It may signify, "I dare not harbour even a poor man lest he should die from fatigue or want of strength." (A circumstance which might bring suspicion on his host.) Or "I dare not harbour him unless he positively faint from weariness."

|| Promise thee.

¶ Reproach.

" Or passyth this fortnyht  
 " And if thou wyll not, late thy knave go,  
 " To teche me a myle or two,  
 " The whylys I have dey lyght."  
 " By Seynt Mary," said the frere,  
 \* " Schorte sirvys getys thou here,  
 " And I can rede a ryght."  
 Than seyde the kyng, " My dere frend  
 " The wey to the towne if I schuld wynd  
 " How fer may it be ?  
 " Syr," he seyde, " so mote I thryve.  
 " To the towne is myles fyve  
 " Ffrom this long tre.  
 " A wyld wey I hold it were,  
 " The wey to wend I you swere,  
 " Bot ye the dey may se. †  
 Than seyde the kyng " Bi gods myght  
 " Ermyte, I schall here abode with thee this nyght,  
 " And els I were wo."  
 " Me thinke," seyde the hermyte, " thou art a stoute  
 " syre,  
 " I have ete up all the hyret  
 " That ever thou gaf me,  
 " Were I oute of my hermyte wede  
 " Off thy favyll|| I wold not dred,  
 " Thaff thou were sych thre,  
 " Loth I were with thee to fyght,  
 " I will herbor thee all nyght,  
 " And it be-hovyth so be,  
 " Such gode as thou fynds here, take,  
 " And aske thyn in for God's sake."  
 " Gladly sir" sayde he.  
 Hys stede in to the hous he lede  
 With litter son he gaf hym bed  
 Met ne was there now

\* I do not clearly understand the drift of this sentence: it appears uncivil, a circumstance rendered doubtful by the gentleness of the king's rejoinder. Can it mean simply, that the king would derive very little benefit from the attendance of the knave for a mile or two? If we read *there* for *here*, this interpretation will be more probable. † Unless you have daylight.

‡ Appears a proverbial expression or vulgarism for "I am not much indebted to you."

|| Favyll, speech, thrcats, (Favele. Old French, from the Latin Fabula.)

The frere he had bot barly stro,  
 Two thake \*bendsfull without no,  
 Ffor soth it was for<sup>th</sup> born.  
 Before the hors the kyng it leyd.  
 "Be Seynt Mary," the hermyte seyde,  
 "Every thing have we non,"  
 The kyng seyde, "Gram̄sy frere,  
 "Wele at ese ame I now here,  
 "A nyht wyll son be gon."  
 The kyng was never so servysable,  
 He hew the wode and kepyd the stable,  
 God far he gan hym dyght.  
 And made hym ryght well at es,  
 And ever the fyre befor hys nese,  
 Brynand feyr and bryht.  
 "Leve Ermyte," seyde the kyng,  
 "Mete and thou have any thing,  
 "To soper you us dyght,  
 "For sirteynly, as I thee sey,  
 "I ne had never so sory a dey,  
 "That I ne had a mery nyght."  
 The kyng seyde: "Be Godst† are  
 "And I such an hermyte were  
 "And wonyd in this forest  
 "When forsters were gon to slep  
 "Than I wold cast off my cope  
 "And wake both est and weste  
 "With a bow of hue full strong  
 "And arowys knyte in a thong  
 "What wold me lyke best.  
 "The kyng of venyson hath non nede,  
 "Hit myght me hape to have a brede  
 "To glad me and my gest."  
 The hermyte seyde to the kyng,  
 "Leve sir where is thy dwellyng  
 "I praye you wolde me sey"  
 "Sir, he seyde, so mote I the  
 "In the kyngs courte I have be  
 "Duellyng many a dey,  
 "And my lord rode on huntyng,  
 "As grete lords doth many tyme,  
 "That giff them myche to pley,

\* Bandsfull, bundles. † Priority, sovereignty.

“ And after a grete hert have we redyn  
 “ And mekyll travell we have byden  
 “ And yit he scape a way.  
 “ To dey erly in the mornyng,  
 “ The kyng rode on huntynge,  
 “ And all the courte beden,\*  
 “ A dere we reysed in that stonds.  
 “ And gane chase with our hounds,  
 “ A feyrer had never man sene.  
 “ I have folowyd hym all this dey,  
 “ And ryden many a wylsom wey,  
 “ He dyd me †treyn and tene.  
 “ I pray thee helpe me, I were at es  
 “ †Thou bought never so god sirvege.  
 “ In sted there thou hast bene  
 The ermyte seyde “ So God me save,  
 “ Thou take sych gode as we have,  
 “ We schall not hyll with thee.”  
 Bred and chese forth he brouht,  
 The kyng ete whyles hym thouht,  
 Non othyr mete saw he,  
 Sethen § thyn drynke he droughe,  
 Ther on he had sone inoughe,  
 Than seyde the kyng so fre,  
 “ Hermyt pnte up this mete tyte,  
 “ And if I may I schall ye quyte  
 “ Or passyd be thes monthys thre.”  
 Than seyde the kyng, “ Be Gods grace !  
 “ Thou wonys in a mery place,  
 “ To schote thou schuld lere,  
 “ When the forsters are go to rest,  
 “ Som tyme thou myht have off the best,  
 “ All of the wylld dere  
 “ I wold hold it for no skath  
 “ Thoff thou had bow and arowys bothe,  
 “ All thoff thou be a frere.  
 “ Ther is no foster in all this fe  
 “ That wold sych herme to thee,  
 “ There thou may leve here.

\* Together. † Trouble.

‡ Never didst thou perform an action so sure of meeting with its reward in any place where thou hast been.

§ By this, *thyn drynke*, we are probably to understand water.

Hast

The Armyte seyde, " So mote thou go  
 " \*Hast thou any othyr herand than so  
 " On to my lord the kyng,  
 " I schall be trew to hym, I trow,  
 " Ffor to wayte my lords prow,  
 " Ffor dred of sych a thing.  
 " Ffor iff I were take with sych a dede  
 " To the courte thou wold me lede,  
 " And to prison me bryng.  
 " Bot if I myght my ransom gete,  
 " Be bound in prison and sorow grete  
 " And in perell to hyng."

Than seyde the kyng, " I wold not lete  
 " When thou arte in this forest sette  
 " To stalke when men are at rest,  
 " Now as thou arte a trew man,  
 " If you ouht a scheting, can  
 " Ne †hyll it not with your gest  
 " Ffor be hym that dyed on tre  
 " Ther schall no man wyte for me  
 " Whyll my lyve wyll lest  
 " Now hermyte for thy professyon  
 " Giff thou have any venison  
 " Thou giff me of the best."

The ermyte seyde, " Men of grete state  
 " Our ordyr they wold make full of bate  
 " And on to prison bryng†

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

" Ahoute schych mastery  
 " To be in preyer and in penans,  
 " And arne ther met by chaos,  
 " And not be archery.  
 " Many dey I have her ben  
 " And flesche mete I ete non  
 " Bot mylke off the ky.  
 " Wa rme thee wele and go to slepe,  
 " And I schall lape thee with my cope,

\* Is this the only errand you have to perform for the king?

† Hide. *Helan*. A, S.

‡ The transcriber appears, from inadvertency, to have omitted at least five lines in this place.

“ Softly to lyke.

“ \*Thou semys a felow,” seyde the frere,

“ It is long gon seth any was here,

“ Bot thou thy selve to nyght.”

Unto a cofyr he gan go

And toke forth candylls two

And sone there were a lyght.

A cloth he brought, and bred full whyte,

And venyson ybake tyte :

Agen he tyede full ryght,

Venyson salt and fresch he brouht,

And bade him chese wher off hym thought,

Colopys for to dyght.

Well may ye wyte ynow they had,

The kyng ete and made hym glad,

And grete laugtere he lowghe,

“ Nere I had spoke of archery,

“ I myht have ete my bred full dryhe,”

‡ The kyng made it full towghe.

“ Now Cryst’s blyssing have sych a frere,

“ That thus cane ordeyn our soper,

“ And stalke under the wode bowe.

“ The kyng hym selves so mote I the,

“ Is not better at es than we

|| “ And we have drinke inowhe.”

The hermyte seyde, “ Be Seynt Savyoure

“ I have a pott of galons foure

“ Standyng in a wro.

“ Ther is bot thou, and I, and my knave,

“ Som solas schall we have,

“ Sethyn we are no mo.”

The hermyte callyd hys knave full ryht,

Wyllyn Alyn for soth he hyght,

And bad hym be lyve and go.

And taught hym privetly to a sted,

To feche the hors corne and bred.

“ And luke that thou do so”

Unto the knave seyde the frere,

“ Ffelow go wyhtly here

\* Some lines may possibly have been omitted here, otherwise the apparently sudden alteration of the hermits intentions is but indifferently accounted for, unless indeed the former part of his speech is meant to be jocose.

† Brought, served. ‡ Dressed or cooked it by the fire, Quære ?

|| If we had only drink sufficient for our meat.

“ Thou

"Thou do as I thee sey.  
 "Be syde my bed thou must goe  
 "And take up a floute of strawe  
 "Als softly, as thou may  
 "\*A hownyd pote ther standys there,  
 "And God forbot that we it spare,  
 "To drynke to it be dey.  
 "And bryng me forth my schell,  
 "And every man schall have hys dele,  
 "And I schall kene us pley.  
 The hermyte seyde, "Now schall I se  
 "Iff thou any felow be,  
 "Or off pley canst ought."  
 The kyng seyde, "So mote I the,  
 "Sey you what thou will with me  
 "Thy wyll it schall be wrouht."  
 "When the coppe comys into the plas,  
 "†Canst thou sey "*fusty bandyus*,"  
 "And think it in your thouht.  
 "And you schall here a ‡totted frere  
 "Sey "*Stryke pantnere*," (vel pantnere)  
 "And in ye cope leve ryht nouht."  
 And when the coppe was forth brought,  
 It was oute of the kyngs thouht,  
 That word that he schuld sey.  
 The frere seyde "*fusty bandyus*,"  
 Then seyde thee kyng "Alas! alas!"  
 Hys word it was a wey  
 "What arte you mad," seyde the frere,  
 "Canst thou not sey *stryke pantnere*,  
 "Wylt thou lerne all dey  
 "And if thou este forgete it ons,  
 "Thou gets no drinke in this wons.  
 "Bot giff thou thinke upon thy pley."  
 "*Ffusty bandias*," the frere seyde,  
 And gafe the coppe such a breyd,§  
 || That well nyh of izede,

\* Wine sweetened by honey, a great delicacy of the middle ages.

† I am totally at a loss as to the meaning (if they have any) of these terms of merriment, nor can I offer any thing in illustration of the silly game proposed by the hermit.

‡ Totted. Totty is giddy, perhaps intoxicated.

§ Start, or, hung, *Ritson*. It appears here to be synonymous with our *pull*.

|| That he nearly took it all off.



The knave fyllyd and up it zede in plas  
The kyng seyde "*fusty bandyas*."

Ther to hym stod gret nede.

"*Ffusty bandyas*," seyde the frere

How long hast thou stond here

Or thou couth do thy dede

Ffyll this este and late us lyke,

\*And between rost us a styke,

Thus holy lyve to lede.

The knave fyllyd the coppe full tyte,

And brought it furth with grete delyte,

Be for hym gan it stand,

"*Ffusty bandyas*" seyde the frere

The kyng seyde "*stryke pantnere*"

And toke it in hys hand,

†And stroke halve and more,

"Thys is ye best pley, I suere,

"That ever I saw in lond.

"I hyght thee hermyte I schall thee give,

"I schall thee quyte if yt I lyve

"The god pley thou hast us fond."

"Than seyde the hermyte, "God quyte all,

"Bot when thou comys to thy lords haule,

"Thou wyll for gete the frere

"Bot wher thou comyst nyght ore dey

"Yit myght thou thuk upon the pley

"That thou hast sene here

"And thou com among gentyll men

"They wyll laugh then hem it ken

"And make full mery chere,

"And iff thou comys here for a nyht

"A colype I dere thee behyht

"All of the wyld dere."

The kyng seyde "Be hym that me bouht,

"Syre," he seyde, "ne think it nouht

"That thou be there forgete.

"To morow sone when it is dey

"I schall quyte if that I may

"All that we have here etc.

"And when we come to the kings gate

"We shall not long stond there-ate

\* I do not understand this line or its connection with the following one.

† This appears to allude to stryke, (see the preceding note).

“ In we schall be lete  
 “ And by my feyth I schall not \* blyne  
 “ Tyll the best that is there ine  
 “ Be tween us two be sete  
 The Ermyte seyde. “ By him that me bouht,  
 “ Syre,” he seyde, “ ne thinke it nouht,  
 “ I swere ye by my ley,  
 “ I have be ther and takyn dele.  
 “ And have hade many merey mele.  
 “ I dare full savely sey  
 “ Hopys thou I wo’ld for a mase  
 “ Stond in the myre there and † dase  
 “ Neyhand halve a dey  
 “ Ther charyte comys thorow such menys hend,  
 “ He havys full lytell that stond at ‡ hend,  
 “ Or that he go a wey  
 “ Hopys thou that I am so preste,  
 “ For to stond at the kyng gate and reste,  
 “ Ther pleys for to lere.  
 “ I have neyhbors her nygh hand  
 “ I send them of my presente  
 “ Besyds of the wyld dere.  
 “ Off my presants they are feyn  
 “ Bred and ale they send me ageyn  
 “ Thus gates lyve I here.”  
 The kyng seyde. “ So mote I the  
 Hermyte, me § pays wele with thee,  
 “ Thou arte a || horpyd frere”  
 The kyng seyde “ Yit myght thou come in dey  
 “ Unto the courte for to pley  
 “ A venteroys for to sene  
 “ Thou wote not what thee be tyde may  
 “ Or that thou gon a wey  
 “ The better thou may bene  
 “ Thoff I be here in pore clothing  
 “ I ame no bayschyd for to bryng

\* Stop.

† Dase, perhaps shiver. See to *Dase* in Jamieson’s, Scot. Dictionary.

‡ That stands low?

§ Pays wele with thee. This usage of the word *pays* does not appear intelligible.

|| Horpyd. Of this word I can offer no explanation, although I cannot but think that I have seen it explained elsewhere.

“ Gestys two or thre  
 “ Ther is no man in all this wonys  
 “ That schall myssey to thee onys  
 “ Bot as I sey so schall it be,”  
 Sertis seyde the hermyte than.  
 “ I hope you be a trew man,  
 “ I schall a ventore \* the gate,  
 “ Bot tell me first, leve syre,  
 “ After what man schall I spyre ?  
 “ Both erly and late.”  
 “ Jhake Flecher, that is my name,  
 “ All men knowys me at home  
 “ I am at young man state,  
 “ And thoff I be here in pore wede  
 “ In sych a stede I can ye lede  
 “ There we schall be made full † hate.”  
 “ Aryse up, Jake, and go with me,  
 “ And more of my privyte  
 “ Thou schall se som thyng.”  
 Into a chambyr he hym lede,  
 The kyng sauwe aboute ye hermytes bed  
 Brod arowys hynges.  
 The frere gaff him a bow in hond.  
 “ Jake,” he seyde, “ draw up the bond.”  
 He myght ‡ oneth styre the streng.  
 “ Sir ;” he seyde, “ so have I blys,  
 “ There is no archer that may schot in this,  
 “ That is with my lord the kyng.”  
 An arow of an elle long  
 In hys bow he it throng,  
 And to the hede he gan it hale.  
 “ Ther is no dere in this foreste,  
 “ And it wolde one hym feste ;  
 “ Bot it schuld spyll his skale §  
 “ Jake sith thou can of || flecher crafte,  
 “ Thou may me ese with a schafte.”  
 Than seyde Jake. “ I schall.”  
 “ Jake and I wyst that thou were trew,  
 “ Or and I thee better knew,

\* I shall venture on the *journey or visit*.

† Hot, warm, comfortable? ‡ Only.

§ I do not clearly understand this expression. Can spill his skale, signify pierce (injure) his skull, or his hide?

|| Alluding to the signification of the name Fletcher, by which the king had called himself.

" More thou schuld se"  
 The kyng to hym grete othys swer,  
 " The covenuand we made whyle are,  
 " I wyll that it hold be."  
 Tyll two trowys\* he gan hym lede,  
 Off venyson there was mauny brede,†  
 " Jake how thinkes thee ?  
 " Whyle there is dere in this forest,  
 " Som tyme I may have of the best  
 " The kyng wyte save on me.  
 " Jake and you wyll have a of myn arowys have  
 " Take thee of them and in thou leve  
 " And go we to our pley."  
 And thus thei sate with *fusty bandyas*  
 And with *stryke pantnere* in that plas,  
 Tyll it was nere hand dey.  
 When tyme was com there rest to take,  
 On morn they rose when they gon wake.  
 The frere he gan to sey.  
 " Jake I wyll with thee go,  
 " In thy felowschype a myle ore two,  
 " Tyll you have redy weys,  
 Then seyde the kyng. " Mekyll thanke,  
 " Bot when we last nyght to gether dranke  
 " Thinke what thou me be hyght.  
 " That thou schuld com som dey  
 " Unto the courte for to pley,  
 " When tyme thou se thou myght."  
 " Sertis," seyde ye hermyte, than,  
 " I schall com, as I ame trew man,  
 " Or to morrow at nyght."  
 Either betauht other gode dey  
 The kyng toke the redy wey  
 Home he rode full ryght  
 Knyghtes and squyres many mo  
 All that nyght they rode and go  
 Wiith syheng and sorowyng sore  
 They cryhed and blew with hydoys bere,  
 Giff they myht of there lord here,  
 Wher that ever he were.  
 When the kyng hys bugyll blew,  
 Knyhtes and forsters wele it knew,

\* Troughs, used for salting and preserving venison.

† Much stock.

And lystin'd to hym there.  
 Many man that wer masyd and made,  
 The blast of that horn made them glad,  
 To the towne than gan they fare.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here the manuscript fails, the conclusion of the story, relating, probably, the adventures of our hermit at court, having been unfortunately torn out.

In examining the manuscript more attentively, I have observed that the copy which it contains of the "*Erle of Tolous*" varies occasionally from that published by Ritson, (which appears to have been somewhat modernized by a later transcriber) and that the "*King Orfeo*" mentioned in my former communication as part of its contents, is altogether different from the translation (for they are both probably translated from some French original,) published by that industrious antiquary.

C.

*To the Editor of the British Bibliographer.*

SIR,

WHEN you put forth the *Censura Literaria*, I had, under my present signature, stated an inquiry, with a view to learn who was the author of that first complete translation of the *Basia* of Secundus which appeared in 1731. But I obtained no intelligence in consequence. I am, however, now enabled to give an answer to my own question; and, for the information of others, request to communicate it through the *British Bibliographer*.

The translator of the *Basia* was Mr. George Ogle. The name exactly corresponds with the asterisks of his signature, in that book, to the concluding *Dissertation*, which contains a *Critique on the Basia*, addrest to Sir Richard Meade, Bart. whose son John, we may remark, was ennobled by the title of Clanwilliam, in 1766. To this Mr. Ogle, Mr. Sterling dedicates his translation of *Muscæus*, and stands indebted for a short life of the Greek poet. (See *Censura Literaria*, vol. 8, page 416.)

Mr. Ogle, in 1741, published Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, modernised by several hands, in 3 vol. 8vo. wherein he bore a considerable part. The style of his

*Letter to a Friend*, whom he terms *Dear M—*, and who it seems practised at the bar, (See the beginning of vol. 3.) evinces the author of the *Dissertations on Secundus*.

In a late public print I read the death of the Rev. William Meade Ogle, in Dublin, who for many years had patronised with liberality the various charities of that city: I will presume he was a descendant or connection of the poet George Ogle, and obtained the name of Meade from Sir Richard Meade, Bart. confessedly the friend of Mr. George Ogle.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

April 19th, 1812.

J. N.

When I addressed you in the *Censura Literaria*, I made mention of *Mr. Thomas Stanley's Poems*. You will perhaps like to be informed, that some of the impressions were taken off on a very beautiful fine paper, and others on an inferior kind: copies of each have been in my possession. I have now by me an exemplar as clean and unsullied, as though it had never passed out of the bookseller's hands.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The reserved communications of C. shall have a place in our next, as well as those of our valuable friend P. B. Want of room could alone induce us to delay the insertion of articles, so highly regarded.

R. P. G. whose contributions on various accounts will always be truly acceptable, will have an early place in our next.

J. F. of Bristol, has our thanks, and will receive due attention.

E. R. M. is mistaken. A tract being "fox'd and cropt, with a half destroy'd title" does not show it to be either scarce or valuable. The one described was printed during the interregnum, and we decline an insertion, not being on a literary subject.

\* \* \* The Roxburghe sale not being yet concluded we defer some observations which the extraordinary events attending the dispersion of that collection naturally excite, until the next number, which will also contain the title, preface and index to our second volume:—It will be published on the first of September.

# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup>. XIII.

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## Author of Chevy Chase.

Hearne, who first published the original ballad of Chevy Chase commencing

“The Parse owt off Northombarlande,”

in his notes upon Gulielmus Neubrigensis, attributes its composition to Richard Sheale, whom he affirms to have lived in the year 1588. Bp. Percy and Mr. Ritson both agree in supposing this to have been the name, not of the author, but the transcriber only, and in attributing to the poem a much earlier date. The following notice may perhaps shew that Hearne’s opinion was not so unfounded as these deservedly-eminant critics apprehended it to be.

The MS. from which Hearne procured his transcript of this ballad is preserved in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. It is a small volume in quarto, containing several pieces of poetry on miscellaneous subjects, written for the most part in the same hand. Among those which are evidently so, are several with the author’s names subscribed in this or the like manner, “*Finis quothe John Wallys,*” “*Quothe Willyam Case,*” many of these are, as well as the “*Chevy Chase,*” followed by “*Expliceth quothe Rychard Sheale.*” Immediately after one which has this signature, is a shorter concluding “*Finis, the Autor unknown.*” This evidence appears conclusive as to “*R. Sheale*” having been the author, and not merely the transcriber, of the ballad. The date of its production may be partly conjectured by reference to another poem (contained in the

MS.) by the same writer, of which the following are extracts.

*An Epilogue of the Dethe off the Ryghte Honorable Margrete Countes of Darbe w<sup>ch</sup> departyde the 19<sup>th</sup> of Jan<sup>y</sup>. & was burycde the 23<sup>d</sup> of Phebruary, In anno Dni 1558, on whosse soll God have m'cye. Amen quothe Rycharde Sheale.*

“ O Latham! Latham! thowe maste lamente,  
For thowe haste loste a flowar.

For Margrete the Countess of Darbe  
In the yerthe hathe bylte her bowar.

Dethe the messengere of Gode  
On her hathe wroughte his wyll,  
Whom all creatures must nedys obey  
Whethar they be good or ylle.

\* \* \* \* \*

When thys good Ladye dyd perseve  
Fro hence she schuld departe,

“ Farewell my good Lorde and husbände” sayde she,  
“ Farewell with all my hart.

“ The noble Yerle of Darbe,  
“ God keep the bothe nyghte and daye.

“ On syghte of the wolde I myghte see,  
“ Or I went hence awaye.

“ Fache me the laste tokene quothe she  
“ That he unto me sente,

“ To kys hyte now or I departe  
“ Hite ys my wholl intente.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nowe ys this noble Ladye dede,  
Whom all the worlde dyd love,

She ncvcr hurte man woman nor chylde,  
I dare well saye & prove.

\* \* \* \* \*

Which Joye that we may all unto  
God graunt us of his grace

When that we shall wende hence away  
In Heaven to have a place.

Amen quothe Rychard Sheale.

We may fairly therefore assume the same author to have written his Chevy Chace before the year 1560, an antiquity somewhat greater than that which has been attributed to it by Hearne, who was probably misled by the occurrence of the date 1588, on one of the leaves of



of the MS. from which these extracts have been made. It appears to me to be the date of their transcription only. That 'comparative rudeness, which induced Percy and Ritson to refer its composition to an earlier period may, perhaps, be equally well accounted for by the supposition that its author wrote in the north of England, where our language had retained a more unpolished character than in the southern districts. Sheale's *Epilogue on the Countess of Derby* does not appear less simple or void of refinement than the *Chevy Chase*, and his equal right to the authorship of both appears to me incontrovertible.

C.

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### Richard Sheale.

The curious manuscript volume of English poetry, mentioned in the preceding article as containing, together with the older poem of *Chevy Chase*, several other productions of the author, whose claim to the composition of that once popular ballad I there endeavoured to establish, has, since making that communication, been examined by an ingenious friend with greater accuracy than circumstances would, at that time, permit me to bestow on it. I am indebted to him for directing my attention to the annexed poem, which, while it fully proves Sheale to have been a minstrel by profession, affords a characteristic, though melancholy, picture of the degraded state to which that class of men, once the welcome guests of the nobility and the favourites of royalty itself, were reduced by the decay of feudal magnificence, and the introduction of a more refined and classical standard of public taste.

I have already ventured to attribute the rude and barbarous phraseology of Sheale rather to the influence of a provincial dialect and education, than to the antiquity which it had been supposed to indicate.† It

† Bishop Percy has noticed this circumstance in the remarks prefixed to his edition of *Chevy Chase*, but without professing to regard it as capable of accounting for the apparent antiquity of the ballad.

will be seen by the present communication that he resided at what in those times must have been esteemed a very considerable distance from the metropolis (114 miles); this, together with the evident meanness of his situation in life, may perhaps be regarded as satisfactorily accounting for the uncouth style of his minstrelsy.

Bishop Percy has argued against Sheale's claims, upon the supposition that he wrote about the year 1580, whereas the ballad of Chevy Chase was in existence at the time of the publication of *The Complaynte of Scotlande*, (as he conjectures in 1540). But the ascribing so late a period as the former to any of Sheale's works arose from a mistake of Hearne's, (as I have already shewn,) and the *Complaynte* was not in fact composed till 1548. Now the date of Sheale's Epilogue, as he calls it, on the death of the Countess of Derby is 1558, and we may not unfairly suppose him to have written Chevy Chase even 20 or 30 years before that time. After all, it is possible that some earlier ballad on the subject may have existed, from which Sheale, as was by no means unusual with the minstrels, borrowed his story, and even some passages of his poem, although upon comparing it with the others attributed to him in the Ashmole MS. I cannot but still retain my opinion that the greater part of it is his own production.

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### The Chaunt of Richard Sheale.

O God! what a world ys this now to se,  
 Ther is no man content with his degre.  
 I can cum in no company be nyght nor be day,  
 But all men lacke mony, me thinkes I her them say.  
 Whiche things for to hear makys myn ears weary,  
 For with out mony men cannot be myrry,  
 For wher thei have no mony in store,  
 That's tyme for the mynstrell to gete out at the dore.  
 The day hathe ben I have hen myrry and glade,  
 And nowe to se the worlde that makys me as sade.  
 And why I am sade I shall mak declaracion,  
 As well as I can, aftar a rude facion.  
 For to tell youe the trewth nowe I wyll not lete,  
 Be the occasion of a Robbery I am fallen in greate dete.

Which

Whiche thing doth trouble my hede very sore,  
 Hit hathe grevide me moche, but shall grive me no mor.  
 After my Robbery my memory was so decayde,  
 That I colde neathar syng nore talke, my wyttys wer so dis-  
 mayde.

My audacitie was gone, & all my myrry tawk,  
 Ther ys sum heare have sene me as myrry as a hawke,  
 But nowe I am so trublyde with phansis in my mynde,  
 That I cannot play the myrry knave, accordyng to my kynd.  
 Yet to tak thought, I perseve, ys not the next waye  
 To bryng me out of det, my creditors to paye.  
 I may well say that I hade but ivell hape,  
 For to lose above threscore ponde at a clape.  
 The losse of my mony dyde not greve me so sore,  
 But the talke of the pyle dyd greve me moch mor.  
 Sum sayde I was not robde, I was but a lyeng knave,  
 Yt was not possyble for a mynstrell so much mony to have.  
 In dede, to say the truthe, that ys ryght well knowene  
 That I never had so moche mony of myn owene.  
 But I had frendds in London, whos namys I can declare,  
 That at all tymys wolde lende me cc lds. worth of ware,  
 And with sum agayn such frendship I founde,  
 That thei wold lend me in mony a nyn or tene pownde.  
 The occasion why I cam in dete I shall make relacion,  
 My wyff in dede ys a sylke woman be her occupacion,  
 And lyuen cloths most chefly was here greatyste trayd,  
 And at faris and merkytts she solde sale-ware that she made,  
 As shertts, smockys, partlytts,\* hede clothes, & othar thinggs,  
 As sylk thredd, & eggyngs, skirrts bandds and strings,  
 At Lychfelde merkyte and Addarston,† good customars she  
 founde,  
 And also in ‡Tamworth, wher I dwell she took many a  
 ponde,  
 And indede when I had gett my mony together, my detts to  
 have payd,  
 This sad mischance on me dyd fall, that cannot be denyde,  
 I thought to have payde all my detts, & to have set me cler.  
 And then what yvell dyde ensewe, ye shall herafter hear,  
 Becaus my carryage shulde be lyght, I put my mony ynto golde,  
 And without company I ryde alone, thus was I folishe bolde,  
 I thought, be the reason of my harpe, no man wold me suspect.  
 For minstrels offt with mony the be not moche infecte.

\* Neck-kerchiefs, from the French *Portelet*. Minshew.

† Atherston on the Stour, Warwickshire.

‡ On the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire.

iiij theves for me thei lay in wayt not far from \*Donsmore heth,  
Wher many a man for las mony hath ofte tymys cougth his  
deth.

I skapyd wythe my lyffe, but indede I lost my purs,  
And seyng yt was my chance, I thank god yt was no wors  
For mony may be gott'n, and lyff cannote be bought.  
Yet yf good counsell hade not ben, I hade kyld myselffe with  
thought.

Hit grevyde me so, for yt well nyghe kyld my hart,  
Be caus hit was my fortune to play so folish a part.  
Ther ys an old proverbe had, "The wyste comis ever to lat"  
Thus, throughe myn owene neclygence, I am brought to por  
estate.

After this my robbery, the truth as I youe tell,  
I took my hors and ryde home to Tamworth wher I dwell,  
When I cam unto my wyffe my sorrowe dyd incesse,  
To se her mak such lamentacion I cold do no lesse.  
I sent to the balys of the towne in all the hast I myght,  
Desyrnge them to mak serche who lay yn the towne that  
nyght.

For the iiij thevis that robd me playnly to me dyd say  
That I had one my botts ready to ryde by nine a clock that  
daye,

And yt was seven a clock at nyght or ever I cam thethar.  
So uppon ther sayngs thus moch I dyd gethare,  
That out of Tamworth off me thei had some prevyde gyde,  
Whiche knew of all my gold and whiche way that I wold ryde.  
But hetherto, be no shifte that ever I cold make,  
I cold never prove what thei war that my pors from me dyd  
take.

Therfor with my losses I must nedis be contente,  
For now yt is to lat for me to repente.  
Ther is no man lyvyng, that in this world doth well,  
But misfortune ou him may fall, thoughe he gyd him never  
so well.

Many a man hath ben on don for speakyng of a worde,  
And som hath lost their lyfe for the strock off a sworde,  
Som hath ben on don be the cassaltye of fyare,  
And sum, both hors & man, hath perished in the myare,  
And sum throughe suretishipe hath brought themselves in  
band,  
And sum throughe gammyng hath lost both howsse & lande.

\* Well known as the residence of the dun cow, said to have been  
destroyed by Guy, Earl of Warwick. § Knowledge comes too late.  
I am

I am not the first that hath had a wofull daye,  
 For sum be robde at the land, & sum be robd at the seaye.  
 Sum be robde iu ther howsses, iu placis were thei dwell.  
 And sum hath been robde in ther yns, as I have hard men tell,  
 The chamberlayne or ostelare when the have a bowgyt\* spyede,  
 May gyve knowleg to fals knavis, whiche way ther gest wyll  
 ryde,

And he himselve wyll byd at home, & his office styll aplye,  
 Many a man thus hath ben robde, & so I think was I.  
 Sum fals knave dyd me betray, & made my jorney knowene,  
 Yt wold never have grevyd me so much yf the mony had been  
 my own,

But nowe I am in det, whiche ys a dedly payne,  
 I trust to God, in this powar state I shall not long remean.

I had frends the'now tyll I fell in this thrall,  
 But now in my povertie the be ron from me all.

Exsept yt be thos that be suar in the hafte,  
 Whiche in all my nessessitie thei never melast.

My creditors, I thank God, it ys not unknowen,  
 Hathe geven me resonable days for to pay them their owen,

The whiche causithe me, as natur doth bynde,  
 Earnestly to go aboute sum honest meanes to fynde,

That thei may be payd, as reasons ys and skyll,  
 Conciencie compels me to put to my goode wyll.

And I have no othar mean but even be supplicacion,  
 To beg hit a browde among the congregacion.

Truth oft tymys among sum may be blande,  
 But, I am sur & sartayne, it can never be shamde.

All men that loves truthe owght to be commendyd,  
 All thoughe sum wickede persons ther at be offendyd.

I thank God, my good Lord† & Mastar whom I sarve,  
 In my greatist povertie from me dyd never swarve.

But dyd weyt for me frendly, aftar a lovyng facion,  
 And my Lord Strang‡ also on me dyde tak compassion.

For who's sakys, I thank God, I have ben well regardyde,  
 And among ther lovyng freudds I have ben well rewardyd.

Their goodness showyde to me I canuot worthely prayse,  
 But I am det bownden to pray for them all my lyff dayes.

\* Is usually interpreted large or bulky. Its sense in this line is not apparent.

† Probably Edward, Earl of Derby, who died in 1574, celebrated for his bounty and hospitality, and the husband of Margaret the Countess. See p. 98.

‡ Eldcst son of Lord Derby.

Throughe ther goodness, yff the worlde mend, I am in no  
dispar

But I shall pay all my detts and set my selfe clear.

The occasion of thes wars\* hath hindred me very sor,

But yet sum thing I have gotten, & I trust to get mor.

My lovyng neabors off the towne of Tamworth, wher I dwell,

Dyd lyberally rewarde me, this ys trewe that I youe tell.

Whiche kyndnes of thers hath ryght well provyde

That among all my neabors I am well belovyde.

For liberally with me their mony thei dyd spende,

And thos that came not themsels ther mony thei dyd sende.

My neabors dyd caus me to mak a pot of ale,

And, I thank God of his goodnes, I had very good sale.

For a busshell of malt I do put you out off dowte,

I had fyve pound of mony or nygh ther a bowte.

How he hit sum of my neabors ther at wear offendyde,

And sayd the mony myght moch better have ben spendyde.

But thei that so sayd themselvis wear at no coste,

For yf thei had I perseve thei wold have thought hit loste.

But the worlde nowe a days ys so full of hat & spyte,

That to speak yle off all things sum have a great delyte.

But God, I do thank him of his goodnes and grace,

That sendds me good loock wer I cum in every place.

Yt ys God that senddes me so well for to spede,

Whiche putts ynto good mens myndds to help me at my  
nede.

Whom God wold have holpen, he shall never waunt,

But he shall fynde relyff, though things be never so skante.

God save my good Lord, for whos sayk I fynd frendds,

That helpps me every whar, and thus my talk ends,

Desyryng youe all to bear this tayle in mynde,

That I among your pursis nowe sum frendshipe may fynd.

Every man a lyttell wold satisfye my nede,

To helpe a poor man out of dett it ys a gracious dede.

Expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale.

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Here may be added from the same collection anothe  
and shorter piece of doggrel by Sheale, his customary  
speech or song of thanks for such entertainment as he  
met with from his hospitable, though perhaps tasteless,  
neighbours. It may be contrasted with the exquisite

\* Probably the Scottish wars.

farewell of the minstrel, commencing "*Now B'nes, Buirdes, bolde and blythe,*" published by Ritson from the Vernon MS. (*Ancient Songs*, p. 44.) A more complete exemplification of the fallen state of minstrelsy in its latter days could hardly perhaps be found.

### The Farewell of the Minstrel by Richard Sheale.

Now for the good chear that Y have had heare,  
 I gyve you hartte thanks, with bowyng off my shankes.  
 Desyryng you be petycyon to graunte me suche commission,  
 Becaus my name ys Sheale, that bothe hy meate & meale  
 To you I maye resorte, sum tyme to mye cumforte.  
 For I perseive here at all tymis is good chere.  
 Both ale wyne & beere as hit dothe nowe apere.  
 I perseve wythoute fable ye kepe a good table,  
 Sum tyme I wyll be your geste, or els I were a beaste,  
 Knowyng off your mynde, yff I wolde not be so kynde,  
 Sumtyme to tast youre cuppe, & wyth you dyne & suppe.  
 I can be contente, yf hit be oute of Lente,  
 A peace of byffe to take mye honger to aslake.  
 Bothe mutton & veile ys goode for Rycharde Sheale.  
 Thogge I loke so grave, I were a veri knave,  
 Yf I wolde thynke skorne ethar even or morne,  
 Beyng in hongar, of fresshe samon or konger.  
 I desyre youe alwaye, marke what I do saye,  
 Althogge I be a Ranger, to tayk me as no Stranger.  
 I am a yonge begynner, & when I tayk a dynner,  
 I can fynde yn my hart wyth my frende to tayk a part  
 Of such as God shal sende, & thus I mayk an ende;  
 Now farewell, goode myn oste, I thanke youe for yowre coste,  
 Untyll another tyme, & thus do I ende my ryme.

R. SHEALE.

C.

### APOLLONIUS TYRIUS—LEAR—B. GLANVILLE, LORD MORLEY.

In the Notes of Mr. Douce\* upon *Pericles*, he questions with his usual acuteness the authority upon which the Bodleian manuscript of the romantic story of "*Apollonius Tyrius*" (No. 1302 *Cat. MSS. Ang.*) is

\* *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1807, vol. 2, p. 141.

affirmed in the catalogue to be a translation from the Greek. An accurate inspection of this MS. has confirmed the suspicion of Mr. D. It is in perfect preservation, and neither at the commencement or conclusion has any notice to this effect. It is probable that the occurrence of Greek names in it induced the compiler of the catalogue to suppose it a translation from that language.

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In his notes upon *King Lear*\* Mr. D. has given from a manuscript copy of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, a story exactly corresponding with that of *Lear*, excepting in the substitution of Roman for British names, and a consequent change of places. In an English MS. apparently of the fifteenth century now before me, entitled by the transcriber "*de Gestis Romanorum & Vitis Patrum*," the story is given at somewhat greater length, with the original names, and in nearly the same language in which it is told in the *Fructus Temporum*, and the English MS. of *the Brute* from which that work was probably derived.

It may not perhaps be generally known that *Bartholomew Glanville* (from whose book *de Proprietatibus Rerum*, as edited and enlarged by *Batman*, Mr. D. shews Shakespeare to have derived much information on subjects of natural history) is himself indebted for the greater part of his compilation to the *Speculum Naturale* of Vincent of Beauvais, one of the most voluminous and well informed writers of the 13th century, whose *Speculum Historiale* is, from its subject probably, the best known in our own days, of his various productions.

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The Ashmolean MS. (No. 48.) on the authority of which Chevy Chase is attributed to Richard Sheale, is that which contains the ballad of *The Murder of the two Brothers Lewis & Edmund West by the Sons of the Lord Darsy*, printed, with the orthography modernized, in the 4th volume of *Evans's Collection*. In turning over its leaves I have discovered two short poems

\* *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, 8vo. 1807.



attributed to an author whose works had escaped the search even of the industrious Ritson, \**Henry Lord Morley*. They have however so little of poetical merit that I transmit only the first of them.† Its chief value I fear will be found to be its antiquity and the rank of its author, and, it may fairly be added, the moral beauty of the sentiment.

*Henry Lorde Morley to hys Posteritye.*

Never was I lesse alone than being alone,  
 Here in this chamber evill thought had I none,  
 But always I thought to bryng the mynd to rest,  
 And y<sup>t</sup> thought off all thoughts I juge it the beste.  
 Ffor yf my coffers hade ben full of perle & golde,  
 And Fortune hade favorde me then as y<sup>t</sup> I wolde,  
 The mynde out of quyat, so sage Senek sethe,  
 It hade ben no felicitie, but a paynfull dethe.  
 Love then whoo love wyll to stand in hyge degre,  
 I blame hym not a whytte, so y<sup>t</sup> he followe me ;  
 And take hys losse as quietly as when y<sup>t</sup> he doth wynne,  
 Then Fortune hath no maistre of that state he ys in.  
 But rulys & ys not rulyde, & takes the better part.  
 O, that man is blessyd, y<sup>t</sup> lerns this gentle arte.  
 Thys was my felicitie, my pastyme, & my game.  
 I wisse all my posteritie they wolde ensew the same.

Written over a Chambar Dore where he was wont to lye  
 at Hollenby rry.

C.

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*Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum.*

*MS. folio—'thise translaciounes I endede at Berkeleye the sixte day of ffuerer the zere of oure lorde a thousande thre hundred foure score and eistetene the zeere of kyng Richarde the secounde after the conqueste of Engelonde two and twenty. the zere of my lordes age Sire Thom̄s lord of Berkeleye that made me make this translacioun seuene and fourty.'*

This is a large and very beautifully written and

\* *Bibliographia Poet.* p. 291. But see Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, by Park, i. 313, where a poetical epitaph "on Sir Thomas West, baron of Grisley, lord Lawarre, and K. G." has been reprinted from the *Accedence of Armorie*, 4to. 1597.

† The other will be found in the new edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. 1, col. 117.

illuminated MS. on vellum, apparently of a nearly coeval date with its author, belonging to Mr. Elliston, of Stratford Place.

Of Bartholomew Glanville, ‘the Pliny of his time,’ and of the various editions of this work, some notice will be found in Douce’s *Illustrations*, vol. 2, p. 278, and Dibdin’s *Life of Caxton*, p. 91.

A fly-leaf of the volume introduces us to the following lines.

‘On the famous Bartholomew Glanvill commonly called the English Bartholomew, relating to his Booke of the properties of things.

Thy Country truly, but yet subtly too  
Hath stiled thee the English Barthol’ mew,  
Whilst properties of things thou wrot’st of, shee  
Makes sure of getting property in thee;  
Would from thy name her own new worth discover  
And be at once unto all learning mother,  
But had shee silent been, thy Booke alone  
Had seated thee in a far larger throne.’  
This but consulted, none could call thee lesse  
Then Barthol’ mew of the great Vnivers.  
By both these titles, be thou euer known,  
One for our glory, t’other for thy own.—  
Sic subito allusit Julius Glanvill

de Lincolns Inne Echemythus Anno æræ christianæ 1668.

For the poetry and versification of this tribute little can be said, but as a production of a namesake, it appears worth transcription.

Trevisa, the chaplain of Lord Berkeley, may be considered as one of the earliest writers who composed in his native tongue, and his various works would seem to merit more notice from philologists than they have received. The study of the ancient Metrical Romances might meet with very considerable illustration from an examination of the present work, though it does not occur to my recollection that any use has been made of it either by Ritson, or in the collection lately edited by Mr. Weber.

It is divided into 19 books, containing, in the whole 1189 chapters.

Is it not strange and unaccountable that Ritson should have

have neglected to chronicle the name of Trevisa in his *Bibliographia Poetica*? and the omission is the more singular as that industrious and indefatigable antiquary *must* have examined the pages of the Polychronicon, in which the occurrence of several hundred lines entitle the 'vicar of berkeley' to a niche in the temple of our early poets. A prologue of 24 lines also opens the present work.\*

I will just take this opportunity of mentioning, that a friend is engaged in preparing for the press, the poetical works of John Trevisa, with illustrations, of which a few copies only will be printed for private distribution.†  
Bristol. J. F.

\* The omission by Ritson was known, and an article has been supplied in a copy preparing for a corrected edition of the *Bib. Poetica*. The suggestions and information of any reader on this subject will be esteemed a favour, and may be addressed to the editor of the *Brit. Bibliographer*.

J. H.

† John Trevisa born at Caradock in Cornwall, was canon of Westbury in Wiltshire, vicar of Berkley, and successively (I suppose) chaplain to Thomas Lord Berkeley, who died 27 Oct. 1361, his son Maurice, who died 1367, and also his grandson Thomas, who died 13 July, 1416. Upon this point there is some confusion in the dates when compared with Collins, which may obtain correction by the notice. The *Polychronicon*, printed by De Worde 1495, as folio cccxvi says, "This translacyon is ended on a Thursdaye the eyghtenth daye of Apryll, the yere of our lord a thousande thre hundred fyfty and seuen, the one and thyrty yere of kynge Edwarde the Thyrde after the conqueste of Englonde; the yere of my lordes aegge Syre Thomas lorde of Barkley that made me make this translacyon fyue and thirty." Now if we presume Trevisa, as domestic chaplain, correct in his knowledge of the age of his patron, the authority of Collins, in *The Peerage of England*, must be erroneous, which describes him serving in the army as early as 1316. However the accumulated authorities there given must not be too hastily rejected. [See Brydges's new edition of Collins' *Peerage*, vol. iii. art. *Berkeley*.] The error may exist in the above passage although hitherto unnoticed, and that, notwithstanding it is the same in the original edition of the Polychronicon by Caxton, we should read "fyue and syxty." This conjecture is supported by Eva, the mother of the first named Thomas, having died 3 Dec. 1314, and the father being described by Atkyns in the *History of Glouc.* to have had a son when only 14 years of age.—One point is clear from comparing the dates with those of the above MS. that the Thomas Lord Berkeley, who made our author translate the Bartholomeus, was not, as generally supposed, his original patron. Trevisa must have been aged at the time of his death, which

¶ *The Cronycles of Englonde with the dedes of popes and emperours, and also the descripcyon of Englonde.*

The rest of the title-page is filled with a wood-cut of the royal arms, viz. France and England quarterly—underneath, the supporters; on each side of the shield, the portcullis: over the crown, a rose between two angels.

At the back the same, except that the scroll round the rose has this inscription:

“Hæc rosa virtutis de celo missa sereno  
Eternū florens regia sceptrā feret.”

Then follows *Tabula on sign. Aa ii.*

“¶ Here begynneth a shorte and a breue Table, for to fynde lyghtly wherof ony man shall please hy to rede in this boke.”

The prologue (for which see Bibliographer, vol. 2, p. 33, in an account of Julyan Notary's edition) is signed a i.

Then on folio ii. *Pars Prima.*

“¶ Hic incipit fructus temporum.”

*Pars Secunda, fol. ix. rev.*

“¶ Here begynneth the second parte & of the kyngdome of Brytayne.”

*Pars Tertia, fol. xviii. rev.*

“¶ Here begynneth the thyrde part, and cōtynueth vnto the Natiuite of Chryst.”

which, Fuller says, happened about 1400.—Batman in his address to the reader, (ed. 1562) says, this “booke was had in great estimation among the learned, as well beyond the sea as at home, vntill within 60 yeares past, [when] there sprang vp famous and worthy persons of singular perseuerance and learning, which from the course of auncient beginnings, set fourth the same that was formally wiitten of, with additions.” He names the writers and observes, “I haue therefore as an imitator of the learned for the good will I bare to my countrie collected forth of these aforesaid authors, the like deuises, which they in times past gathered of their elders.”—It is perhaps needless to add that the work of Bartholomeus forms an extraordinary storehouse of valuable information and entertainment, and, although scarce, is one of the articles to be earliest obtained, by those whose research may tend to the acquiring some knowledge of Ancient English literature.

J. H.  
Pars

## Pars Quarta fol. xxvii. rev.

“ ¶ Here begynneth y<sup>e</sup> fourth parte, & contynueth vnto y<sup>e</sup> comynge of y<sup>e</sup> Saxons.”

## Pars Quinta fol. xli. rev.

“ ¶ Here begynneth the .v. parte, & contynueth vnto the comynge of the Danes.”

## Pars Sexta fol. lxxv.

“ ¶ Here begynneth the .vi. parte, & cōtynueth vnto y<sup>e</sup> comynge of y<sup>e</sup> Normans.”

## Pars Septima fol. lxxv. rev.

“ ¶ Here begynneth the .vii. parte, & contynueth vnto our dayes, that is to saye vnto kyng Edwardes regne the fourth the xxiii. yere.”

## Ends at fol. clxiii.

“ Thus endeth the Cronycles of Englonde with the fruyte of tymes compyled in a boke. And was fyrst imprynted\* by one somtyme scole mayster of saynt Albons, on whose soule god haue mercy Amen. And now lately imprynted at London, and dilygently amended in dyuers places where as ony faute was, in Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde, in the yere of our lorde god. M.CCCC.xxviii. the ix daye of Apryll.”

On the back the device marked No. vii. in Dibdin, ii. 30, with an additional rich outer border.

Then comes

## “ The Descripcyon of Englonde.

“ ¶ Here foloweth a lytell treatyse the whiche treateth of the descripcyon of this londe, whiche of olde tyme was called Albyon, and after, Brytayne, & now Englonde, and speketh of the noblesse and worthynesse of the same.”

Under it a rude cut of a fortified town † on the sea shore. On the reverse,

“ ¶ It is so that in many & diuers places the comyn Cronycles of Englonde ben had & also now late emprynted in Flete strete at the signe of the Sonne. And for as moche as y<sup>e</sup> descripcyon of this londe whiche of old tyme was named Albion and after Brytayne is not descryued ne comynly had, ne the noblenes & worthynes of y<sup>e</sup> same is not knowen. Therefore I entende to set in this boke the descripcyon of this sayd yle of Brytayn, & with the cōmodityes of the same.”

\* Here is a remarkable deviation from the preceding edition of 1520, which has only “ & also imprynted.

† Dibdin, 1, ix. has given a fac-simile of this cut, as an early specimen of landscape.

Here follows the table ; it extends to sign. D. iii. on the back of which it concludes.

“ ¶ Here endeth the descripcyon of Brytayne, the whiche conteyneth Englonde, Wales, and Scotlond, and also bycause Irlonde is vnder the rule of Englonde, & of olde tyme it hath so contynued, therefore I haue set the descripcyon of y<sup>e</sup> same after the sayd Brytayne, whiche I haue taken out of Policronycon. And bycause it is necessary unto all Englysshemen to knowe y<sup>e</sup> propertees cōmoditytes & mervayles of them I Wyllyā Caxton haue set them fyrst in imprynt accordynge to the translacyon of Trevisa, whiche at y<sup>e</sup> request of the lorde Barkeley trāslated y<sup>e</sup> boke of Polycronycon in to Englysshe.\*”

“ ¶ Lately fynysshed and Imprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde, the yere of our lorde god M.CCCCC. & .xxviii. the .ix. daye of Apryll.”

At the bottom is the device No. vii. already mentioned, but with a different outer border.

This is one of the many editions of what is commonly called *Caxton's Chronicles*, which is dated 5 June, 1480: which *Chronicles* were reprinted with *THE FRUIT OF TIMES*, at St. Albans in 1483, fol. and hence sometimes were called *The Book of St. Albans*.

A few words more may yet be necessary in explanation of the contents of this work.

It appears, as has been already said, to be formed of a combination of *CAXTON'S CHRONICLE* 1480, and *THE FRUIT OF TIMES* 1483. “ This Chronicle,” says Lewis, in his *Life of Caxton*, p. 31, “ being afterwards reprinted with *Fructus Temporum*, gave occasion to the confounding these two histories, and calling *The Chronicles of England* † by the name of *Fructus Temporum* or *The Fruit of Times*; which treats of Scripture and *Foreign* history, as well as of *English*.”

The schoolmaster, or monk of St. Albans, to whom

\* In the *Polychronicon* this topographical description commences in lib. primus at cap. xxxij. with Hibernia, then Scotia, Wallia, and concludes with Britannia to cap. lx.

† “ As, saith Caxton, in his *Chronicle*, which he calls *The Fruit of Tyme*.” Grafton, vol. ii.

“ It is recorded and found in the *Chronicle* of William Caxton, called *Fructus Temporum*.” Fox's *Acts and Monuments*, fol. 69, ed. 1563. Lewis.

Sir Henry Chauncy has chosen to give the name of **INSOMUCH**, and who was, probably, an assistant to Caxton in the compilation of his Chronicle, reprinted it at that place, when he prefixed thereto a prologue and his further collection, called **THE FRUIT OF TIMES** in 1483.\*

In 1486 was printed at the same place **JULIANA BERNERS'S BOOK ON HAWKING**, more especially known by the name of **THE BOOK OF ST. ALBANS**, and edited by this same schoolmaster or monk, as is shewn with great ingenuity and strong argument in the preliminary

\* The prefixure made by this schoolmaster, in addition to the prologue, commences the Chronicle with Adam, and briefly deduces it, in about six leaves, to the time of Silvius viij<sup>th</sup> king of Italy "fader vnto Brute kynge of Brytayne now called Englonde," concluding "pars prima," with the account "how the londe of englonde was fyrst named Albyon," which begins "in the noble lande of Sirrie," and that is the regular commencement of the edition printed by Caxton.

An enumeration of the several editions of these chronicles, was given in our second volume (p. 39.) Of the alteration from time to time made in the text not any notice has appeared from our bibliographers. It is probable they were made throughout the work, as we infer from the following specimen.

"Whan Roderyk was slayne in this batayle, kynge Westmer in remēbraūce of his vyctory, lete arere there beside y<sup>e</sup> hye waye a greate stone y<sup>e</sup> whiche standeth yet & euer shall. And he made graue in y<sup>t</sup> stone letters y<sup>t</sup> said. The kynge Westmer of Brytayne slewe ī this place Roderyk his enmye. And this Westmer was y<sup>e</sup> fyrst y<sup>t</sup> buylded house & towne in Westmerlande, for he named it after his name. And whā Westmer had so done he dwelled all his lyfe in Westmerlande, for he loued that cōtre aboue all other cōtrees & whā he had reygned .xxv. yere he deyed and lyeth at Carleyll. ed. 1520. Folio xxx.

"And after this batayle that is aboue sayd, whan Roderyk was slayne, kyng Westmer in remembraūce of his vyctory let arere there besydes y<sup>e</sup> waye a grete stone on hygh, and yet it standeth and euermore shal stande, and he let graue in the said stone lettres that thus sayd. The kyng Westmer of Brytayne slewe in this place Roderyk his enemy. And this Westmer was y<sup>e</sup> fyrst that buylded hous and towne in Westmerlonde, and at that stonc begynneth Westmerlonde, that Westmer let call after his owne name. And whā Westmer had so done he dwelled all his lyfe tyme in that countre of Westmerlonde for he loued that countre aboue all other countrees. And whan he had regned .xxv. yere he dyed, and lyeth at Karleyll. ed. 1528.

dissertation, by Mr. Haslewood, in his late truly curious and beautiful reprint of this work, from Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1496. Mr. Haslewood observes, that the name of *Insomuch* has probably no other foundation, than the occurrence of this word at the commencement of the Proœmium of both the above works, *The Fruit of Times* and *The Book of St. Albans*.

B.

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### Poems by Sir Richard Maitland.

Sir R. Maitland was a lawyer and statesman, who in his old age amused himself by writing very bad verses. His character, however, was held in veneration by his contemporaries; and his attachment to literature was the means of preserving many valuable poems of other writers. The following are omitted in Mr. Pinkerton's excellent edition; and are probably now first published. Sir R. M. died aged 90 in 1586.

“ My Lordis sen abstinence is taine,  
 In the mene tym that concord may be drest,  
 Now tyu na tyme as ye haive done bygaine;  
 Since ye may haive conferring as ye list,  
 Do your power this realme to put to rest:  
 Let never weir againe among zow rys;  
 Than all the warld will your concordng prys.  
 Thair will na body be agains this peace,  
 Bot gif it be of men of weir the bandis,  
 Qubilk fra all kind of slaifrie cannot leis,  
 And that bruikis\* otheris men's landis,  
 For wrangous geir that cannot keip thair handis;  
 This sort of men wald haive na quyetnes,  
 For feir thay want something yat yai pusses.  
 But at that sort ye sould no counsel tak,  
 That has na feir of god nor conscience,  
 To use all thing impediment may mak  
 To your concord and ye give thame credence.  
 How thay proceid thair is experience;  
 For it is seid that some men sair may rew,  
 That in this land sa monie captaines grew.

\* Enjoys.

For



For anie pleass<sup>r</sup>. of thir gredie men  
 This comoune weill put not in jeopardie ;  
 At your conventioune gar the cuntre ken  
 That ye travill to mak tranquillitie.  
 And that ye are content fertill aggrie ;  
 All folleis past to be forgot for evir :  
 I trow ye ken bot few that falted nevir.

Great is the skaith that comes of this weir,\*  
 Of slauchter, heirshipe, oppressioune, mizcheife ;  
 It is pitie the comonis for to heir  
 How thay are drest with thift & oppine reif,  
 Syn seis nane appeirance of releife :  
 Thir cruell crymes yai feir unpunishit be,  
 Sa langas lestis this Jnamitie.

Yet of all weir peace is the final end  
 Thairfoir aygrie my lordis or it be war ; †  
 Thair is nathing bot peace that may this mend :  
 And that ye wald this comoune weill prefer  
 To all causes that ar particular,  
 And far na private proffect that may be,  
 Stop not to mak ane perfyt unities.

The qlk to do J pray the loving Lord,  
 To give you grace in sic abundance now,  
 That never mair be distanse or discord ;—  
 And sic Justice be done this kinrik throw,  
 The quhilk may gar the rasch bins ‡ keip the cow,  
 And everie man bruik his awin landis & geir ;  
 All trew leigis to lieve withoutten feir.

Finis q<sup>th</sup> S<sup>r</sup> R. M.”

“ The Lord that raisit lyfe againe,  
 that deit for us on guide fryday,  
 qlk sufferit meikill woe and paine  
 with Jewis that we hard of say,  
 wer he amang us now this day,  
 he wald far mair thoill§ and susteine,  
 for now as J heir all men say,  
 is the warst warld that evir was sein.

Ane heroid|| rang into theis yeiris  
 ane murtherar of Jnocentis ;  
 but now he has ane thowsand freiris ;

\* War.  
 † Suffer.

† Worse.  
 || Herod.

‡ Bands, or ropes made of rushes.

for trewlie, in thair intentis,  
to rug and reif, and tak up rentis,  
the puire pepill oppressand cleine.  
for the qlk thing some sair repentis,  
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

That tyme thair was bot ane pilat ;  
now is thair mae than fiftie store ;  
with as fair wordis of dissait,  
as hard\* the other of befoir  
sa fast into this warld they soir,\*  
to trew men dois meikill teine ; †  
their traist ay kythes ‡ moir & moir ;  
as in this warld it is now sein.

That tyme thair was bot ane caiphace  
that did accuisse our Lord Jesue ;  
but now is monie mae alace  
the Inocentis for to persew :  
thair is bakbytteris now anew,  
bot of guide men over quhew I weiu,  
that will & can give counsall trew ;  
as in this warld it may be sein.

The tormenturis war than sa skant,  
cryst for to scourge skerce found were sax ;  
now of ane thousand not ane dois want,  
thair wicked number so dois wax ;  
to spoulzie§ puire men of thair pakis,  
to reif can na man theme refraine  
quhill that thay gar ane wuddie|| rax  
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

Thair was ane Judas in that tyme,  
for silver did his master sell ;  
bot now is smitted without cryme¶  
ane thowsand mae than I can tell,  
that dois in this countrie dwell,  
wald sell thair sawillis as J wein  
for geir unto the divill of hell ;  
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

Peter to Annas hous him drest,  
quhair he his maister did deny ;  
monie with mouth hes now confest  
thay ar of crystis company,

\* Sic in MS.

§ Spoil.

† Pain, injury.

|| A halter.

¶ Sic.

‡ Becomes known.

bot and ye will thair warkis espy,  
ye sall sié thame befoir your eiue  
denyand crist alluterlie  
as be thair lyfis may be sein.

Pilat let bot ane theife gang  
quhen he put Jesus Crist to deid,  
bot now fyve hundreth theifis strang,  
at ainis with thair remissioune speid,  
and trew folk can get na remeid  
quhat wrang that evir thay susteine,  
quhilk garris monie beg thair bread  
in this warst warld that evir was sein.

Fra pilat fand of deid na caus  
in cryst, he wald haive lattin bim ga ;  
J wald thay that leidis our lawis  
and o' judges wold do sa ;  
compell na Jnnocent to pay,  
nor thame convict be subtill mein,  
nor in thair eyes put not thairfra,\*  
let na partialtie be sein. #

Thairfoir princes and magestratis  
and ye in court that office bear,  
that for auctoritie debaittis,  
to hurt the Jnocent tak feir,  
for leid suspitione or for geir.  
from wrang proceeding ay abstein :  
for dreid god, quhen zour sinis appeir,  
his vengeance gar on yow be sein.

The Jewis war to cryst unkind  
for all his warkis & guidnes ;  
his miracles put fuirth of mynd,  
quhen that to deid he did him dres.  
sua in this world all thankfulnes  
and all auld kindnes that hes bein  
and all guide turns mair & les  
ar clein for got & now o' sein.

Apeiranthē now all men sayes  
that all scottis ar in despair ;  
think and can thay put off thair dayes  
quhat sall cume eftir thay tak na cair,

\* Sic in MS.

thocht all the regionne sould for fear,  
 of thair will nocht want ane prein ;  
 qlk will mak monie biggings bear,\*  
 and one waist cuntre to be sein.

Quhair is the zealous men & wyse  
 of kirk and of the temporall stait,  
 that in this realme has bein oft syse,†  
 that wald tak travill air & lait  
 to stanche all troubill and debaitt,  
 and ane great perell could prevein,  
 and now the lordis to gang ongett  
 the comoune weill to be forsein.‡

God mak us quyt of all blasphemis,  
 and of all men of evin† conditione ;  
 god mak us quyt of all menkimeris‡  
 amongis us of seditioun ;  
 and all raisers of suspitioun :  
 send us guide men to gang betwain  
 the lordis to mak unione ;  
 that peace may in this land be sein.

God keip the Kingis majestie  
 and give him grace manifold,  
 the land to keip in libertie  
 in peace and justice to us hald.  
 sua that na persone young nor auld  
 sall onie caus haive to complein  
 that justice now is coft and sauld,  
 as uther tymes has bein sein.

Finis 9<sup>d</sup>

W. Richart Maitland  
 of Lethingtonne knight."

R. P. G.

¶ *A Mery Play betwēne Johan Johan the husbande Tyb  
 his wyfe and Syr Jhān the preest.* [Col.] *Finis, Im-  
 prynted by Wyllyam Rastell the xii day of February  
 the yere of our Lord Mcccc and xxxiii.* *Cum privi-  
 legio.* Small folio, 16 pages.

The above is one of the six plays attributed by our  
 dramatic biographers to John Heywood author of *The*

\* Buildings bare.

† Sic in MS.

‡ Men-comers.

*Four P's* contained in Dodsley's collection, of *The Spider and Flie*, and of some other poems; a satisfactory account of which may be found in the third volume of Warton's *History of English Poetry*.\* No copy of the present drama appears to exist in the Garrick collection at the British Museum,† and if any of our modern editors of ancient plays were in possession of it, they seem to have regarded the *Four P's* as better calculated for the illustration of our early scenic history. The "*Mery Play*," however cannot be considered as entirely devoid of interest; exclusively of its antiquity and rarity, it is valuable as affording a specimen of the earliest and rudest form of our comedy, (for the poem is shorter and the number of the *Dramatis Personæ* yet fewer than those of the *Four P's*) and of the liberty with which even the Roman Catholic authors‡ of that age felt themselves authorised to treat the established priesthood. Johan Johan himself prologises thus,

God spede you Maysters everychone;  
 Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone?  
 I pray God the dyvell take her,  
 For all that I do, I cannot make her,  
 But she wyll go a gaddyng very much,  
 Lyke an Anthony pig with an olde wyche,  
 Whych fedeth her aboute hyther & thyther,  
 But, by our Lady, I wote not whyther.

He proceeds to affirm "by our Lady of Crome" that he will beat her soundly upon her return. It occurs however, to him that she may possibly die under the operation, and he has no taste for hanging; that she may not mend if she survive his correction; and that his neighbours may chide him for cruelty. His love of authority, however, and his suspicions that she is visiting Syr Johan, confirm him in his first resolution; he requests the audience not to interfere in her behalf, and is loudest in his threats, when she suddenly returns with these words,

Tyb.—Why? whom wilt thou beate, I say, thou knave?  
 Jhan.—Who? I, Tyb? none, so God me save.

\* P. 87 and seq.

† See Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, v. 4.

‡ Heywood was a bigoted papist.

Tyb.—Yes, I harde thee say thou woldest one bete.

Jhan.—Mary, wyfe, it was stokfysse in Temmes strete,  
Whiche wyll be good meate agaynst lente.

Why, Tyb, what haddest thou thought that I had  
ment?

During a short dialouge in which Johan evidently labours under considerable fear, she complains of sickness, which he attributes (aside) to her computations with the priest, and in return to a gentle expostulation on the length of her absence, she deigns, after some hesitation, to inform him of the cause.

Truely, Johan Johan, we made a pye,  
I, and my Gossyp Margery,  
And our Gossyp the Preest Syr Johan,  
And my neyghbour's yongest daughter Ann.  
The Preest payde for the stuffe & the bakynge,  
And Margery she payde for the bakynge.

Johan expresses, (aside) in no very gentle terms, his opinion of his wives gossip Mar. and after some further conversation, the chief humour of which lies in the half suppressed insinuations, and more explicit side speeches of the unfortunate husband, he is obliged to go in person, and invite the priest to partake of the pye which Tyb had brought home under her cloke. As he is setting out on this untoward errand, she calls him back several times, in the wantonness of her authority, first to set the table upon its tressels, then to fetch the stools, and to wash out the cups, to *see if there be any ale in the pot*, and for various other trifling offices of housewifery; all which he executes with much concealed discontent, but at the same time with the most prompt submission. At last he is allowed to quit the house, and knocking at the priest's door requests admission, and delivers his invitation. Syr Johan at first scruples to accept it, as fearing that Tyb was at enmity with him for reproving, and assigning her a penance on the score of her continual brawling and ill usage of her husband; speaking, however, at the same time, much in praise of her virtue and other good qualities. Johan, easily deceived by this artifice, begins to repent of his suspicions, and presses Sir Johan yet more earnestly to indulge them with his society. The wily priest after a short opposition,

opposition, accompanies him home. Here the looks with which Tyb receives her paramour again rouse the suspicions of the husband: he has however had scarcely time to express them, when he is dismissed to fill the pail with clean water, for the purpose of washing their hands before they sit down to their meal. His back is no sooner turned than Syr Johan addresses Tyb.

—I wolde ye had harde the tryfys,  
 The toges, the mockes, the fables, & the nyfys,\*  
 That I made thy husband to beleve and thynke.  
 Thou mightest as well into the erthe synke,  
 As thou couldest forbear laughing any whyle.

The further account of Johan's gullability, is interrupted by his return in with the pail empty, having discovered a crack in its side at which the water flowed out as fast as he could pour it in. For the purpose of mending this, they give him a wax candle, which the priest very opportunely happens to have about him, and which, being somewhat hard, requires softening at the fire before it is sufficiently pliable to be worked into the chink. At this job the unhappy man is kept during the whole time that his wife and the priest are engaged at supper, which does not pass without much familiarity between them, and much ridicule of poor Johan. The priest, for the amusement or instruction of Tyb, relates sundry miracles, chiefly concerning women who had obtained children by application to him. The pye is at last consumed without the assistance of Johan, who, having long eyed it with all the solicitude of an hungry stomach, is roused by his disappointment to a degree of courage with which no other species of indignity seems capable of inspiring him. He openly remonstrates with the greedy pair, but his expostulations are answered only by fresh insult and mockery. At length his patience is exhausted—" *Syth it is so*, he exclaims,

and syns that ye twayne  
 Wold give me no meat for my suffysance,  
 By kok's soule, I wyll take no lenger payne.  
 Ye shall do all for yourself with a very vengeance

\* *Nyfys*—this word appears a corruption either of the Latin *nihil*, or the French *nouvelles*. It evidently signifies empty stories or falsehoods.

For me, & take thou there thy pale now,  
And yf thou canst mend it let me se how..

Tyb. A horson knave, hast thou brok my payll ?  
Thou shalt repent by kok's lilly nayll.  
Rech me my distaf, or my clyppynge sherys,  
I shall make the blood ronne about his erys.

Johan answers with equal spirit, a violent altercation ensues, and the priest taking the part of his paramour " *They fyght by the erys a whyle and than the preest and the wyfe go out of the place.*"

Johan, after some exultation for his victory, begins to apprehend that they may possibly revenge themselves on him in no very honourable manner ; he resolves therefore to follow them, and the drama concludes with these words,

—I wyll hye me thyder  
To se yf they do me any vylany,  
And thus farewell this noble company.

M. ASH.

¶ *Hippolitus, Translated out of Seneca. By Edmund Prestwich.\* Together with divers other Poems of the same Author's.*

*Verum pone moras, et studium lucri,  
Nigrorumque memor dum licet ignium,  
Miscere stultitiam conciliis brevem.*

*London, Printed by G. D. for George Boddington, at the signe of the Crown in Chancery lane neere the Rolles, 1651. Sm. 8vo. pp. 139, besides Dedication, Address, and commendatory verses.*

This is a rare little volume, of which I am indebted to Mr. Heber for the loan. It is dedicated "To the noble and most vertuous lady Mrs. Anne Leedes." And after "An Address to the judicious Reader," has commendatory verses by Ja. Shirley ; Char. Cotton ; Cromwell Stanhop ; Ric. Rogers ; Edward Williams ;

\* For some account of this family, see the late Sir John Prestwich's *Respublica*.

and



and Mat. Carter. The Hippolitus, including eleven pages of Comment, ends at p. 60. The other poems are the following.

—1. On an ill-favoured woman, become a young lover. 150 lines.

2. An Ale-match.—256 lines.

3. On a Talkative and Stammering Fellow.—150 lines.

4. Upon Lucretia.—Short.

5. The Power of Love.—58 lines.

6. The new Niobe.—An ode.

7. Gain in Loss.—Lyric.

8. The Perfect Love.—Lyric.

9. To a Lady working a bed with crewell.—Stanza.

10. The Revenge.—18 stanzas.

11. To a lady refusing to unvaile.—Four feet couplets.

12. On a lame and scolding negro.—Four feet couplets.

13. An Epithalamium.—10 stanzas.

14. To a Gentlewoman, that sued to her servant, whom she had formerly forsaken.—Eleven stanzas.

15. How to chuse a Mistress.

16. Love without Hope.—8 stanzas.

17. The Dumb Lover.—34 stanzas.

18. A Remedy against Love.—Reprinted in *Ellis's Specimens*.

19. Answer to the former.

20. To Almanna, why she should marry me.

21. The Meteor.—Also reprinted by *Ellis*.

22. An Epithalamium.

23. On a Necklace of small pomander, given him by a lady.

24. On himself being lame.

25. The Broken Heart.

26. To Phœbus.

I shall select one or two specimens.

NO. 7. GAIN IN LOSS.

Away, fond Boy, away!

What tempts thee for to stay,

Hovering about my breast?

Thou canst not hope to sway,

And

Whereas disdain's possess  
With such an interest.

And Honour 'll not allow  
That thou shouldst lower bow  
When daily conquests post  
Afresh to crown thy brow ;  
And every shaft almost  
A heart or two can boast.

Yet if thou entrest here,  
By thine own power I swear,  
All glory thou must quit ;  
No bow nor quiver bear,  
But unto scorn submit  
Thyself an anchorite.

Thus spake Almanna, and Cupid smil'd,  
To think how much she was beguil'd ;  
Then shot ; but spite of all his art  
His blow the little archer spoil'd :  
Out flew the golden-headed dart,  
But could not pierce her armed heart.

Almanna laugh'd, and the God cried,  
With fear of whipping terrified,  
And grieved for her broken bow ;  
No hope of comfort he espied,  
So that his tears, which seem'd to flow,  
If not then blind had made him so.

Another such he would have bought,  
But there was none, & if without  
He went, or this should broken bring,  
Venus would know : that very thought  
Fresh floods from the poor boy did wring,  
Lest she should whip him with the string.

But th' Virgin, not of marble made,  
All means to comfort him assay'd ;  
And oft his blubber'd cheeks did dry.  
At last with pity oversway'd,  
She promised him that he should lie  
Among the babies of her eye.

There he the beams of these bright twins,  
With which all hearts, all eyes he wins,  
Hath both for bow and arrows found ;  
And nothing now to think begins,

Since

Since his own shafts did once rebound,  
But self-love can Almanna wound.

No. 17. THE DUMB LOVER.

Fair Almanna, cruel maid,  
Many shepherds had enflamed,  
Whose complaints her sport she made,  
Frowning still when love was named;  
Yet those frowns did love persuade.  
'Mong the rest, ah hapless youth!  
Annaphil did wish to have her  
Though scant of wealth, yet in sooth  
Passing all that sought her favour,  
For his passing, passing truth.  
This poor wretch sought to suppress  
With his tears the rising fire;  
But those tears prov'd witnesses  
To the world of his desire;  
And his pains were ne'er the less.  
Speak he durst not; for he fear'd  
No death worse than a denial;  
Yet in his eyes, still betear'd,  
A too miserable trial  
Of what love can do appear'd.  
Arms across, unsteady pace,  
Eyes cast down as in subjection,  
Broken words, and changed face,  
A most desperate affection  
In the woeful youth betrays.\*  
Coward Love, oft would he say,  
Who thy shafts on slaves bestowest,  
Wounding such as do obey,  
But with rebels meeting, throwest  
Down thy arms, and runn'st away!  
Was it not enough, that I  
Willingly thy yoke took on me?  
But I must that service buy,  
Which I fear hath quite undone me  
With fresh cares, fresh misery?

\* A very beautiful stanza. *Editor.*

Was it not enough, that thou  
 With thy proper force refused  
 To succour me ; but that now  
 My tongue, through thee speech-disused,  
 Cannot mine own thoughts avow ?

Art thou a God, who I see  
 Thus thy humblest vassals wrongest ?  
 No ; thy weaker deity  
 Either yields unto her strongest,  
 Or thy sting is lost in me.

Then his hearty sighs would show  
 What his tongue had left unspoken ;  
 And he beat his breast to know  
 If his heart, already broken,  
 Now were quite consum'd, or no.

And, as if those windy sighs  
 Had in him a tempest rais'd,  
 Floods would seem to drown his eyes,  
 Because they too much had gaz'd  
 For unsafe discoveries.

Once he in this wofull plight  
 Had his lovely saint espied ;  
 But at that unlook'd for sight  
 The storm was laid, the floods dried,  
 And his eyes beheld the light.

How he then amazed stood !  
 With what more than glutton-greediness  
 He devour'd that precious food !

Health could not dissuade his neediness  
 From what his sense found so good !

His eyes left physicians rules ;  
 Measure in such feasts observed  
 Is a lesson fit for fools :

They from such nice precepts swerved,  
 Train'd in Love and Beauty's schools.

Yet his tongue would fain have got  
 So much leisure from their wonder,  
 As might serve for to relate

What a burden he lay under ;  
 But to speak it knew not what.

And when he her heart to bow,  
 Had fram'd a speech full of passions,

Mingling many a faithfull vow  
 With more humble supplications,  
 Then, alas, it knew not how.  
 Yet his other parts did prove  
 Friends to its determination ;  
 All his gestures spoke of Love ;  
 All did seem to beg compassion ;  
 E'en his silent lips did move.  
 And in words, which never are  
 Heard but by the understanding,  
 Whisper'd forth, O heavenly fair,  
 O Goddess ! all, all-commanding,  
 Deign to hear a Caitiff's prayer.  
 Long have I lov'd, loved well ;  
 Faithfull Love not hate deserveth.  
 What savage mind is so fell,  
 As his loving flock he sterveth,  
 If not sav'd by miracle ?  
 Long have I serv'd ; service true  
 Requires wages for pains-taking ;  
 And though stipends were not due,  
 What Miser's so given to raking,  
 As he would no favour shew ?  
 Long have I in fetters lain ;  
 Misery compassion breedeth ;  
 And, though Pity quite were slain,  
 The bloodiest m'nd never feedeth  
 On such as count death a gain.  
 See but how the sun displays  
 His beams on the meanest creatures ;  
 And will you withdraw your rays  
 From one who admires your features,  
 And knows no light but your face ?  
 See our fruitful mother earth,  
 How she in her womb doth cherish  
 The seed, till a happy birth  
 Makes the labourers fields to flourish !  
 And will you bring forth a dearth ?  
 Mark how every grateful tree  
 Yields the swain a yearly blessing !  
 And will you undressed be,  
 Ere you'll either pay for dressing ;  
 Or accept the courtesy ?

When

When a fruitful shower of rain  
 From a melting cloud distilleth,  
 The earth drinks it up again ;  
 And it the earth's wrinkles filleth :  
 Shall my tears then fall in vain ?  
 Breathe you forth a fervent prayer ;  
 Heaven therewith is strait acquainted,  
 And you hope will ease your care :  
 Should not then my suit be granted,  
 Since you so like to Heaven are ?  
 Love the neighbouring elm and vine  
 In such strict embraces tyeth ;  
 Love doth make the turtle pine,  
 When his loving marrow dyeth,  
 And have you no sense of mine ?  
 Love his power doth each where prove ;  
 Every thing hath love about it ;  
 Trees, beasts, birds, and gods above ;  
 And are you alone without it ?  
 The most lovely void of love ?  
 Change, O change this humourous mind ;  
 Never by a name be fooled ;  
 Greater glory will you find,  
 (Be by flesh and blood but ruled)  
 If you leave a babe behind.  
 Were you now laid in your grave,  
 And this beauteous outside rotten,  
 No monuments your fame could save ;  
 Virtue quickly is forgotten,  
 If the world no pictures have.  
 Then if marriage be the best,  
 The best lover should be chosen.  
 Will you warm a niggard's breast,  
 Whose desire with care is frozen,  
 And his mistress in his chest ?  
 Or shall any sensual slave  
 Glory in so rich a treasure ;  
 One who covets but to have  
 You to satisfy his pleasure,  
 Which his lust, not love doth crave ?  
 Rather take ; a man would die,  
 One who goods and life despiseth,  
 Might he pleasure yuu thereby :

(This from perfect love ariseth ;)  
 Such an one, though poor, am I.  
 Thus within himself he prayed,  
 But received small satisfaction ;  
 For she heard not what he said ;  
 And she would not read his action :  
 So the wretch is quite dismayed.

¶ *DIVES ET PAUPER.* Folio.

Colophon. “ Here endith a compendious treetise dyalogue, of *Dives & pau<sup>er</sup>*, that is to say, the riche & the pore fructuously tretyng upon the *X* cōmondementes, fynished the v. day of Juyl, the yere of our lord God *M. CCCC. lxxxiii.* Emprentyd by me *Richarde Pynson* at the temple barre, of London. *Deo gracias.*”

230 leaves besides eleven of contents, one blank following them ; also one at the end, on the back of which is Pinson’s Device No. 11.

The first ten chapters are entitled “ OF HOLY POVERTIE.” Then follow “ TEN PRECEPTES,” each precept containing many chapters.

The contents of the chapters on Holy Poverty are as follow.

“ Riche and pore haue like cumyng into this worlde & lyke outgoyng, but their liuyng in this worlde is unlike what shulde confort a pore ayenst grutchyng, & what wyckednesses folowe louers of riches the first chapter.

¶ Of thre maner lordshippes & of whiche lordship it is understode y<sup>e</sup> god yaue mā lordship ouir fisshes, briddes & beestes, ca. ii.

¶ Howe this scripture is understonde. It is more blisful to yeue than to take. & howe sume wylful pore man yeueth more thanne a riche couetous man so stondyng may yeue. ca. iii.

¶ That riche & pore either is necessarie to other, & that the riche man nedith more than the pore. ca. iiiii.

¶ Why richesse is clepyd a deuylschip of wyckednesse & one exposition of this texte. It is more easy a camel to passe by a nedlis iye thanne a riche man to entre the kingdome of heuene. ca. v.

¶ Howe men shuld haue them to richesres whan god  
 VOL. IV. K yeuteh

yeueth them, & whanne god taketh them a wey, & in what maner eche man must forsake al that he hath. also the litterrall exposition of this text bifore seide. It is more easy a camel, &c. ca. vi.

¶ Riche men be nat lacked or blamed in scripture for they be riche but for their couetise & mysuse. Ne pore mē praised for wātyng or lackyng of riches, but for gode wyll and pacyence of diuerse maners of pore men. And how richesse is occasion of synne more thaune pouert. ca. vii.

¶ Howe this text of Salomon is understonde. yeue nat me riches and beggery. ca. viii.

¶ Of ii maner of p̄fections sufficient & excellent. He hersythe the x commaundementes. ca. ix.

¶ Why crist enfourmed more the yonge riche man in the preceptis of the secoude table than of the firste. and why more ī the secōnd precept of charite thanne in the firste. ca. x.

¶ Of ii lyues cōtēplatif & actif, also other causes of ex- p̄ssinge the p̄ceptis of the secoude table to the yong mā bifore seid. ca. xi.

### ¶ *Of holy pouertie.*

#### The firste chaptre.

Diues et pauper obui  
auerūt sibi: utrius que  
operator est dñs Pro-  
uerbi. xxii.

These ben the wordes of Salomon this moche to say ī Englissh. The riche & the pore mette to themself, the lorde is worcher of euir either. This texte worshipfulle Bede expowneth thus. A riche man is nat to be worshipped for this cause only that he is riche, ne a pore man is to be dispysed, bicause of his pouertye but the werk of god is to be worshippyd in them bothe, for they bothe been made to the ymage & to the lyknesse of god. And as it is writen. Sapiencie. vii. ca.

One maner of entring into this worlde, & a like maner ofout wēdyng fro this wretched world is to alle men both riche & pore: For bothe riche & pore comen īto this worlde nakyd and pore, wepyng & weilynge & bothe they wenden hens nakyd & pore with moche peyne. Nathelesse the riche & the pore in their lyvynges in this worlde in many thinges been ful vnlyke. For the riche man aboñdeth in tresoure gold & silver & other riches. He hath honours grete and erthly delices. Where the pore creature lyueth in grete penury, and for wantyng of riches suffreth colde and hunger,



hunger, and is ofte in dispyte. Pauper. I that am a pore caytyf symple and lytel sat by, biholdyng the prosperite of them that been riche, and the disese of that I suffre and other pore men like unto me am many a tyme steryd to grutche and to be wery of my lyf. But thanne renuen to my mynde the wordes of Salomon before rehersed, howe the lorde made as wele the pore as the riche. And therto Job witnessith, that noo thinge in erthe is made withouten cause. Job v. Thanne I suppose within myself, that by the prevy domes of god that be to me vnkuowen, it is to me pfitable to be pore. For wele I wote that god is no nygarde of his giftes. But as the apostle sayth. Rom. viii. To them that been chosen of god alle thinges worchen to gydie into gode. And so sithen I truste throughe the godenes of god to be oon of his chosen. I can not deme but that to me it is gode to be pore. Moreouir Seint Poule i. Thymoth. vi. writeth in this maner They that wylle or desire to be made riche fall into temptacion & into the snare of the deuyll and into many desires unprofitable & noyous. For covetise of riches more than is bihoueful a mā for to haue is rote of al euylles. Experience accord-

eth with this sawe of the apostle.

¶ For lesynges and piuries fals sotelties and gyles and many other wyckednesses, been as comon as the cart weye with suche inordinate louers of richesse whiche synnes brynge them to endlesse perissshinge, but if they be wasshen away before the our of dethe, with greate and bytter penaunce. It is an olde prouerb He is wele at ese y<sup>t</sup> hath enough and can say ho. He hath enough holy doctours sey to whom his temporall godes be they neuir soo fewe suffisen to him and to his, to fynde them that them nedyth. Wel I know that as Poul saith in the place bifore rehersed and Job sayth the same, Job i. Nakyd we come īto this world we brynge noo richesse with us, ne none shalle we bere with us, whanne we shalle passe fro this world as is also before seid. Nathelesse whiles we lyue here we may nat vtterly cast all temp<sup>r</sup>all godes away, wherfore after the īformation of this holy mā Poule in the same cheptre, haue I helynge and symple liuelode I purpose through godde's grace to holde me content & neuyr bisy me to kepe to gilder aboundaunce of worldly richesesses."

This is the first book of Pynson printed with a date. See *Dibdin*, ii. 401.

Three years afterwards, 1496, Wynkyn de Worde also printed this work, in folio, which Mr. Dibdin considers a re-impression of Pynson's, with only a variation of orthography. *Ibid.* ii. 67.

¶ *The Chronicle of Jhon Harding, from the fyrste begynnyng of Englande, unto the reigne of Kyng Edward the fourth wher he made an end of his Chronicle: And from that tyme is added a continuation of the storie in prose to this our tyme, now first imprinted, gathered out of diuerse and sondery autours y<sup>t</sup> haue writē of the offaires of Englande. Londini Ex officina Richardi Graftoni Mense Januarii. MDXLIII. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum. Ato.*

This book having been reprinted in the present year, and admirably edited by Mr. Henry Ellis, it is unnecessary to say more, than to copy Bishop Nicholson's short character of the original.

“The next historian (to Thomas Walsingham) was JOHN HARDING, a Northern English man, and an inveterate enemy to the Scottish nation, against whom he carried arms in several expeditions. He collected out of all our histories whatever might tend to the proof of the ancient vassalage of that kingdom to the crown of England; and hearing there was in Scotland an old record that put the matter beyond dispute, he went with great hazard thither in disguise, and with much ado, brought it away, and shew'd it to Hen. V. Hen. VI. Edw. IV. To the last of these he dedicated his two books of Chronicles in English rhyme; whereof the curious reader may have a taste in some of our modern writers. It appears he was living (tho' very old) in the year 1461. So that Nicholas Montacute (about that time master of Eton school, and a collector of English History) may be reckoned his contemporary; as may also Royle Albanus, a Carmelite of London, who drew up the genealogies of some of our kings.” \*

But see a more critical account in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, ii. 125, 126, 127, and in Ellis's *Preface*.

\* *Hist. Libr.* 3d edit. p. 68.

Grafton has prefixed a dedication of three leaves in verse to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. And there is added a continuation of the Chronicle in prose from Edw. IV. to Hen. VIII.

INEDITED POEM BY JOHN WALLYS.

The following specimen while it brings us acquainted with a poet of the 16th century, whose name and works have hitherto escaped the notice of our bibliographers, will also prove that the fondness for alliterative poetry (occasioned, perhaps, by the popularity of *Piers Plowman*) had not entirely ceased, even at so late a period as the year 1550 (the earliest which I think we can well assign to the poem in question.)

This singular composition is contained in the same manuscript (MS. Ashmole 48, p. 145,) in which the works of Richard Sheale, noticed in my former communication, are found.

1.

Wanderyng on my waye, as I was wonte for to wende,  
 In a mornyng of May myrthes gan I myng.\*  
 In the dawnyng of the daye, when the dewes gandysse,  
 In Awrora, when Flore gan spreide and sprynge,  
 The dear in the dales champions gan chace,  
 The byrdes sat syngyng thys songe wyth lawdacion,  
 Saying " Good order ys ever in that place,  
 " Wheras honore ys hadde in heyhe estimacion."

2.

I stented of my steven,† and stode stone styll,  
 Undernethe the holtys thys harmonie to heare.  
 Hit sownded so of sapience that wytt was in wylle,‡  
 In the woodes by the waters as I niggede nee near.  
 The honters wyth ther hornes to thee hownddes blew base,  
 Their voices in the valleys was cause of consolacyon ;  
 Saying, " Good order ys ever in that place  
 " Wheras honor ys hadde in higge estimacyon."

\* Ming, mix in, participate.

† Stented of my steven, stinted of, or held my voice.

‡ Wytt was in wylle, does the author mean that his inclination coincided with his judgment, in the wish to hear these sounds of sapience ?

Then buskyd I me backwarde, and tomyde to a tre,  
 I was myndede to the mowntaynes w<sup>th</sup> a mylde moode.  
 The lovelyst Ladye in my syght ther dyd I see,  
 That ever bar body of bone and of bloode.  
 I was ravysht owt of reson with her fragrant face,  
 She talked so tretably with curtas communycacyon ;  
 Saying, " Good order ys ever in that place  
 " Wheras honore ys hade in bigge estimacyon."

This lady is Intelligence, who directs the poet to a castle inhabited by all the virtues. The poem (which is altogether allegorical, and contains no particular allusions to manners or customs) ends with the burden, " Sayinge good ordare," &c.

C.

¶ *Lachrymæ Musarum; The Tears of the Muses; exprest in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry Lord Hastings, onely sonn of the Rt. Honble. Ferdinando Earl of Huntingdon, Heir-Generall of the high born Prince George Duke of Clarence, Brother to King Edward the Fourth. Collected and set forth by R. B*

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. Hor.*

*London, Printed by T. N. and are to be sold by John Holden, at the blue Anchor in the New Exchange, 1650. 8vo.\**

The Poems are,

1. By the Earl of Westmoreland. 2. Lord Falkland. 3. Sir Aston Cokaine. 4. Sir Arthur Gorges. 5. Robert Millward. 6. Thomas Higgons. 7. Cha. Cotton. 8, 9. Tho. Pestel, *pater*. 10, 11. George Fairfax, Latin and English. 12, 13, 22. Francis Standish. 14. Jo. Joynes. 15. Sam. Bold. 16. J. Cave. 17. Phil. Kindar. 18. Rob. Herrick. 19. John Fenham. 20. Andrew Marvell. 21. J. Hall. 23. J. B. 24. Tho. Bancroft. 25. W. Pestell. 26. Tho. Pestell, *the son*.

\* The Editor is indebted to Francis Freeling, Esq. for the loan of this work.

27. R. P. Latin. 28. John Rosse. 29. Alex. Brome.  
30. Edward Standish. 31. Ric. Brome, who I presume  
was the editor of the collection.

“Here was the end of the book intended to have been ;  
and so was it printed, before these following papers were  
written, or sent in.”

32. M. N. 33. “Joannes Harmarus, Oxoniensis,  
φιλιαρτος, et C. W. M.” 34. “Joannes Dryden, Scholæ  
Westm. Alumnus.” 35. “Cyrillus Wyche, Scholæ  
Westm. Alumnus.” *Latin.* 36. “Edw. Campion,  
Scholæ Westm. Alumnus.” *Latin.* 37. “Tho. Adams,  
Scholæ Westm. Alumnus.” *Latin.* 38. “Radulphus  
Mountague, Edwardi Mountague Baronis de Boughton  
filius natu minor, ex Schola Westmonast.” *Latin.*

I shall first select the short pieces of two noble authors.

BY THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

Is there a bright star fall'n from this our sphere,  
Yet none sets out some newer kaleudar?  
Do the orbs sleep in silence? Is the scheme  
Struck dumb at th' apprehension of the theme?  
I shall not challenge *Booker* here? nor will I  
Call up the mathemat.-like dreams of *Lilly*,  
To search the reason, sift prognosticks out,  
How this so sad disaster came about ;  
Since that to every one it is well-known,  
The best and precious things are soonest gone.  
Such grief by th' cause is heighten'd to excess ;  
And where that falls, expression grows less.  
Yet if we'd scan why thus he's *Hasting\** hence,  
His name may give you some intelligence.  
The world with him this opposition had ;  
He was too good for it, and that too bad.

BY LORD FALKLAND.

Farewell, dear Lord and Friend, since thou hast chose  
Rather the Phœnix life, than death of crows ;  
Though Death hath ta'en thee, yet I'm glad thy Fame  
Must still survive in learned *Hastings'* name.  
For thy great loss my fortune I'll condole,  
While that *Elizium* enjoys thy soul.

\* A miserable pun. These lines give but a mean idea of the  
noble author's genius.

The

The following lines have considerable merit; and I more willingly introduce them as written by a poet, whose compositions are now little known.

BY SIR ARTHUR GORGES.

Since that young Hastings 'bove our hemisphere  
 Is snatch'd away, O let some angel's wing  
 Lend me a quill, his noble fame to rear  
 Up to that quire which Halleluiah sing.  
 Sure Heaven itself for us thought him too good,  
 And took him hence just in his strength and prime,  
 When Virtue 'gan to make him understood,  
 Beyond the peers and nobles of his time.  
 Wherefore 'twill ask more than a mortal pen  
 To speak his worth unto posterity;  
 Whose judgment shin'd 'mongst grave and learned men,  
 With true devotion and integrity:  
 For which in heaven the joys of lasting bliss  
 He reaps, whilst we sow tears for him we miss.

But I no praise for poetry affect,  
 Nor Flattery's hoped meed doth me incite;  
 Such base-born thoughts as servile I reject:  
 Sorrow doth dictate what my pen doth write:  
 Sorrow for that rich treasure we have lost;  
 Zeal to the memory of what we had;  
 And that is all they can, that can say most.  
 So sings my muse in zeal and sorrow clad:  
 So sang Achilles to his silver harp,  
 When foul affront had reft his fair delight;  
 So sings sweet Philomel against the sharp;  
 So sings the swan, when life is taking flight:  
 So sings my Muse the notes which sorrow weeps;  
 Which anthem sung, my Muse for ever sleeps.

BY SIR THOMAS HIGGONS.

These are thy triumphs; Death, who prid'st to give  
 Their lives an end, who best deserve to live!  
 Dull, useless men, whom Nature makes in vain,  
 Or but to fill her number and her train;  
 Men by the world remembred but till death  
 Whose empty story endeth with their breath,  
 Stay till old age consume them; when the Good  
 The Noble and the Wise, are kill'd i'th'bud.

Such

Such was the subject of our grief, in whom  
 All that times past can boast, or times to come  
 Can hope, is lost: whose blood, although its springs  
 Stream from the royal loins of England's kings,  
 His virtue hath exalted, and refin'd;  
 For his high birth was lower than his mind.  
 But that the Fates, inexorably bent  
 To mischief man, and ruin his content,  
 Would have this sacrifice, the Sisters might  
 Have been affected with so sweet a sight,  
 And thought their hasty cruelty a crime,  
 To tear him from his friends before his time.

---

BY CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

Amongst the mourners that attend his herse  
 With flowing eyes, and wish each tear a verse,  
 T'embalm his fame, and his dear merit save  
 Uoinjur'd from th' oblivion of the grave,  
 A sacrifice I am come to be  
 Of this poor offering to his memory.  
 O could our pious meditations thrive  
 So well, to keep his better part alive,  
 So that, instead of him we could but find  
 Those fair examples of his letter'd mind,  
 Virtuous emulation then might be  
 Our hopes of good men, though not such as He.  
 But in his hopeful progress since he's crost,  
 Pale Virtue droops, now her best pattern's lost.  
 'Twas hard, neither divine, nor human parts,  
 The strength of Goodness, Learning, and of Arts,  
 Full crowds of friends, nor all the prayers of them,  
 Nor that he was the pillar of his stem,  
 Affection's mark, secure of all men's hate,  
 Could rescue him from the sad stroke of fate.  
 Why was not th' air drest in prodigious forms,  
 To groan in thunder, and to weep in storms?  
 And, as at some men's fall, why did not his  
 In Nature work a metamorphosis?  
 No; he was gentle, and his soul was sent  
 A silent victim to the firmament.  
 Weep, ladies, weep; lament great Hastings' fall;  
 His House is buried in his funeral.  
 Bathe him in tears, till there appear no trace  
 Of those sad blushes in his lovely face:

Let

Let there be in't of guilt no seeming sense,  
 Nor other colour than of innocence.  
 For he was wise and good, though he was young,  
 Well suited to the stock from whence he sprung :  
 And what in youth is ignorance and vice,  
 In him prov'd piety of an excellent price.  
 Farewell, dear Lord ; and since thy body must  
 In time return to its first matter, dust ;  
 Rest in thy melancoly tomb in peace ! For who  
 Would longer live, that could but now die so ?

For a full and minute account of the illustrious house of Hastings, the reader is referred to *Nichols's Leicester-shire* under *Ashby de la Zouch*.

“ ¶ *Thys Prymer off Salisburye vse is sett owgh! along wythowght ony serchyng, wyth many prayers, and goodly pyctures in the Kalender, yn the matyns off our lady, yn the houres off the crosse yn the vii. psalmes : & yn the dyryge, with the xv. oos yn ynghlysh & the 9fessionall & Jesus psalter newly em- prynted yn Paris, wythyn the howse off Thylman Kerver att the expenses of Johan growte boke seller yn london dwellyng wyth yn the black freers next the church doore.*” 16mo. b. l.

Below this title is the small device of *Thielman Kerver*, with the date M.D. xxxiii.

At the end of the Calendar with which this little volume opens, “ The dayes of the weke ” are “ moralysed ” in verse : after which we have “ The maner to lyue well ” compiled by “ Mayster Johan quentin doctour in dyuinite at Parys ; trāslated out of frenche into englysse by *Robert Coplād prynter at Londō.* ” Near the end, signat. N. iiii. is a table of the general contents ; with “ Expliciunt hore beatissime virginis Marie secūdam vsum Sarum, totaliter ad longum, cum orationibus beate Brigitte, ac multis aliis, impresse Parisiis, impensis quidem honesti viri Joannis Growte librarii, opera autem cōspicue matrone Yolande Bonhomme vidue defuncti Thielmanni Kerver, sub vnicorni commoratis, in vico diui Jacobi Anno dñi. M.D. xxxij. mense Augusto.”

Then



Then follows, after another impression of the device,  
 “ An inuocacyon gloryous named the psalter of Jesus,”  
 mentioned in the title at the beginning : from the close of  
 which the following “ Prayer to Jhesus” has been  
 copied.

- “ Jhesu Lorde that madest me  
 And with thy blode haste bought  
 Forgyue that I haue greuyd the  
 In wordes werkes and thought.
- ¶ Jhesu for thy woundes smerte  
 On thy fete and handes two  
 Make me lowly of my herte  
 The to loue as I shulde do.
- ¶ Jhesu cryste to the I call  
 That arte god full of myght  
 Kepe me clene that I do not fall  
 In deedly synne day ne nyght.
- ¶ Jhesu gyue my askynge  
 Perfyte pacyence in my dysease  
 And that I neuer do that thyng  
 The to angre or dysplease.
- ¶ Jhesu that arte heuen kynge  
 Sothfast gost and man also  
 Gyue me grace of good endynge  
 And them that I am holden to.
- ¶ Jhesu for thy dolefull teres  
 That thou weped for my gylte  
 Here and spede my prayers  
 And graunt that I be not spylte.
- ¶ Jhesu for them I the beseche  
 That angre the in any wyse  
 Stryke them not in thy wreche  
 And let them lyue in thy seruyce.
- ¶ Jhesu joyfull for to se  
 Of thy sayntes euerychone  
 Conforte them that carefull be  
 And helpe them that be wo begon
- ¶ Jhesu kepe them that be gode  
 And them amende that greuyth the  
 And sende vs fruyte and erthly fode  
 As vs nedeth in our degre.

¶ Jhesu that arte without leas  
 Almyghty god in trynyte  
 Seas all varre & send vs peas  
 With lastyng loue & charyte.

¶ Jhesu that art the ghostly stone  
 Of all holy churche en erde  
 Brynge thy flocke all in to one  
 And rule them ryght in one herde.

¶ Jhesu for thy precyous blode  
 Brynge the soules in to blysse  
 For whom I have any good  
 And forgyve them theyre mysse. Amen.”

E.

¶ *The Censvre of a loyall Subiect: vpon certaine noted Speach & behaiours of these fourteen notable Traitors at the place of their executions the xx and xxi of September, last past. As also, of the Scottish Queen, now (thanks be to God) cut of by iustice, as the principal Roote of al their treasons. On Wednesday the 8 of Februarie 1586. Wherein is handled matter of necessarie instruction and comfort for al duetiful subiectes: especially, the multitude of ignoraunt people. Feare God: be true to thy Prince: and obey the Lawes. At London. Printed by Richard Jones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and the Crowne, neere Holborne bridge. qto.*

At the back of the title-page is the following Advertisement :

“Cvrteous Reader: my good friend M[aster] G[eorge] W[hetsone] at his departure into the country left this most honest worke to be censured by me, being right well assured by the continuance of our true friendshipes that I would not deceiue him with a flattering iudgment, and (trust me) vpon a considerate reading, I found it a little book containing a large testimony of his loyalty to his Prince and country, a sweet comfort and most sound counsail for good subiectes: concluding, by many fair examples of Traitors foule endes, that the reward of treason is distruction, and after death lasting infamie. I haue aduentured to possesse  
 thee

thee with the benefite thereof, before I made account vnto him of my liking, which is that no good subject can mislike the same, and I made the more haste herein, because some wicked persons that will not be admonished haue now by new conspiracy desired our publike sorrowe, and by their discovery haue brought an vniuersall ioy into the church of God. Giue God thanks for his wonderfull preservation of her Maiestie and the confusion of her enemies; serue him and read this booke which trulie promiseth thee that such miscreate persons shall neuer prosper in their deuices. No more but feare God and thou shalt fare well. Thy louing frien, T. C.\*

It is dedicated to the right honourable Sir William Cecill, Knight, Baron of Burleigh, Lord high Treasurer of England, &c. wherein the author says,

“ I present, for the general instruction of my countrey-men the subjects of England, my obseruances of certain noted speach and behaiours of those fourteene notable traitors, which lately suffered for their treasours: trusting that this censure, by the sentence of all good subjects, will merite the acceptance of my former bookes, which hetherto haue escaped the disgrace of publike reproofe. Protesting, in the behalf of my writing, that my desire hath euermore bene to instruct all men and not to iniure the worst of the wicked.”  
Subscribed: “ Humbly at your Lordship’s commandement. G. W.”

Then the work as “ a Censure, in forme of a Dialogue” wherein three are “ the speakers: Walker, a godly deuine; Weston, a discreet gentleman; Wilcocks, a substantial clothier.” The last has newly arrived at home and relates the best news at London.—Here our author takes opportunity to show his loyalty, leaving scarce one of the persons that had suffered in the time of Elizabeth unnoticed. His observations on the Q. of Scots appear the most interesting at the present period.

“ In very truth (he says) necessitie hath made the bloody deuices of the Scottish Q. so common, as no good subject may iustly be forbidden to deriue the cause, both of foraigne and domestike conspiracies, from her vnprincely heart. Our sacred Q. Elizabeth’s mercy hath many yeares contēded with a number of fearful admonitions to preserue both the life and honor of this most vnkinde queen. When the

\* Q. Thomas Churchyard?

Scottes, her own people, pursued her life and printed her defame the Queene's Maiesty entertained her as Augustus did his enemye Cinna: she gaue her her life that many waies sought her own life: and was so carefull of her honour that she forbad the bookes of her faults to be conuersant among her english subiects, which almost in euery other nation wer made vulgar:\* but Cinna after three times forgiuenes, became (none so) faithful to Augustus: when this Scottish Queen, being three times thrise forgiuen, remaineth (none more) bloodily infected to Queene Elizabeth, her own hand writings be witnesses. During the whole course of her abode in Eng. which may be properly called a protection, and no imprisonment, ther is nothing more manifest then that her mallice thirsted the death of her own life. The currantes of her practises were so general as euery good christian prince know as much, and certified her Maiestie no lesse: in fine seeing y<sup>c</sup> her pretēdings were not only against the person of her maiestie, but that they also reached to the change of christiā religion, some zealous members of the Church of God, in publique writing did set downe, the daunger of her Maiesties mercye, † and in christian pollicy shewed by many waightie reasons, that God deliuered the Scottish Queen vnto the sword of her iustice, as he did many idolatrous princes into the handes of the kinges of Israell: But our most gracious Queen notwithstanding these continual aduertisementes with a magnanimous heart digested all this danger: yea, she was so farre from reuenge as shee yeilded not to make her subiects partakers of these forraine counsels whom next vnder her, they principally concerned. Lastly, when the continual importunities of her louing subiects by all the estates of Parliament tyred her Maiestie with petitions to proceed to the sentence of her own lawes, her clemency found out delay, when justice would admit no excuse. But the delaye of execution prooued so dangerous as the safety of y<sup>c</sup> Queenes Maiestie (was in iudgement of the wisest) held desperate so long as the Scottish Queen liued: and (therfore) to the vnspeakable grieffe of y<sup>c</sup> Queenes Maiestie, though (otherwise) to the vniuersall ioy and desire of her subiectes, justice was executed vpon this vngodly Queene vpon Wednesday the 8 of Februarie 1586.”

Eusebius Hood.

\* Bookes written against the Scottish Q. forbidden in England.  
*Margin.*

† A book long since written in French to sentence the bloody proccdings of the Scottish Q. with death. *ib.*

¶ *A Relation of ten years Travels in Europe, Asia, Affrique, and America. All by way of Letters occasionally written to divers noble personages, from place to place; and continued to this present year, by Richard Fleckno. With divers other Historical, Moral, and Poetical pieces of the same author.*

*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

*London. Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by* 8vo. pp. 176.

As very little is known of Fleckno's history,\* though Dryden's poem has coupled his name with contempt, I copy fully the contents of this rare little volume, for which the usual kindness of Mr. Heber has furnished me with the opportunity.

“ To the Lord Marquis of Newcastle, who in answer to a copy of verses of his sent him the following.

Fleckno, thy verses are too high for me,  
 Though they but justly fit thy Muse and thee,  
 Cæsars should be thy theme on them to write,  
 Though thou'dst expresse them more than they could fight;  
 Those worthies rank them in thy wit's pure file,  
 Though Homer's blush, and Virgil's lofty stile:  
 For thy poetic flame is so much higher,  
 Where it should warm, 't consumes us with thy fire.  
 Thy vaster fancy does embrace all things,  
 And for thy subject ought t'have greatest kings.

---

My Lord,

I received the verses you honored me withall, which impose on me a necessity of deserving them, although I do not yet; to which end I know you writ them (for 'twere too great presumption in me to imagine you flatter'd me) it being one of the gentlest arts of friendship *laudando præcipere*, to praise ones friends into virtues which they want; yet must I glory in it, and praise it every where; since if, as Cicero says, *laus est laudari a laudabili viro*, 'tis only true praise to be praised by a praise-worthy man, how glorious must it be to me, to be praised by the most praise-worthy man alive? by one who has the most of the nobleman in him,

\* See Scott's Dryden, vol. x. p. 441.

the most of true greatness, and who is of so equal a mind in all fortunes, as prosperous could never elate, nor adverse e'er depress; no more, my Lord, but the assurances that I shall always be

Your Lordship's most, &c."

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The first letter to Col William Evers from Gant, (*Ghent*) 1640, states the author's reasons for leaving England, saying that, like certain birds, he flies from coming storms. The second letter in 1641 is from the same place, and contains a character and epitaph of the Earl of Strafford. The third letter is from Ghent to Mr. Henry Petus in 1642. Letter IV. is to the Lady Audley from Brussels, 1642. Letter V. from the same place to Mr. Edward Lewis, 1643. Letter VI. is also from Brussels, 1644, and concerns his "resolution to travel into Italy." Letter VII. is to Mademoiselle de Beauvais, from Paris, 1644. VIII. To the same, from Marseilles, 1644. IX. To the same from Genoa, 1645. X. To the same from Rome, 1645. XI. To the same, from Rome, 1645, "containing an historical relation of the marriage of the Duchess of Lorain." XII. "To the Duchess of Lorraine, from Rome, 1645, touching the state of her affairs." XIII. "To Sir J. S. from Rome, 1645, in answer to his news of the Scots coming into England." XIV. "To the Lord Marquis Camillo Bagni, from Rome, anno 1645." XV. "To Count Salazar, from Rome, 1646, on the taking Piombino and Porta Lengona." XVI. "To the Princess of Hozzollern, from Rome, 1647, of his irksome life at Rome, and hope he had to revisit Flanders." XVII. "To the Count Salazar, from Genoa, 1648. Of the reduction of Naples, and some passages concerning it." XVIII. "To the Lord Thomas Somerset, from Marseilles, 1647. Of his voyage and return out of Asia." XIX. "To the Lord Charles Dudley, Prince of the Empire, &c. from Lisbon, 1648. Of his sea-voyage from Provence to Portugal." XX. "To Doctor Hart at Rome, from Lisbon, 1648. Concerning some reports of him at Rome." XXI. "To the Countesse of Berlamont, 1648, where he merrily describes his life at Lisbon." XXII. "To Mademoiselle de Beauvais, from Lisbon, 1645." XXIII. "To the same, 1648. Of his sea-voyage from  
Lisbon

Lisbon to the Brasils." XXIV. "To the Reverend Father John Pererio of the Society of J. in Brasil, 1650." XXV. "To the Lord ——— from Lisbon, 1650. Of some discourses in Portugal." XXVI. "To Mr. John Mulys, 1650. Character of an English merchant resident in foreign parts." XXVII. "To the Duchess of Lorain, at Berseel nigh Brussels, 1650. The description of the Countess of Berlamont's funeral." XXVIII. "To the same. Apprehending danger from the inflammation and redness of the Princess's eyes." XXIX. "To the same. Merrily describing his journey on foot from Berseel to Bruxelles." XXX. "To the Lord Duke of Buckingham. In praise of Berseel, a castle of Mademoiselle de Beauvais nigh Bruxelles." XXXI. "To Mademoiselle de B. 1650. The reason of his leaving Bruxelles to wait upon the Duchess of Lorain into the country." XXXII. "To Monsieur Laurius, Lieutenant Civil at Gant, 1650." XXXIII. "To Mademoiselle de B. 1650. Of language." XXXIV. "To the same, Of the pronunciation of several languages." XXXV. "To Mademoiselle de B. Of fame." XXXVI. "To Mademoiselle de Clerque at Gant, 1650. Wherein he declares the life they led in the country." XXXVII. "To Mademoiselle de Beauvais. The vices of evil tongues arraigned." XXXVIII. "To the Lady —, 1651. Of secrets." XXXIX. "To the Lady —, how we are to contemn the calumnies of the world." XL. "To Mademoiselle de B——. Of affectation." XLI. "To Mademoiselle de B——, 1651. Inviting her into the country, the plague being hot at Bruxelles." XLII. "To Mademoiselle ———, taking exceptions at somewhat he had writ." XLIII. "Per Speculum in Enigmat. On a mirour in enigma, presented to the Princess of Loraine." XLIV. "To Mademoiselle de Beauvais in raillerie, 1651." XLV. "The answer." XLVI. "To Mademoiselle de Beauvais, 1651. On his leaving Breen." XLVII. "To the Lady Tenham, 1654. In sending her a song or ballad." XLVIII. "To Cloris, 1654. On her going out of town. XLIX. "To the Lord Rich." L. "To the Lady ———. Of the Temple of Friendship, a tragi-comedy he was writing, with the character of the persons." LI. "To

Lilly drawing Cloris picture," poetry. LII. "To the Lady Biron. On the black hair of a fine lady," poetry. LIII. "To Briget Countess of Desmond. In excuse of his no sooner celebrating her praises," poetry. LIV. "To Cloris," poetry. LV. "To the Lady Elizabeth Darcey," poetry. LVI. "To the Lady Isabella Thinn," poetry. LVII. "The fair mourner. To the Lady Howard," poetry. LVIII. "To Misa. Angry because she was old," poetry. LIX. "To the same. On her striving to appear still fair and young," poetry. LX. "To Phillis. Reporting he loved her because he praised her," poetry. LXI. "To the Vice-roy of Norway, 1655. In sending him some verses, which he desired."—"On his choosing Valentines." LXII. "To the Countess of Desmond. On the death of Lady Theophyla Carey, daughter to Henry Earle of Monmouth, 1655." LXIII. "To Mr. Thomas Higgins. With his ode in praise of a country life." LXIV. "A condoling epistle to the Duchess of Richmond, 1655. On the death of my Lord Duke her husband." LXV. "A consolatory epistle to the Queen Mother of France, Mary of Medices, written about the year 1641. Omitted in its place, and inserted here."

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" ODE IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

O happiness of country life,  
 Which town nor palace ne'er could boast;  
 Where men are e'en with gods at strife,  
 Whose happiness should be the most.

Whilst innocently all live there,  
 Lords of themselves as well as land,  
 Out of the road of hopes and fear,  
 And out of Fortune's proud command.

While to deprive men of their own,  
 Is crime which yet they never saw,  
 Nor more injustice e'er was known,  
 Than not to give beasts hunted law.

Where but for fish there's none lay baits,  
 Nor traps but for some ravenous beast,  
 And but for fowl there's no deceits,  
 So harmless they're in all the rest.

Where



Where of false dealings none's afraid,  
 And soothing flattery none allows,  
 But only in the dairy-maid,  
 Who, whilst she milks them, strokes her cows.

Where only in sheep-shearing time  
 The rich the poor do seem to fleece,  
 And of oppression all their crime  
 Is only whilst they make their cheese.

Then for the pleasant do but think  
 Th' vast difference there is twixt both,  
 Whilst men in towns live in a sink,  
 A life e'en very beasts would loath.

Where nothing on the earth does grow  
 To speak the seasons ; but (in sum)  
 By dirt they only winter know,  
 And only dust shews summer's come.

Then for serenating the mind,  
 Without which no contentment is,  
 Where in loud cities shall you find  
 A recollection like to this ?

Where on some object whilst I stay,  
 And hidden cause of it would find,  
 No noise does fright my thoughts away,  
 Nor sudden fright disheart my mind.

Or if that any noise there be,  
 'Tis such as makes me not afeard,  
 Of water's fall, birds' melody,  
 O'th' bleating flock, and lowing heard.

Meantime how highly are they blest,  
 Whose conversation's all with them,  
 Who only but for th' name of beast  
 Are in effect less beasts than men.

For no ambition makes them fight,  
 Nor unto mutual slaughter run,  
 Invading one another's right  
 Till th' one or both be quite undone.

None others acts calumniate,  
 Nor misinterpret every word ;  
 For others lives none lies in wait,  
 Nor kills with poison, nor with sword.

Then to conclude, the country life  
 Has happiness towns could never boast,  
 Where men are even with gods at strife,  
 Whose happiness should be the most.

And since life somewhere must be spent,  
 Give me but Amoret's company,  
 Without which life has no content,  
 And here I could both live and die."

These lines have some poetical merit, and place Fleckno in a better light than he has hitherto appeared in.

July 28, 1812.

B.

¶ *Sivqila. Too good to be true. Omen. Though so at a veue, Yet all that I tolde you, Is true, I vpholde you: Nowe cease to aske why? For I cannot lye. Herein is shewed by way of Dialogue, the wonderful maners of the people of Maugsun, with other talke not friuolous. Seen and allowed, &c. Printed in Thames Streate, neere vnto Baynards Castell. 1580. [Back of title "the armes of Sir Chr. Hatton." Colophon,] At London Imprinted by Henry Binneman, dwelling in Thames Streete neere vnto Baynardes Castle. 1580. pp. 178. Quarto.*

This work was followed, in the next year, by "The second part and knitting up of the Boke entituled "Too good to be true. Wherein is continued the discourse of the wonderful Lawes, commendable customs, and strange manners of the people of Maugsun. Newly penned and published by Tho. Lupton. Printed 1581. 4to."—Few readers are unacquainted with the Utopia of Sir Thomas More; this dialogue describes an imaginary commonwealth, and is imitative of that fanciful and visionary work;\* it contains much good sense, but is decidedly inferior to its elegant prototype.

The following extract is not inapposite, even at the present *enlightened* period.

"There is not one dicer nor yet carder in all our country. Oure Rulers, Lordes, Knightes, and Gentlemen, (wishing rather to profite other, than to fill their purses wyth other mens pence, and to solace their wearyed mindes

\* The interlocutors are Sivqila a stranger, and Omen an inhabitant of Maugsun.

"There

by honest pastimes, than to get greedie gain by diuelish and detestable diceplaye) doe use diuers times (when they doe playe) to playe at Chesse, the Astronomers game, and the Philosophers game, whiche whettes their wittes, recreates their minde, and hurtes nobody in the meane season.\*

Sivqila. These games you speake of are too busie for manye of oure heades: and many of our heades are other-wise too busie to followe your good orders. Dice-playe is so commonlye used with us, that many boyes, seruingemen, and other, are more experte in playing at dice, than in Dauid's Psalmes.

Omen. Haue you no lawes againste suche unlawfull games?

Sivqila. Yes, we haue lawes to forbid them, and licences to allowe them.†

Omen. That is as thoughe a father shoulde commaunde his sonne to goe to schoole, and immediatly give him leave to playe the trewant. Those lawes shal never be wel kepte, that are licensed to be broken.—Nay, if we haue lawes, we keepe lawes.”

The general discussion of the work is often relieved by “pleasaunte” narrations, amongst which is the well known tale of Androcles and the Lion.‡

Bristol.

J. F.

¶ *A Swete and deuote Sermon of holy saynt Ciprian of mortalitie of man. The rules of a Christian lyfe made by Picus erle of Mirandula, bothe translated into englyshe by syr Thomas Elyot knyghte. Londini in aedibus Tho. Bertheleti. Colophon, Thomas Berthelet regius impressor excudebat. An. 1534. Cum privilegio.*

Several of the curious tracts published by this worthy knight have already been noticed in the pages of the Bibliographer, and the present may assist in a completion of the list.

The dedication is,

‘To my ryghte worshypfull suster dame Suzan Kyngestone, and prays her ‘to communicate it with our two susters religiouse Dorothe and Alianour.’

Bristol.

J. F.

\* The exercise of the higher sorte. *Margin.* † Marke well. *ib.*

‡ This has very lately been elegantly modernised from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Mr. Elton (the translator of Hesiod) in his *Tales of Romance.*

¶ *Flowres of Epigrammes out of sundrie the most singular authors, selected, &c. by Timothie Kendall, late of the vniuersitie of Oxford, now of Staple Inn. London, 1577. [Sixteens, containing S. in eights.]*

Kendall's poems are of extreme rarity, nor can I, at the present moment, call to mind more than two other copies; one in the collection of the late Mr. Malone, the other (and that imperfect) in the library of George Mason.

The copy now before me wants the title-page, but I have transcribed it from Herbert's *AMES*, vol. ii. page 1115, for the sake of rendering the present account more perfect. On sign. A ij. is the epistle dedicatory, "to the right honourable the lorde Robert Dudley, earle of Leycester, baron of Denbigh, master of the queenes maiesties horse, knight of the noble order of the garter, cheefe chaunceler of the uniuersitie of Oxford, and one of her highnes moste honourable priuie counsell:" [to whom] "Timothe Kendall wisheth happy health, with increase of honour."

Of the author little is now known.\* He was a native of the county of Oxford, and, although he has escaped the researches of the Oxford biographer, became a member of that university, having previously received a school education at Eton. From thence he removed to Staples inn, London, and here all traces of his life, for the present, remain.

The volume is divided into two parts, 1. *Flowers of Epigrams: out of sundrie the moste singular authors selected*, containing 112 folios, ending at sign. O 8. 2. *Trifles by Timothe Kendal, deuised and written (for the moste part) at sundrie tymes in his yong and tender age*. The latter, although foliated anew, begin at sign. P. On the last leaf the following colophon, *Imprinted at London in Paules churche yarde, at the signe of the Brasen Serpent by Jhon Shepperd Anno 1577*, with the singular device of a swan performing on a violin, with a scroll of music before it, and represented as singing the following lines from Martial beneath,

\* For some notices of the family of Kendal, who were distantly related to Sir Aston Cockain, see the *Topographer*, vol. ii. 158, and vol. iv. 112.

“Duleia

“Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua,  
Cantator Cygnus funeris ipse suis.”

So much for the typographical description of this volume. I wish I could add, that its literary merit was at all equal to its rarity, but this, perhaps, were too much to expect, for had it possessed more intrinsic value it would have been more carefully preserved; as it is there are not, in all probability, six copies in existence.

Immediately following the epistle before mentioned is the author's preface “to the courteous and frendly reader,” part of which I transcribe. “Hanyng enured my selfe in my greene and growyng yeares to readyng of poetrie (an arte in my mind and censure both princely and pleasant) in riper yeares I could neither hy faire meanes be allured, nor foule mines procured, from embracyng thereof, so greatly therewith was I linked in loue.”—Now (courteous reader) of all sorts of poems and poesies, none (mee thinketh) are more pithie and pleasant, than pretty, shorte, witty, quicke and quippyng epigrammes; in the which kiud of writyng Marcus Valerius Martialis is counted cheefly to excell. Wherefore out of him (as sundrie other most singular authors) haue I translated and taken sundrie short, propper, pithie and pleasant verses and epigrammes for thy no little profite and great delectation: marrie, this I must let thee vnderstand, that as well out of Martial as the rest, I haue left the lewde, I haue chosen the chaste; I haue weeded away all wanton and woorthlesse woordes; I haue pared away all pernicious patches; I haue chipt and chopt of all beastly boughes and brāches, all filthy and fulsom phrases. Which I thinke none will mutter at and mislike, but snche as delight more to drawe of the dregs, than drinke of the delicate liquour.” He then promises, “if thou shalt thinke well of mee and thanke mee, I shall (God willyng,) shortly as conuenient leisure shall serue, either augment these, or publish more for thy delight and profite. In the meane tyme, take these in good part (I beseech thee) whiche were made of mee,

Cum mihi vernarent dubia lanugine malæ.

Vale.”

Warton (*Hist. Eng. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 432) justly observes: “It is charitable to hope, that our translator Timothy Kendall wasted no more of his time at Staples Inn

Inn in culling these fugitive blossoms. Yet he has annexed to these versions his Trifles, or Juvenile Epigrams, which are dated the same year."

It seems, however, that his contemporaries were of a contrary opinion, since W. Seymour, Gentleman, of Gray's Inn, George Whetstones, E. G. (probably Edward Guilpin,) Abraham Fleninge, A. W. (perhaps Andrew Willet,) and G. L. wrote commendatory verses on the volume. The latter two copies in Latin, one in hexameter and pentameter lines, the other a Sapphick ode.

Although Kendall professes to have translated the greater part of his epigrams from Martial, he has by no means confined himself to that author. Some are from Pulix, Pictorius, Dardanius, Angelus Politianus, Textor, Balbus, Erasmus, Ansonius, and others; some from the Greek Anthologia, Beza, Sir Thomas More, Pontanus, Buchanan, Haddon, Parkhurst, and Ascham. From his translations it will not be necessary to give any long extracts; for Kendall's sole aim appears to have been, an exact version, line for line, from the Latin into his native tongue; nor has he evinced the slightest idea of retaining the terseness and point of his original author. Perhaps the two following are among the best specimens of this part of the volume.

MARTIAL.

*To hymselfe.*

“ Martial, the thinges that do attaine  
 The happy life be these I finde:  
 The riches left, not got with paine;  
 The fruitefull ground, the quiet minde.  
 The egall frend; no grudge no strife;  
 No charge of rule, nor gouernaunce;  
 Without desease the healthfull life;  
 The household of continuance.  
 The mean dyet, no delicate fare;  
 True wisdome ioynd with simplenes;  
 The night discharged of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppresse.  
 The faithfull wife without debate;  
 Such sleepes as may beguile the night;

Content thy self with thine estate,  
Ne wishe for death, nor feare his might." Fol. 18, b.

B. DARDANIUS.

*The Description of Iustice.*

"What hight's thy name, thou goddes, tell?  
My name doeth *Justice* hight.  
Why lookst thou fell? teares, plants nor bribes  
Maie make me goe from right.  
Borne of what stocke? of Gods above.  
Thy parent's names descrie?  
*Measure* my sire, my mother *Truste*,  
My nurse was *Penurie*,  
A babe who lulde thee in her lap,  
Fair *Prudence*, noble dame.  
By whom doest thou the guiltie knowe?  
*Judgement* doeth shewe the same.  
Why beares thy lefte hande ballaunces;  
Thy right, a shinyng blade?  
The one doeth ponder causes iuste;  
To plague the sworde is made.  
So fewe why are there thee to ayde?  
Good men are vauisht quight.  
Who doeth thee still associate?  
Poore *Plainesse*, pure and bright.  
Why is thy one eare open wide,  
Thy other closed faste?  
The good, they alwaies must be heard;  
The bad, they must be caste.  
Why in apparell art thou poore?  
Who will be iuste and right,  
Shall neuer, while he liues, become  
A riche and wealthie wight." Fol. 36.

Probably the three next are among his worst.

PARKHURST.

*"To Candidus.*

Poore Proclus, Martha tooke to wife,  
Of lofty linnage hie:  
She was not, Candidus, his wife,  
But mistres his, perdie." Fol. 97.

*"The*

“ *The Lover.*

Who more a wretch than he  
Whom Loue tormenteth sore ?  
With scorchyng heate of Cupid’s coales  
He burneth euermore.” Fol. 105, b.

“ *Of Loue.*

Loue is for to be liked, if  
Both loue so, as they ought ;  
But where one loues, the other lothes,  
There Loue is vile and nought.” Fol. 105, b.

The second part of the book, entitled *Trifles*, consists entirely of Kendall’s own compositions. At the back of the title is the following extract from Cornelius Gallus :

“ *Diversos diversa juvant, non omnibus annis  
Omnia conveniunt ; res, prius apta, nocet.  
Exultat levitate puer, gravitate senectus,  
Inter utrumque manens stat juvenile decus.  
Hunc tacitum tristemque decet, fit clarior ille  
Lætitia, et linguæ garrulitate suæ.*”

Considering that these *Trifles* were “ devised in his young and tender age,” it will be allowed that Kendall’s quotation is, here, very pertinent.

From this portion of the volume it is, that we learn the few particulars of the author’s life already related. At fol. 5, b, are “ *Verses written to his father when he was scholler in Aeton ;*” at fol. 14, “ *Preceptes written in his frend Richard Woodward’s praier booke, sometime his companion in Oxford ;*” and at fol. 30, “ *An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father, William Kendall which died (beyng cut of the stone) and lyes buried at Northaston in Oxfordshire.*” Besides these persons, he addresses his uncle Henry Kendall ; his cousins Paul Tooley, Mary Palmer, and John Kendall ; his dear brother (probably by marriage) John Sheppard, of Gray’s Inn, and has epitaphs on his mother Alice Kendal ; his aunt Ellen Kendall ; the Lady Alice Avenon, and “ a sorrowfull sonet vpon the death of Walter, late erle of Essex.” He addresses also two short pieces to Henry Knevet gentleman, the same, as I conjecture, celebrated by Borbonius in his *Nugæ*.

Our readers have already had a taste of Kendall’s  
powers



powers of translation, and I regret to say his original compositions will not advance his poetical reputation. It may, however, be stated to his credit, that a strong moral sentiment runs through most of his productions, and that he has followed the same rules himself, which in his preface he prescribed to those authors he undertook to make speak English. Sometimes, indeed, a want of delicacy in his allusions and expressions will obtrude itself, but this is a fault too prevalent in most of our English epigrammatists, particularly at the period when we may suppose Kendall wrote, and it may justly be attributed more to the taste of the times than the ill intentions of the writer. But it must be owned by all persons, that these improprieties occur but seldom, in comparison with the excellent moral precepts, we meet with at, nearly, every page. Of this class are the following :

“ *Commendation and praise of Vertue.*

By riches none are happie made,  
 For riches slide awaie ;  
 Thou got with sweate, and labour greate,  
 At length, yet they decaie.  
 Faint, faultryng, fumblyng, feble age  
 Decreaseth sturdie strength,  
 Health sicknesse quailes, and beautie braue  
 Doeth flittryng fade at length.  
 Sweete ticklyng pleasure tarries not,  
 Nor maketh any staie,  
 But in an hower, a little tyme,  
 Doeth vanishe quight awaie.  
 But *Vertue* faire adornes the mynde,  
 And perfect doeth remaine ;  
 She stedfast bides, and neuer slides,  
 And naught maie *Vertue* staine.  
 No tyme can *Vertue* faire deface,  
 She after death endures,  
 And vs, aboue the clustring cloudes,  
 A place with God procures.  
*Vertue* doeth make vs blessed, and  
 A happie ende doeth giue,  
 And, when we rotten bones remaine,  
 Yet *Vertue* makes vs liue.” Fol. 8.

“ *How to get the Loue, bothe of God and men.*

Who leaues ; who loues ; who liues ; who lends ;  
 Who spares ; who spies ; who speakes ; who spends ;  
 Shall purchase to hymself the loue  
 Of men beneath and God aboue.

*Exposition.*

Who leaues to lead a lothsome life ;  
 Who loues the lazor poore to feede ;  
 Who liues in loue, and hateth strife ;  
 Who lends who lackes and stands in neede ;  
 Who spares to spende, and waxeth wise ;  
 Who spies the baite and shunnes the hookes ;  
 Who speakes the truthe and hateth lies ;  
 Who spends his tyme in sacred bookes ;—  
 Hym God hymself in heauen aboue,  
 And men beneath shall like and loue.” Fol. 6, b.

We now pass to our author’s wit, which is generally very poor.

“ *Of Papistes.*

If murdryng monsters mount the skie,  
 Then papists thither packe, perdie !” Fol. 21.

“ *Of Loue.*

Loue worketh woonders great,  
 Straunge thinges it bringes to passe ;  
 It maketh of a prudent man  
 A very doltish asse !” Fol. 5, b.

The following are rather better :

“ *Of a Lawyer.*

Thou saist that for Lawier,  
 Then thee none may be better :  
 Nor none so good (say I)—put out  
 The third and second letter.” Fol. 18, b.

*Another.*

“ Wouldst haue mee tell what law thou hast ?  
 Thou hast as muche as need.  
 An old saw said, *need had no law*—  
 No more hast thou indeed.” Fol. 26, b.

Few of our readers, perhaps, would guess the following enigma :

“ *A Cherrie.*

" *A Cherrie.*

A red skin glisteryng me doeth hide,  
 I doe with ioyce abounde ;  
 Insteade of harte I holde a stone,  
 Wherein is kernell founde." Fol. 27.

I will conclude this article, the length of which nothing but the rarity of the book could, in any way, excuse, with another riddle somewhat plainer and somewhat better.

" *Nix.*

More white I am then plume of swan ;  
 Daughter of winter colde I am ;  
 Lesse harde then ice conceal'd am I,  
 Yet not lesse colde then ice, perdie.  
 Thinner then mushrome that doeth growe ;  
 To water thin, heate makes me goe.  
 The letter first, take from my name,  
 And nine in number thou doest frame.  
 If this woorde, *Cor*, thou ad to me,  
 The blackest birde I am to see." Fol. 27.

P. B.

¶ *The most Excellent and Famous History of the most Renowned Knight, Amadis of Greece, surnam'd the Knight of the Burning Sword, son to Lisuart of Greece, and the fair Onoloria of Trebisond. Representing his Education in the Court of King Magadan, his conquering of the Defended Mountain, his Combat with his Grandfather the Emperor Esplandian, his killing Trandalon the Ciclops, and falling in love with Lucella daughter to Alpatracy King of Sicily, his arrival in the Isle of Argenes, where he put an end to the Enchantments of Quee. Zirfea, his assisting his Great-grandfather King Amadis in the Island of the Great Siclades, and in respect to him, taking on himself the name of Amadis of Greece : Together with the high and noble Enterprizes of his Cozen Lucencio, Gradamart son to the King of the Giant's Island, Birmartes son to the King of Spain, and many other Noble Knights and Gallant Ladies ; all no less useful than pleasant. Humbly addrest to the Beauties of Great*

*Great Britain. By a Person of Quality. Licensed according to order. Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur street without Newgate, and I. Blare at the Looking Glass on London Bridge. 1694. B. l. sm. quarto, pp. 220.*

This is a translation from the seventh\* book of the *Amadis de Gaule*, but by whom executed, I do not know. I am not aware of any earlier edition than the present: if so, this could not have been rendered into the English language by the fashionable translator of romance, Anty. Munday, as he flourished about a hundred years preceding the date of it. We are then, I fear, left in the dark as to the real name of the person of quality who undertook the task of giving the adventures of the Knight of the Burning Sword to the public in an English dress. The ensuing preface follows the title-page.

“ To the Beauties of Great Britain.

“ To you, fair Ladies, does our younger Amadis, after his traversing many vast and foreign regions, address himself, laden with triumphant spires, and crown'd with victorious laurels; all which he humbly lays at your feet, whom he acknowledges to be not only the fairest, but also, the kindest and best natur'd of your sex. In your soft arms and silken laps he hopes to find that repose he has so long in vain been seeking thro' so many hard and perillous adventures: And these hopes of his are much encouraged, by his considering the favourable reception you some time since gave his father *Lisvart*, his grandfather *Esplandian*, and his great grandfather *Amadis of Gaul*, King of *Great Britain*, the greatest exemplar of constant and loyal love that is in any history, of this sort, to be found. If therefore you will graciously condescend to his request, and receive him into your favorable embraces, he here makes a solemn protestation, that all his future endeavours shall wholly be directed to procure your satisfaction and delight, and his chief ambition shall be, to let the world see how highly he values the honour of being

Your

Amadis of Greece.”

\* The late Mr. Dutens was incorrect in his account of this romance, as he states it to be the ninth book of *Amadis de Gaule*.—*Généalogies des Heros de Roman*.

The

The work contains 63 chapters (the number in the French edition,) consisting of the usual proportion of combats, shipwrecks, enchantments and intrigues. At the end of the last chapter, a *second* part is promised, if the present work should receive encouragement; from the want of that encouragement or from some cause, no second part ever made its appearance in a translation, and the history, which ought to embrace at least the eighth book of *Amadis de Gaule*, is consequently imperfect.

Mr. Southey, speaking of the Spanish romance, says, "In *Amadis of Greece* may be found the *Zelmanc* of the *Arcadia*, the *Masque of Cupid* of the *Faery Queen*, and the *Florizel* of the \**Winter's Tale*. These resemblances are not imaginary (*Florizel* indeed is there with the same name)—any person who will examine, will be convinced beyond a doubt that *Sidney*, *Spenser*, and *Shakespeare*, each of them imitated this book,—was ever book honoured by three such imitators!"

In vain would any person search for the *Florizel* above alluded to in this work. *Florizel* is the hero of the 9th book of the *Amadis de Gaule*, in which the name of *Amadis de Greece* is scarcely to be found: so that Mr. S. is hardly warranted in stating that the *Amadis of Greece* is so fortunate in its imitators.

This book contains a few miserable wood-cuts, and is most wretchedly printed.

W.

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¶ *Greenes farewell to Folly. Sent to Courtiers and Schollers as a president to warne them from the vaine delights that drawes youth on to repentance. Sero sed seriò. Robert Greene, Vtriusque Academicæ in Artibus magister. Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for T. Gubbin and T. Newman. 1591. qto. extends to M. 3.*

In forming the list of Green's works† the earliest date

\* It has been always conjectured, that Shakspeare borrowed his plot from Green's '*Dorastus and Fawnia*.' The latter was probably the imitator of the romance.

† *Cens. Lit.* vol. p. 11.

of the "Farewell to Folly" I could then give was 1617. The present copy, with six other pieces equally rare, had lately a vellum cover written upon "Seuall smale bookes bounde together," and appeared to have been collected before 1600. It is in the possession of Mr. Phelps, from whose collection I have derived much valuable assistance on this and many other occasions.

The dedication runs "to the honorable minded gentleman, Robert Carey, Esquire: Robert Greene wisheth as many good fortunes as the honor of his thoughts doe merite. Hauing waded, nobie minded courtier, though the censures of many both honourable and worshiull in comitting the credite of my hookes to their honourable opinions as I haue found some of them not onely honourably to patronize my workes, but curteouslie to passe ouer my vnskillfull presumption with silence, so generally I am indebted to all gentlemen that with fauors haue ouerslipt my follies: Follies I tearme them, because their subiects haue bene superficiall, and their intents amorous, yet mixed with such morrall principles that the preceptes of vertue seemed to craue pardon for all those vaine opinions loue set downe in hir periods. Seeing then (worthie Macænas of letters) my workes haue beene counted follies, and follies the fruit of youth, many yeeres hauing bitten me with experience, and age growing on bidding mee *Petere grauiora*, to satisfie the hope of my friends, and to make the world priuie to my priuate resolution, I haue made a booke called my *Farewell to Follies*: wherein as I renounce loue for a foole, and vanitie as a vaine too vnfit for a gentleman, so I discover the generall abuses that are ingrafted in the mindes of courtiers and schollers, with a colling card of counsell, suppressing those actions that straie from the golden meane of vertue. But (right worshiull) some are so peremptorie in their opinions, that if Diogenes stirre his stumpes, they will saie, it is to mocke dancers, not to be wanton; that if the fox preach tis to spie which is the fattest goose, not to be a ghostly father; that if *Greene* write his *Farewell to Follie*, tis to blind the world with follie, the more to shadow his owne follie. My reply to these thought searchers is this, I cannot Martinize, swear by my faie in a pulpit, and rap out gogs words in a tauerne, faine loue when I haue no charitie, or protest an open resolution of good, when I intend to be priuately ill; but in all publicke protestations my wordes and my deedes iumpe in one simpathie, and my tongue and my thoughts are relatives.

But

But omitting these digressions (right worshipful) to my book, which as it is the farewell to my follies, so it is the last I meane euer to publish of such superficial labours, which I haue aduentured to shroude vnder the shelter of your worshippes patronage, as vnder his wing, whose generall loue bought with honorable deserts, may defend it from the iniurie of euerie enuious enemie. I can shadowe my presumption with no other excuse but this, that seeking to finde out some one courtier whose vertuous actions had made him the hope of many honours, at whose feete I might laie downe the follies of my youth, and bequeath to him all the profitable fruits of my ensuing age, finding none that either fame could warrant me, or my own priuat fancie perswade to be of more hope then your selfe, I set downe my rest, and ventured boldly on your worship's fauour, which if as I haue found before, I obtaine now, I shall thinke my selfe as fortunate in getting so honorable a patronc for my new indeuours, as vnhappie for blemishing my forepassed youth with such friuolous labours. And thus hoping my honest resolution to do well shall be countenanst with your worship's curteous acceptance, I commit you to the Almightye. Your worship's in all humble seruice, Robert Greene."

Then follows an address :

"To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities health.

"Gentlemen and Studentes (my olde friendes and companions) I presented you alate with my Mourning garment; howe you censure of the cloth or cut I knowe not, but the printer hath past them all out of his shop, and the pedler founde them too deare for his packe, that he was faine to bargain for the life of Tomliuolin to wrappe vp his sweete powders in those vnsauorie papers: If my garment did any Gentleman good I am glad, if it offended none I am proud, if good man find fault that hath his wit in his eyes and can checke what he can not amend, mislike it, I am careles, for Diogenes hath taught me, that to kicke an asse when he strikes, were to smell of the asse for meddling with the asse. Hauing therefore Gentlemen (in my opinion) mourned long enough for the misdeedes of my youth, least I shoulde seeme too Pharisicall in my fastes, or like our deare English brethren that measure their praiers by the houre glasse, fall a sleepe in preaching of repentance. I haue uowe left of the intent and am come to the effect, and after my mourning present you with my Farewell to Follies, an vltimum vale to al youthful vanities: wishing al Gentlemen, as wel Courtiers as Schollers,

Schollers, to take view of those blemishes that dishonor youth with the quaint shew of pleasant delights. What a glorious shew would the spring present if the beautie of hir floures were not nipt with the frostes? how would Autumne boast of hir fruites if she were not disguised with the fall of the leafe, and how would the vertues of youth shine (polished with the ripe conceit of wit) if they were not eclipsed with the cloudes of vanity. Then, sweete companions and louemates of learning! looke into my Farewel, and you shall find the poisons which infect young yeares, and turning but the leafe reade the antidotes to preuent the force of such deadly confections. Lay open my life in your thought and beware by my losse, scorne not in your age what you haue learned in your accidence, though stale yet as sure as check. *Felixa quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Such wags as haue bene wantons with me and haue marched in the Merçers booke to please their Mistris eye with their brauerie, that as the frolike phrase is, haue made the tauerne to sweat with riotous expences, that haue spent their wits in courting of their sweethearts, and emptied their purses by being too prodigall, let them at last looke backe to the follies of their youth, and with me say, farewell vnto all such vanities. But those young nouices that haue not yet lost the maidenhead of their innocency, nor haue not heard the melody of such alluring syrens, let them read that they may loth, and that seeing into the depth of their follie they may the more detest that whose poysoned sweetnesse they neuer tasted. Thus generally I woulde wish all to beware by me to say with me, farewell to follie. Then shoulde I glorie that my seede sowne with so much good will shoulde yeeld a haruest of so great aduantage. But, by your leaue Gentlemen, some ouer curious will carpe and say that if I were not beyond, I would not be so bold to teach my betters their dutie, and to shew them the sunne that haue brighter eyes than myselfe; well Diogenes tolde Alexander of his follie and yet he was not a king. Others will flout and ouer read euerie line with a frumpe and say tis scruie, when they themselues are such scabd Jades that they are like to dye of the fazion; but if they come to write or publish anie thing in print, it is either distild out of ballets, or borrowed of theologicall poets, which for their calling and grautie, being loth to haue anie prophane phāphlets passe vnder their hand get some other Batillus to set his name to their verses: Thus is the asse made proud by this vnder hande brokerie. And he that can not write true Englishe without the helpe of Clearkes of Parish Churches,



Churches, will needes make himselfe the father of interludes, O tis a iollie matter when a man hath a familiar stile and can endite a whole year and neuer be beholding to art; but to bring Scripture to proue any thing he sayes, and kill it dead with the text in a trifling subiect of loue, I tell you is no small peece of cunning. As for example, two louers on the stage arguing one an other of vnkindnesse, his mistris runnes ouer him with this canonically sentence; A man's conscience is a thousande witnesses; and hir knight againe excuseth him selfe with that saying of the Apostle, Loue couereth the multitude of sinnes, I think this was but simple of Scripture. In charitie be it spoken I am perswaded the sexten of Saint Giles without Creplegate, would haue beene ashamed of such blasphemous rhetoricke. But not to dwell in the imperfection of these dunces, or trouble you with a long commentarie of such witlesse cockescombes, Gentlemen, I humbly intreat pardon for myselfe, that you will fauour my farewell and take the presentation of my booke to your iudiciall insights in good part, which courtesie if I finde at your hands as I little dout of it, I shall rest yours as euer I haue done.

Robert Greene."

The running title of the work is "Greene *his* farewell to Follie," and the story is fixed at the period "when the state of Italie was pestered with the mutinous factions of the Guelphes and Ghibellines," which occasioned the senate of Florence to wear coats of steel, and those of the house of Farneze, who were not interested for either of the contending parties, to leave the city. Of this little society the following is the description.

"The chiefe of these was Ieronimo Farneze, a noble man, honorable for his parentage, and honoured for his vertue, one that in his youth armed his actions with prowesse, and in his age made a prooffe of his life by wisdom, who discovering the miserie of time by experience, founde that sweeter was the dew that dropt from peace than the showers that powred downe from wars, that the garland of Mercurie was more precious than the helmet of Mars, that quiet and content sooner rested vnder the marble altar of Pallas than vnder the siluer targets of Bellona, not that the nobleman thought it dishonorable to be martiall, but that he counted it prodigall to be factious: to auoide therefore all suspition that might insue by his residence in so troublesome a citie, setting his household

affaires in some good order accompanied with his wife, three daughters and foure young gentlemen allied vnto him by affinitie, hee departed from Florence, seated himselfe in a farme of his about sixe miles distant from Vienna: the eldest of his daughters was named Margaret, the seconde Fraunces, the youngest Katherine, all which as ioyning in a sympathie of their parents propagation, were beholden to Nature for beauty, to Fortune for wealth, and to the Gods for wisdom and vertue: the young Gentlemen were these, Seignior Peratio, Seignior Bernardinos, Seignior Cosimo, and Messieur Benedetto, all, as I said before, allied to Farneze by affinitie and therefore honorable, and directing the course of their liues after his compasse and therefore vertuous."

Retired to a grange in a melancholy situation, the effects of solitude are met by a spirited conversation, which forms the first, second, and third discourse of Folly, illustrated by the tales of Peratio, Cosimo, and Bernardinos, which last is levelled against gluttony. It follows:

"Bernardino's tale.— In the citie of Auspurg in Germaine there ruled not long since a Duke whose name for reuerence I conceale, and therefore will tearme him Don Antonio, a man of very honorable parentage, but so giuen to the filthy vice of dronkenesse as he almost subuerted the state of the citie, with his gluttonies, for oftimes he fell into tyranous and barbarous cruelties, as one that had martiall law in his power, and other whiles gaue wrong sentence against the innocent, as his humour fitted, which excesse had led him. But aboue all the rest, a poore man hauing a matter to plead before him, which he was acertaind by law should goe on his side. Don Antonio comming dronke to the place of iudgement, sleeping in his surfets, neuer considered the equitie of the cause, but gaue sentence against the poore man, and condemned him in so great a summe, as scarce all his moueables were able to discharge, well the verdict giuen he had no remedy but to abide the censure of the iust iudge, and to make sale of all that he had to answer his condemnation: which done so little remayned that hee had nothing left to maintaine his wife and children, wherupon pouertie being the heauiest burden a man can beare, presented vnto him a glasse of many miseries, which were apparent to insue by distressed want, wherein after the poore wretch had a long while gazed he fell to despaire, that flinging into his backe side, he toke the altar out of his stable, and running into the field went to hang himselfe in a thicket hard adioyning to his house,

house, where yet a little entering into consideration with himselfe, he began thus to debate, "Infortunate Rustico, for so we will terme him, how art thou oppressed with sundrie passions, distres haling thee on to despaire, and the care of thy soule willing thee rather to choose pouertie than hell; well did Tymon of Athens see the miserie of man's life, when hee bought a peece of ground, wherein hee placed gibbets and spent his time in such desperate philosophie as to perswade his friendes to hang themselues, so to auoide the imminent perilles of innumerable misfortunes, so Rustico seeme thou an Athenian, be one of Tymon's friendes, listen to his doctrine, follow his counsell, preuent miserie with death. But alas this is not sufficient, for in freeing thyselfe from calamitie, thou leaueth thy wife and children in a thousand sorrowes, and further thou cuttest off all hope of reuenges. Reuenge, yea reuenge Rustico, for assure thyselfe if thou liuest not, yet God will reuenge, haue two sinnes escaped unpunished, hath not the accursed Duke to his drunken messe added iniustice, yes, and therefore deserues to be reuenged with thine owne hand, let examples arme thee to the like attempt. Philip King of Macedonia was slaine by a meane gentleman, Pausanias, because he would not let him haue iustice against Antipater, who had offred him wrong. Demetrius hauing receiued many requests of his poore subiects, as he passed ouer a bridge threwe all their supplications into the water, for which cause hee became so odious to his subiects that they suffered Pyrrhus his enemy to driue him out of his kingdome without battell. Ferdinando the fourth putting to death a knight more for anger than anie iust cause, the gentleman at the sentence cried out, Iniurious emperour, I cite thee to appeare before the tribunall seate of God, to auswere this wrong within thirtie daies, on the last of which expired tearme the Emperour died: then comfort thyselfe, Rusticó, let not despaire arme thee to such an heathenish resolution, rather liue to reuenge than die to double thy miserie, and seeing the Duke hath dealt thus hardly, vse him as Alexander Seuerns handled his secretarie, who beeing a caterpillar in the court and selling the fauourable lookes of his maister for coyne, promising poore men to prosecute their sutes, when he neuer mooued their cause: at last in requitall of this treacherous dealing was tied to a post and choaked with smoake, hauing a proclamation made before him by sound of trumpet, that they which sell smoake shoulde so perishe with smoake." The poore man from these plaintes fell into teares, that ouercome with the passions hee fell a sleepe, where in a  
dreamo

dreame was by God reuealed vnto him the means of reuenge, as soone as he awoake and called vnto minde the vision, thinking it to be no fantasticke illusion of the brayne, but a strickt commaunde from the heauenly powers wente home and waxed contrarye vnto his woonted custome very merrye, frequenting dayly the Duke's palace, where giuing himselfe vnto drinking he became in time to bee in some fauour with the Duke, who neuer remembered that hee sat in iudgment against the poore man. On a time seeing that oportunitie fauoured him, he requested the Duke that as he went on hunting he would take the paines to visit his poore house, where he should finde no daintie faire but onely that he durst promise a cup of good wine. This worde was enough to perswade the Duke to a greater matter, so that he granted to come. The poore man glad that his purpose was like to take effect and made a sale of all that hee had, euen to his verie shirt, to the great sorow of his wife, and wonder of his neighbours which knew not his pretence, as soone as he had pretillie furnished himself with mony he bought great store of excellent and delicate viandes of strong and pleasant wine conuaied them home to his house, whether within two daies after the Duke foresent his cooke, certifieng the poore man that he would dine with him, who prouiding most sumptuous fare set all his wealth vpon the table at one dinner, and intertained the Duke with such a heartie welcome that he not onely wondered where Rustico got such store of victuals but gaue great thanks for his good cheere. Rustico serued in wine in such abundaunce, that Don Antonio fell to his olde vice of dronkennes and in such sort as he neuer tooke so much in his life; the poore man seeing him take his drinke so freely, went to one of his trumpeters, and told him that the Duke commanded hee shoulde by sounde of trumpet presently summon all the citizens to appeare at his house eyther without delaie or excuse, which commande hee forthwith executed, and the burgomaisters & chiefe men of the citie meruailing what this should meane, yet hasting to the house of Rustico they found a scaffolde erected at the doore, where after they had stayed awhile Rustico came forth and began to speake in this manner:

“Worthie Citizens and Burgomasters of Auspourg, I knowe you meruaile what the cause of your comming is, especially seeing mee that am poore and vnlettered prepare to offer an oration to such politike gouernours, but it is the care of my countrie and especially of this citie, which is like to ruinate through the want of the possession of a perfect magistrate  
that

that driues me to this resolute and desperate attempte; the dutie of a magistrate, as I haue heard a certaine philosopher should set downe, consisteth in three espéciall pointes, in ruling, teaching, and indging, that hee be wise to gouerne, vertous to giue insample and impartiall to iudge, for, as Cicero saith, sooner shall the course of nature faile than the subiects will leaue to follow the steps of their prince. If then that commonwealth be happy that is gouerued by such a king, in what distresse is that citie that wanteth such a magistrate, and hath one that neither ruleth, teacheth, or doth iustice, hut censures all things by the pallet. Philip of Macedonia beeing desired by an olde woman to heare her complaint, answered hee had no leisure. Then, quoth she, be not king, meaning that a prince ought to haue more care ouer the affairs of the commonwealth then ouer his own priuate busines. Then worthe citizens, what may that citie saie whose gouernour is addicted to his own pleasure, that delights not in iustice but in superfluity, that honors not the seate of iudgment with philosophie but poluteth the place with dronkenesse, that studieth not in the lawe but his library is in the kitchen, that seeketh not to learne wisdome but to gorge his stomack with delicates; such a one, worthe citisens, haue we for our duke, our gouernour, our magistrate." And as hee vttered that word, his poore wife and children dragged the Duke vpon the scaffold, who was all besmeared in his owne vomite and resembling rather a brute beast then a man, bred loathsomnes to all the people: which the poore man taking for his aduantage, cried out: "See Burgomasters and Citisens of Auspourg, your duke, your magistrate, your gouernour, who is come vpon the scaffold to heare the complaints of the widow and fatherlesse and to minister iudgement. This is the man that condemned me in the halfe of my goods by iniustice, and the other halfe I haue solde to present you this spectacle: the one halfe he gaue awaie beeing dronken, and the other, this daie hee hath consumed in gluttony. Now, citizens, shame you not at such a sight, what shall Germanie, France, Italy, and all the bordering cities report of our towne? What straunger will desire to traffique where there is such a glutton? what citie can ioy where there is such a gouernour? If you suffer this, the commonwealth is like to ruinate, and you and your children like to beare the burthen of a superfluous tyrant: See what Rustico hath done for his countrie, now vse him as you please." The Burgomaisters by a general assent, gaue commandement that he should be vacouered vpon the scaffold til he came to himself, and in  
the

the meane time they assembled themselues and determined his exile. The Duke, after he had taken two or three houres sleepe, finding himself vpon an open scaffold, was ashamed, but hearing what had happened to him by the meanes of Rustico, and how the Burgomaisters had resolved on his banishment, as one feeling the horrour of the fact, desperatly went into the poore man's backe side and hanged himselfe, which newes being brought to the Burgomaisters, with a general voice they created Rustico gouernour of the citie."

At the conclusion of this parly, to prevent the cook being cholerick, they go to dinner, "and so," says the author, "for this time we will leane them. Finis."

J. H.

¶ *A Cypres Garland. For the Sacred Forehead of our late Soueraigne King James. By Hugh Holland, P. Ouid. Naso. Infælix habitum temporis huius habe. London, printed for Simon Waterson. M.DCXV. qto. 12 leaves.*

Hugh Holland was born at Denbigh about 1563. He was bred at Westminster school (says Wood) while Camden taught there, a circumstance alluded to in the present elegy, which, upon the same authority, seems the only one of his pieces that has been printed. Of his manuscripts some of them were presented to the King, as in the present dedication, "to my Lord the Dvke of Byckingham's grace," he says ;

"It was you that led me by the hand, not once, nor twice, to kisse that awful hand of his, to which I durst not haue else aspired. With what sweetnesse and brauery the great majesty of Brittanie imbraced then his meanest vassal, and those my humble compositions, our young souereigne (thou prince of my country) your Grace and the honourable Lords then present, perhaps remember ; sure I am I can neuer forget, and if I do, let my right hand forget her cunning ;" and his verses commence,

"Who now wil reade my rimes, and with exceding  
Sweet grace and accent, mend them in the reading :  
So would he praise the mauner and the matter,  
Nor did they him, he rather them did flatter.  
For with his sugred lips my eares he charmed,  
And with his snowy hand my lips he warmed.

But

But now the frost of death my heart hath chilled,  
 My blood is through my eyes to teares distilled.  
 His ague hath me whole, that for enditing,  
 I neither haue a head, nor haud for writing.  
 Great Britany, that knowes no other bounders  
 But heav'n and sea, lost lately both her founders :  
 My master, king of armes by man's appointment,  
 My soueraign, king of peace by God's annointment.  
 Oh that my soueraigne had bin longer lined,  
 Or had my Camden yet a while suruiued :  
 With angell's quill, what else can reach his glory ?  
 To write this mortall god's immortall story :  
 But in that other world, which neuer endeth,  
 Him with his Lord's his herald, he attendeth."

The author also introduces himself and family in the following passage.

" Why was the fatall spinster so vnthrifty,  
 To draw my third foure yeares to tell and fifty ?  
 Why did not Atropos in peeces rauil  
 My string of life, and cut it with my nauill ?  
 Curs'd be the day that I was borne, and cursed  
 The nights that haue so long my sorrows nurced :  
 Yet grieffe is by the surer side my brother,  
 The child of payne, and *Payne* was eke my mother,  
 Who children had, the arke had men as many,  
 Of which, my selfe except, now breathes not any :  
 Nor *Vrsula* my deere, nor *Phil* my daughter,  
 Amongst vs death hath made so dire a slaughter.  
 Them and my *Martyn* have I, wretch, suruiued,  
 But all their deaths my soueraigne's hath retriued.  
 Each yeare, moneth, weeke, day, houre, I loose some  
 fleeces,  
 So from my selfe, and all, I part by peeces : \*  
 The whilst I stand in controuersy, whether  
 More sigh and weepe, I, or the winde and weather."

The " third four years to tell and fifty" shows our author's age to have been sixty-two, and may serve as some apology for the string of conceits which this offspring of his muse displays. He died at Westminster,

\* This idea is beautifully enlarged upon in an elegy by Thomson.

1633, and was buried at the abbey church of St. Peter.\*

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¶ *The Honorable Reprtion of a Souldier: With a Morall Report, of the Vertues, Offices; and (by abuse) the Disgrace of his profession.* [Wood cut of a warriour, half body, in armour with a sash.] *Drawn out of the lives, documents, and disciplines, of the most renowned Romaine, Grecian, and other famous Martialistes. By George Whetstone, Gent. Malgre de Fortune. Imprinted at London, by Richard Iones: dwelling neere vnto Holburne Bridge, 1585. qto. to sig. F ij.*

The dedication wishes “To the most worthy gent. Sir William Russell, knight, accomplishment of his honorable desire. Sir, (it continues) hauing, I may truly saye, with much labour compiled a booke, intituled, *The English Mirour*: The first part setting forth, the Conquests of Enuy: cõtaining ruine and subuertion of the auncient Monarchies and common weales, &c. The second part, shewing Enuy to be conquered by Vertue: publishing the peaceable victories of her Maiestie, to Gods hye glorie and vniuersall wonder. The third part, intituled, a Fortresse against Enuy: wherin euery good cõmon wealthsmã, may see the true offices, vertues, and (by abuse) the disgrace of his profession: But because the booke is of some volume, I cannot haue it speedily printed: and for that occasiõ now (at this present) maketh passadge for this subiect, being a member or small parcell of the fore-recited booke. Therefore, as a testimonie of the zeale which I beare to your worship and euery worthy person, whose profession is martiall, I reuerently submit my trauell, to be censur’d by your able iudgement, which medleth no whit with militarie execution, but altogether with morall governmēt, necessarie for a perfect souldier. For if I myselfe, which haue beene brought vp among the Muses, in our English (onely) peaceable and happy governmēt, should take vppon mee to set forth the order of battailes, th’ aduantages of places, the benefits of stratagems,

\* See Wood’s Ath. Oxon. vol. 1. col. 588, and Fuller’s Worthies, vol. ii. p. 567. ed. 1811.

with



with many other millitary regards both offenciue and defenciue, I might for my hyre, iustly receane the scoffe that Hanniball gaue vnto the Philosopher Phormio: who vpon such an indiscrete discriptiō) tould him that: The art millitarie was sooner learned of souldiers in the brode fields, thē of philosophers in close scoles. And certainly Haniball answered more like a philosopher, then Phormio reasoned like a souldier: for experiēce is y<sup>e</sup> true teacher of all artes, and therefore that honorable part of a souldier, which containeth martiall execution, I leaue to the report of the well experiēced captaine; and no doubt, among the worthe English captaines, there are some that can vse both Cæsars pen and sword. My trauell which worketh betweene fire and frost (as I haue saide) onely containeth: The morall vertues and honorable reputatiō of a souldier." Subscribed "your worship's by bounden dutie. George Whetstone."

To this epistle succeeds a poetical address

"To the right valiant Gentlemen and Souldiers, that are or shalbe armed vnder the ensigne of Sainct George: In recompence of their worthe aduentures, heauen, and euerlasting honor.

God with S. George, Allon, braue gentlemen!

Set speares in rest, renew your auncient fame:

Rush on the pikes, the cannon do not shen,

Your ancestors with passage through the same,  
This prouerbe raisde among the French, their foes,  
*Vous es si fier, que vn Anglois.*

Thou art as fierce as is an Englishman,

The French still say and prooffe the same did teach:

Turne you the French into Castillian,

It hath a grace in such a loftie speach:

Your cause is good and Englishmen you are,

Your foes be men euen as the French men weare.

The force of death that raiseth many feares,

In crauin harts which courage doe dispise;

Long liues the man that dyes in lusty yeares,

In actions where honour may arise:

And wherein may you honour more expect;

Then wronged men to succour and protect?

The Lyon prayses vpon the stoutest beast,

Yet lickes the sheep the which the wolfe hath wound:

So worthy miudes, proude lookes that feareth least,

Doth helpe to raise the wounded from the ground:

Like .

Like Lyons then the armes of England shield,  
Pray on your foes and pittie those that yeld.

I say no more but God be your good speede,  
And send you hap, which I did neuer taste ;  
And if this booke you do witsafe to reade,  
You cannot thinke your labour spent in waste :  
Which doth containe the morall rules of those,  
That followed Mars in thickest preace of foes.

George Whetstone."

Of this edition, probably the first, not any mention is made by our bibliographers. It was hastened in its appearance by the war with Spain, and being well-timed considered of sufficient importance for translation into Dutch, and printed in that language in the following year,\* and also formed a portion of the *Mirror* which came forth in 1586.† It is a compilation from history, principally the Roman, and commences with an enumeration of persons advanced from the lowest rank to the situation of general, or commander : observing, that the baseness of parentage might be no blemish to those that deserved well ; nor noble blood a privilege for those that did amiss ; the Grecians by a law, forbad him the tomb of his ancestors that added not some glory to their monuments. Amidst the many examples to establish the honourable reputation of a good soldier the author's judgment or modesty has made him select only two or three from our own annals. One may be given as a specimen.

“Couradge hath obtained great victories, but pollicie hath gottē wonderful and (almost) incredible.

“Prince Edwarde, King Edwarde the third's sonne, by pollicie ioyned with manhood, only with 8000 men, ouer-came King Iohn of Fraunce and his army of threescore thousand men : in which ouerthrowe King John was taken prisoner and sent into England, who seeing the graue counsellors that were attendant of the king, shooke his head, and sayd : “These fellowes (quoth hee) were they that brought me into England.” Attributing his ouerthrow to the graue directions of the king's counsell.”

Eusebius Hood.

\* Herbert, 1678.

† See the *Cens. I iteraria*, vol. v. p. 351.

¶ *Three godly and learned Sermons, very necessarie to be read and regarded of all men. Preached by Thomas Drant, Bachelor in Diuinitie. Imprinted at London. Anno Dom. 1584. oct. N. ij.*

These sermons are the production of the translator of Horace. The first two are dedicated to Sir Thomas Henneage, treasurer of the Queen's majesty honourable chamber, who is informed

“ The causes why I should offer them to you are these : Fyrst, many gifts worthy much commendations in yourselfe : then that I was your seruaunt, and in deede it shall not but delight me to call you and esteeme you as my maister : then that at all times you both haue deserued and beene wylling to deserue well of my studyes. Of the Sermons I will say no one worde, they are printed, and men haue eyes, God giue them iudgement : this one thing I must needes say, my health was very ill, hothe when I made these, and is yet stil : it hath spoyled me of my lecture at Paules, my beeing in the cittie, peraduenture shortly of the country and my life too.”  
Subscribed,

“ Your worships euer to be commanded Thomas Drant.”

The first sermon was preached at “ Saint Maries Spittle on Tuesday in Easter weeke, 1570.” The text from the Canticles, 5. 6. “ More specially (says the preacher) let vs pray for the churches of Englande and Ireland, and as the duety of our loue, and subiectiō most of all requireth, let vs pray for her most excellent Maiestie Elizabeth, by y<sup>e</sup> grace of God Queene, &c. That God's enemies and her enemies, may be made his and her footestooles. That her scepter may growe greene, and flourish like a palme-tree, well and moystlie planted, and that her seate may neuer totter, or nodde, but stand stedly as the seate of Salomon, and fayre as the sunne. That the dayes of her regiment may bee as the dayes of heauen. Let vs pray for all the nobilitie and genterie of this lande, that they doo not liue as the Gyautes or noble men before Noes floude, without raigne or rule : leaſt that as those giants brought downe vpon the heads of y<sup>e</sup> worlde a floude of water : so some of our English giants doo bring vpon vs a floude of fyre : That they may remember that saying of Dauid : I sayde you are Gods, because the worde is come to you. If the word come to them or they to the worde, then they are God's Gods, and God's Gentlemen. If it come not to them, nor they to it, then they are the Herald's Gods, and the

the Herald's Gentlemen. Pray for them that they may bee to their prince as Thomas was to his maister Christe: let vs goe, and let vs dye with him. That they may remember that God's booke of life is better then the Heraldes booke of armes, and that neither house nor bloode cau saue. . . . Pray for bothe twaine the Vniuersities of Cambridge, and Oxenforde, or as the Scripture calleth them, the families of the sons of y<sup>e</sup> prophets, that they may grow ou, frō strength to strength in courage of spirite, and from wisdome to wisdome in plenty of iudgement, that they may bee able men to teache, and reprooue, to plant and destroy, and that like young Samuel, they may profite in fauour with God and man. Pray for all the whole worlde . . . specially those that grone vnder the crosse of Gog of Rome and Magog of Constantinople, that they may be assisted with might or deliuered with speede."

Some further extracts may amuse. In attacking the Romanists, he says :

"The best argument they haue for the church of Rome is, because it was once a holy place, and the sound of the gospell went thence and therefore. styll Rome must be the broode mother of religion, and that there needes must be the church. And peraduenture, they will make it of the nature of Rome, that Rome hath the best religion: then we maye saye thus. Mount Flascon hath the best wine, the Athenians the best hony, Persia the best oyle, Babylon the best corne, India the best golde, Tyrus the best purple, Basan the best oakes, Libanus the best cedars, Persia the best iewelles, Arrabia the best spices, Tharsis the best slyppes, Englande the best sheepe, Saxonis the best oxen, Sicilia and Dalmacia the best horses, Pironis the best fishe, Ithaca the best swine, and Rome the best religion. Or thus: the Italians be most wittie, the Spanyards best water skirmigers, the Frenchmen best keepers of holdes, the Scotte with his launce, the Irish man on foote, the Germaine in voice, the Marmadons in strength, the olde Romanes best suffering of hunger and colde, and the new Romanes are most religious. Or thus: the Egiptians haue no beeues, Affricke hath no bores, the countrey Heleus hath no mules, the Macrobianes haue no yron, Athens hath no owles, England no woolues, Wight no foxes, Ireland no venemous beast, nor Rome no bad religion. . . . And now me thinke of these Romanes I may thus say: the Moores are a vaine people, the Phrygians searefull, the Israelites of an harde necke, and loden with sin, the

Athenians vaine glorious, the Grecians lyght, the Galathians dullardes, the Carthaginians falsifiers of theyr faith, the Cretes lyars, the Sodomites full of bread, the Jewes vsurers, the Persians wasters, the Spanyardes lechers, the Flemminges drinckers, the English gluttons, the Germanes vnciuill, the Lacedemonians theenes, the Canniballes cruell and the Romanes idolaters. So may I saye, and euen so doo I say: for vndoubtedly the Church of Rome is not Christes true church."

" Touching the hunger of orphans, and such as be fatherlesse, I doo not thinke but that it is very great, and I haue no great hope that it will be much lesse: The fathers themselues in this world haue much a doo to shift for themselues; therefore it must needes be the condition of these poore sely ones to hunger, to thyrst, to pine, and to starue. Yet the example of this good gentleman Alderman Dabbes, and his euer laudable goodnesse to *this lytle poore people*,\* was likely to haue styrred vp many after this tyme, to haue doone the lyke. But I trow, for all that we can preach and exhort it will be true, that when the Sonne of man commeth there will be but lyttle faith, and little good works too. This man in these orphans hath clad Christe and fed Christe. . . . Truly this land is a land of no charity, for euen of purpose they devise, good Lorde, to make hauocke of all thinges, that we may be releued with nothing. Hauocke in theyr owne apparell, theyr wiues, children and seruauntes apparell, outragious hauocke in theyr diets, yea, too much hauocke too many wayes. Theyr horssees chew and spewe vpon golde and syluer, and theyr mules goe vnder ritch veluette. Dogges are deare vnto them and feede much daintilie. Courses and kites coste them many a rounde pounce. There is none but thy Maiestie knoweth all thinges, that knoweth all theyr hauockes and vaine expenses so that we can get nothing: specially, good Lorde, O good Lorde, this London people, though it drawe neere thee with lyppes. and haue a name to liue, yet hath it a most flintie and vocycumcised heart, and is in deede of no bowels, Lord, heere is the ritch glutton to be seene vp and downe, and round about the towne. Heere is scarce any thing in the vpper sorte, but many a foolishe Naball scraping and scratching, eating and drinking and sodeinlie and vnworthely dying. The eyes of Juda were sayd to be redde with drinking, but much of this people haue theyr whole faces fyre red with continual quafing and carousing. Sodome and Gomorra were sayde to be

\* The voiccs of Christes Hospitall. *Margin.*

full of bread, but these Londoners are more then full, for they are euen hursten with bancquetting, and sore and sicke with surfetting."

"I will speake a thing of marueylous troth: A man is but a lily, the pride and glory of man is but the pride and glory of a lillie! Salomon is a lillie! King Salomon is a lily! King Salomon in all hys glory is a lillie! Sons of vanity to whom it is delightful to haue fethers to daunce in your tops as big as Ajax sheelde, to haue your heads Turkish, and your backes Spanish, your wastes Italian, and your feete Venetian, with such a world of your hosen glory about your loynes. Sounes (I say) of vanity, ye are but lillies. Salomon in all his glory is but a lily! Salomon in hys worst workeday apparell, is better then the best of you all. Salomon in hys best holyday apparell is not so braue as a lilly: ye therefore in the huffe of your ruffe are nothing comparable to a lily, no not to a fiede lily. Daughters of vanity and dames of delicacy, ye thinke it fine and featous to be called roses, primroses, and lilyes: and indeede it is true in respectes you are roses, primroses, and lilies: When ye haue gotten all vpon your heads and backes which English soile dooth yeeld and many a marchaunt hath fetched full farre, when all your taylors haue broken their braines about contriuing of formes and fashions, yet then are ye nothing so tricky trime as the lily."

The second sermon was preached "at the court at Windsor, the eight day of January, 1569," the text being from Genesis: "They were both naked, Adam and Eve, and blushed not;" wherein the courtiers are severely inueighed against for their luxury of dress.

The last was delivered at St. Mary's Spittle, Tuesday in Easter week, 1572; the text selected from Eccle. 11. v. 1, 2, 3. It is dedicated to Sir Francis Knolls, Knight, who is told it "hath three specialties in it. The fyrst is, it speaketh and pleadeth much for the releefe of pouerty. Secondly, it is earnest for the safety of the prince and weale publicke as it now is. Thirdly, it is tarte and vehement against sinne: as bribery, simony, vsurie, hipocrisy, flattery, hard hartednes, vitiousnes, trouthlesnes," &c. It was commended by Dr. Humfrey at Paul's Cross.\*

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\* It was also printed singly, and probably there were several editions: there was one by John Day, n. d.

# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup>. XIV.

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## On Romance and Minstrelsy.

WHILST we justly congratulate ourselves on the general diffusion of literature in our own days, and on the speed with which any valuable work of science or imagination is communicated from one country of Europe to another, we too seldom are tempted to ask whether our ancestors had any similar means of diffusing their knowledge and the works of fancy they produced? And yet even a slight acquaintance with the romances, and the shorter fabliaux of the middle ages in the different European languages, proves that with respect to this branch of literature at least (no doubt the best calculated to insure mutual research and communication in the chivalrous ages) the minstrels and writers of romance, whether retained in the houses of the great, or wandering from one city or village to another for the amusement of the middle and lower ranks, took care to procure both large romances and shorter narrations from their comrades in other countries. With respect to the larger romances the fact is well known, and their very bulk readily accounts for the circumstance, as transcripts were no doubt procured and safely lodged in the libraries of monasteries and colleges. Hence we find the greater part of the romances relating to Arthur and Charlemagne existing in some shape or other in most of the languages spoken by the Christians at the time. The deeds of Lancelot, Tristrem and Ywaine, as well as those of Orlando Oliver and Ogier, were equally popular in England, Italy, Spain, Germany, and even in Scandinavia, as in France, where most of the gests were originally recorded and embellished with fictions. The singular diffusion of these longer narra-

tive poems, which is equally observable in the fabulous tales of Troy and of Alexander, has been noticed by several authors, and may one day be the subject of a more extended memoir.

To account for the speedy and equally universal diffusion of the shorter narrations or fabliaux, recourse must be had to other suppositions. From their shortness and from the small number of monastic MSS. in which they are to be found, they appear to have been chiefly handed about by oral tradition, and hence we may account for the infinite change of incident, character, and place of action, and the continual curtailments and additions which they have been subject to. Stories which originated in the East, and whose place of action had been Bagdad or Cairo, were readily transferred at the option of the reciter to Paris, Lincoln, or Vienna, and nothing was more easy than to adapt the costume to the several countries they were transferred to. The scarcity of MSS. mentioned above may be easily proved. The French fabliaux published by Barbazan and Méon are principally selected from two or three MSS. preserved at Paris; in the Teutonic language a considerable number are still extant in two MSS. at Vienna and Strasburgh; while the number of similar productions and translations of the English minstrels (who it may be presumed were equally assiduous to procure the amusement afforded by these tales to their countrymen as they were to translate the longer legends) at present in existence is comparatively trifling. Among the Spaniards they were probably formed into the shape of their comic romances, at least one of these\* which I have lately met with is no other than the widely-diffused story of the Citizen's Wife of Orleans (Méon's Barbazan, III. 161.) The Italians, whose literature and language were fixed at a much earlier period than those of other modern European nations, were enabled to hand down these stories in a far less perishable form. The original of many of Boccaccio's novels has been traced, and if the Italian commentators had been equally attentive to the matter of the tales, as they have been to the Tuscan idiom of his language, they might have pointed out the

\* Coleccion de D. Ramon Fernandez, Madrid, 1796, vol. xvi.



source of most of them. The same assertion holds good when applied to the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, the *Pecorone*, and the collections of *Bandello*, *Masuccio*, and *Cinthio*, with the rest of the host of the Italian novelists.

A great number of these popular tales undoubtedly came from the East, but there is reason to suppose that the obligation was repaid in many instances by the Europeans to the Orientals. Others no doubt were founded on actual facts, variously altered by different composers and reciters. But the confusion is so great that the possibility of tracing many to their original source is almost out of the question; at least a research of this kind would require many years labour, and the question, whether such a period of time would be well or ill bestowed, or ever reward the toil requisite to accomplish it? might easily startle the most assiduous lover of romance. In the progress of a man's reading he may, however, with little difficulty meet with resemblances the most striking, and trace originals of many stories hitherto supposed inventions of the author. The collections of the learned illustrator of *Shakspeare* might startle any other collector who has picked up a few grains among the heap of chaff which has been accumulating for centuries, but they should not deter him from communicating any really curious discovery of the kind. It is with this view I offer the present slight memoir for insertion in your valuable miscellany, a portion of which I am happy to observe is dedicated to romance; as well as to stimulate others to communicate the result of their investigations to the public.

The story of the curious fabliau of *Dan Hew of Lincoln*, inserted in a late number,\* has been employed by a variety of *Trouveurs* of different nations, and has been moulded into various forms. The oldest copy is probably the tale of the *Little Hunchback* in the *Arabian Nights*, pointed out by your correspondent, if its antiquity may not be disputed by a similar story in the *Seven Wise Masters*, and from thence copied into the *Gesta Romanorum*.† The tale was eagerly seized upon

\* Vol. ii. p. 593.

† Most of these coincidences have been pointed out in *Mr. Douce's* digest of the last mentioned work, but I have repeated them to mention the variation which gave rise to the English tale.

by the French and Italian novelists. The fabliaux of Estourmi and Des trois Boçus, as well as a novel of Straparola in the Bergamask dialect, and some later imitations, differ but little from the original Oriental tales. But Dan Hew belongs to a variety of the tale, the oldest specimens of which to my knowledge are the fabliaux Du Prestre qu'on porte, Du Segrestain Moine,\* and Du Segrestain de Clugny, abridged in Le Grand; either of the two latter, which nearly coincide, appears to me the undoubted original of Dan Hew, as well as of the first novel in Masuccio's Novellino.

I take this opportunity of subjoining a few other curious coincidences. In the last mentioned novelist, the story of Chaucer's Miller's Tale, which Tyrwhitt had not met with elsewhere, occurs. As Masuccio flourished a considerable time after Chaucer, (*circa* 1460) and as the former is very unlikely to have been acquainted with the Canterbury Tales, it appears more than probable that both authors were indebted to some prior fabulist.

A late perusal of the Notti of Straparola† suggested several coincidences between his novels and some stories once highly popular in this island. From the fifth novel of the eighth night Robert Armin translated the Italian Tailor and his Boy; another of his novels (Notte xi, favola 2) bears a very striking similarity to the ancient romance of Amadas lately printed; and the fabliau of Sir Cleges, the original conclusion of which I was happy to meet with in your last number, strongly resembles part of the buffooneries of Cinarosto at the papal court, related in the third novel of the seventh night. The occurrence of the same story in Sacchetti has been

\* Printed both in the late edition of Barbazan as well as the two above mentioned.

† The latter editions of this curious collection exhibit one of the strangest specimens of inquisitorial impertinence. Nine novels, relating partly to the wickedness of friars and partly to supernatural events, are entirely omitted, and wherever friars, nuns, priests, or saints are mentioned, they are uniformly changed to ordinary persons, or the passages where they occur are entirely expunged. Any invocation or allusion to the deity is carefully suppressed, and to such a length did this pious fraternity proceed that they would not suffer such words as fate, fortune and chance to stand. On the contrary, they seldom re-trenched the frequent indelicacy of the text.

elsewhere pointed out. The similarity of another novel of Straparola (N. iv. F. 4) to the Merry Wives of Windsor, as well as the obligations of Moliere to the same source, has been noticed before. But even descending to our common nursery tales, we may occasionally meet with the same tales in much older authors than we are aware of. The first tale of the same novelist's eleventh night, is no other than the renowned Puss in Boots, which most readers will recollect having perused with infinite delight in their infancy; and surely it would be the height of ingratitude never to recal such tales to our memory. Nor is the literature both of the nursery and that which, till within a few years, formed the favourite amusement of the common people, by any means unworthy of notice. No class of literature can boast of being diffused among a larger body of readers, or throughout a greater part of the globe. It certainly is some object of curiosity to find the despised stories of Blue-beard, Redriding-hood, Cinderella, &c. equally prevalent in the nurseries of England, France, Germany, and Denmark. Even the songs of our earliest youth are equally popular; that of the Ladybird is as common among German nurses as it is in England. Again, on the stalls of the hawking booksellers of the former nation we meet at present with an assortment very similar to what are now considered rarities among English collectors, and which have been driven, by a degree of refinement which the antiquary will scarcely admit to be laudable, from the cottages of farmers and peasants. Fortunatus, the Four Sons of Aymon, Melusina, Octavianus, Sir Tristrem and the Seven Wise Masters, as well as the originally German Eulenspiegel and the Priest of Calenberg,\* both once well known in English translations, are still in the hands of German peasants, and their popularity has been transmitted from father to son for many generations. The same works occur at the fairs in Denmark, where they are eagerly bought up and read; and these stories have been probably translated into more languages than most

\* A fragment of the English translation of this very singular comic romance is in the library of Francis Douce, Esq. and probably is unique.

of the classical productions calculated for more refined palates.

To return from this digression, the subject of which certainly merits more extensive research; the original of several popular ballads may also be traced in the Italian and other novelists; I will content myself with two instances. The Heir of Linne, printed by Bishop Percy, bears a strong resemblance to a novel in Cinthio's *Heccatomithi*, (Deca. IX. nov. 8) and the Cruel Black, in Evans's collection, is no other than a novel of Bandello (Part III. nov. 8 of the entire editions,) versified.\* The obligations of the elder dramatists to these, and similar sources, have been pointed out in numerous instances by Langbaine, but his industry has not exhausted the study; nor are the more modern dramatists altogether unindebted to the Italians.†

I conclude this enumeration, which might have been easily extended to a far greater length, with observing that the History of Lord Mendozze is not, as your correspondent conjectures, a translation from the Spanish, but from a novel of Bandello, (Part III. nov. 44, probably through the medium of his French translator Belleforest) with which the story, as exhibited in the analysis, perfectly coincides.‡

Edinburgh, Aug. 26, 1812.

H. W.

\* In the projected reprint of the *Palace of Pleasure* a short reference to the originals of the stories could not but add considerable value to the work. I have no opportunity to refer to it, but have no doubt it might be done in most instances. Of those reprinted in the present publication one (vol. i. p. 261) is from Boccaccio, another (p. 468) from the *Heptameron* of the Queen of Navarre (novel 65). The sources of the others are classical.

† To the stories resembling Walpole's *Mysterious Mother*, as enumerated in the *Big. Dram. and Censura Lit.* vol. ix. may be added the 23d novel of Masuccio, and another of Bandello (Part II. nov. 35). The eighth novel of Parabosco is evidently the source of the principal incident in a modern English farce, I think the *Village Lawyer*. I take this opportunity to notice a mistake in the late edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. The original of the *Triumph of Death*, one of the *Four Plays in One*, is not the first novel of Bandello, but the 42d of the first part. The principal plot in the *Little French Lawyer* is found in the *Diporti* of Parabosco (nov. 2) as well as in Masuccio, as there pointed out.

‡ It was also translated by Painter for the *Palace of Pleasure*, (vol. 1, nov. xlv.) under the title of the *Duchess of Savoy*. J. H.  
The

## The Bannatyne Manuscript.

During the fifteenth and the earlier part of the sixteenth century the Scottish poets certainly both in point of imagination, and what at first sight would seem singular, in harmony of versification, exceeded their Southern brethren. The works of Dunbar, who certainly stands at the head of the ancient poets of his country, possess a degree of polish which would be vainly searched for in the compositions of his contemporaries Skelton and Hawes; and the same parallel would hold good on a comparison of several subsequent Scottish *makaris* with Heywood and other rhymers of the south. The school of Surrey and Wyatt first began to balance the scale, but Scotland still continued to produce specimens which are fairly entitled to claim equality of praise with their compositions. On the whole, it will not appear an unjust decision to assert, that from the time of Chaucer to that of Spenser more real poetry was composed on the north than on the south side of the Tweed.

The most valuable and extensive stock of the Scottish poetry of this period, which has reached our days, is undoubtedly contained in the volume sometimes called the Hyndford MS. from John third earl of Hyndford, who presented it to the Advocate's Library, but more properly the Bannatyne MS. from George Bannatyne, a minor poet himself, who collected it according to his own assertion in 1568,\* and who is certainly intitled to the praise of extraordinary diligence, as he copied about 750 large folio pages, written pretty closely, in the space of three months. Our curiosity to know something of so early an enthusiast for the poetry of his country can unfortunately not be gratified, as we are in possession of no facts respecting his quality and occupation whatever. Mr. Tytler in his Dissertation on Scottish Music, asserted that he was one of the canons of Elgin cathedral, but he undoubtedly confounded him with one Bellenden, who actually held that situation. The only thing we can collect from his introductory stanzas

\* Mr. Pinkerton seems to doubt the accuracy of this date on account of a poem of Wither which occurs in the MS. but that is inserted by a later hand on the title page of the third subdivision.

is, that he undertook his compilation, which I suspect to have been intended for the press, at a very early period of his life. From the inscription "Jacobus Foulis, 1623," occurring in the MS. it is conjectured that it passed into the hands of Sir James Foulis of Collington, who married Janet Bannatyne, probably a daughter or niece of the compiler. From several inscriptions of a similar kind the MS. evidently continued in the family of Sir James till the year 1712, when it was presented by Sir William Foulis to Mr. William Carmichael, an advocate.

Bannatyne seems to have been dissatisfied with the original commencement of his collection, for the first twenty-seven leaves are separately paged, and contain several long poems repeated in the subsequent completed part, with which this fragment appears to have no connection. On the fly-leaf preceding the whole work the following words are written in an old hand, differing from that of the compiler: "Heir begynnis ane ballat buik writtin in the yeir of God 1568." The fragment is followed by "The Song of the Redsqware," printed in the Evergreen and the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and inserted at a much later period, as appears by the following note, "This poem is in the handwriting of the honourable Mr. William Carmichaell, advocate." On the first page of the second and complete collection occurs the following address from "The wryttar to the reidaris:"\*

"Ye reverend redaris thir workis revolving richt,  
 Gif ye get crymes correct thame to youre micht,  
 And curss na clark that cunninggly thame wrait,  
 Bot blame me baldly brocht this buik till licht,  
 In tenderest tyme, quhen knowlege was nocht bricht;  
 Bot lait begun to lerne and till translait  
 My copies awld, mankit, and mutillait,  
 Quhais trewth as standis, yet haif I sympill wicht  
 Tryd furth: thairfoir excuse sumpairt my micht.

Now ye haif heir this ilk buik sa provydit  
 That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit:

\* I have discarded the *y* for the *th*, as well as the *z* for the *y*, as they both completely fail in expressing the letters intended by the original transcribers.

1. The first concernis Gods gloir and our saluatioun ;
2. The nixt ar morale, grave, and als besyd it
3. Grund on gud counsale ; the thrid, I will nocht hyd it,  
Ar blyith and glaid, maid for our consolatioun ;
4. The ferd of luv and thair richt reformatioun ;
5. The fyift ar tailis and storeis weill discydit :  
Reid as ye pleiss, I need no moir narratioun."

On the next folio the following title occurs in a later hand, "Ane most Godlie, mirrie, and lustie Rapsodie made be sundrie learned Scots poets, and written be George Bannatyne in the tyme of his youth." The first division is concluded on fol. 43, by the following colophon and title : "Heir endis the first pairt of this buke contenand ballattis of theologie. Followis the secound pairt of this buk contenand verry singular ballatis full of wisdome and moralitie." These are concluded on fol. 97 : "Heir endis the secound pairt of this buke. Heir begynnys the thrid pairt of this buik contenand balletis mirry, and vthir solatius consaittes as set furth be diuers ancient poyettis 1568." Fol. 211, "Heir endis the buik of mirry balletis, set furth be diuers new and ancient poettis. Heir followis ballattis of luv, devydit in four pairtis, the first ar songis of luv, the secound ar contemptis of luv and evill wemen, the thrid ar contempis of evill fals vicius men, and the fourt ar ballattis detesting of luv and lichery. The fourt pairt of this buke." Fol. 298, "Heir endis the ballattis of luv, remedy thairof, and contempt of luv. Heir followis the fyift pairt of this buik, contenyng the fabillis of Esop, with diverss vthir fabillis and poetical workis maid and compylit by diuers lernit men. 1568." On the last folio, after a prayer of one stanza, occurs another address from "The wryttar to the redare :"

"Heir endis this buik written in tyme of pest,  
Quhen we fra labor was compeld to rest,  
Into the three last monethis of this yeir  
From our redimaris birth, to knaw it heir  
Ane thowsand is, fyve hundreth thre scoir awcht.  
Of this purpoiss na mair is to be tawcht :  
Swa, till conclude, god grant ws all gude end,  
And estir deth eternall lyte ws send.

Finis.  
1568."

The poems selected from this voluminous manuscript by Lord Hales, as well as a few printed by Pinkerton, and those published in a most mutilated, inaccurate, and modernised state by Allan Ramsay, are well known, and undeniably comprise the most valuable portion of its contents; there are however a great number of those yet unprinted, which deserve a revival for their actual merit; others, particularly in the third class, afford singular and interesting specimens of the humour of the times, but unfortunately their obscenity is in general too gross for the present age. Of the annexed specimens the first is anonymous, and has considerable merit, particularly in description, though the affectation of superabundant alliteration renders some passages so quaint as to bear rather a ludicrous complexion. From the context it appears to have been composed on a lady of the noble family of Perth, named Margaret; and it may be conjectured with almost more than probability, that the subject of the poem was Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir John Drummond, lord of that ilk and Stobhall, who is stated to have been contracted to King James IV. and had a daughter by him, afterwards married to Alexander earl of Huntley.

<p>Quhén Tayis bank wes blumyt          brycht          With blossomes blyth and          bred,          Be that riuer ran down rycht          Undir the ryss* I red;          The merle melit† with all her          mycht          And mirth in mornyng maid:          Threw solace, sound, and scme-          ly sicht,          Alswith a sang I said,          Undir that bank quhair bliss had          bene          I bownit me to abyde;          Ane holene,‡ bevinly hewit          grene,          Rycht heyndly did me hyd;</p>	<p>The sone schyne out the schawis          schene          Full semely me besyd:          In bed of bluncs bricht besene          A sleip cowth me ourslyd.</p> <p>About all blumet wes my bour          With blosumes broun and          blew,          Ourfret§ with mony fair fresch          flour,          Helsum of hevinly hew;          With schakeris   of the schene          dew-schour          Schynyng my courteins          schew,          Arrayit with a rich vaudour          Or natours werkis new.</p>
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\* Shrubs.

† To *mele*, to mix, also to speak, in the text it seems to imply to  
*sing*.

‡ Holly.

§ Overfretted, wrought.

|| The moisture distilled from flowers.



Rasing the birdis fra ther rest  
 The reid sone raiss with  
 rawis;\*  
 The lark sang lowd quhill lycht  
 mycht lest  
 A lay of luvis lawis;  
 The nythingall woik of hir nest  
 Singing "the day updawis;"  
 The mirthfull maveis merriest  
 Schill† schowtit threw the  
 schawis.

All flouris grew that firth within  
 That man cowth haifin mynd,  
 And in that flud all fysche with  
 fyn,  
 That creat wer be kynd;‡  
 Undir the ryss the ra did ryn,  
 Our ron,§ our rute, our rynd,  
 The dun deir dansit with a dyn  
 And herdes of hairt and hynd.

Wod winter with his wallowand||  
 wynd  
 But weir¶ away was went:  
 Brasit about with wyld wod-  
 bynd  
 Wer bewis on the bent.\*\*  
 Alone under the lusty lynd  
 I saw ane lusum lent††  
 That fairly‡‡ was so fare to fynd  
 Undir the firmament.

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,  
 Allone lent on a land,  
 And farest figour, he Sect. Syve,  
 That ever in firth§§ I fand.  
 Hir cumly cultur||| to discryve  
 I dar nocht tak on hand;  
 Moir womanly borne of a wyfe  
 Wes neuer, I dar warraud.

To creatur that wes in cair,  
 Or cawld of crewelty,  
 A blicht blink of hir visage  
 bair  
 Of baill¶¶ his bũte\*\*\* mycht  
 be;  
 Hir hyd, hir hew, hir bevinly  
 hair  
 Mycht havy hairtis uphie;  
 So angelik under the air  
 Neuir wicht I saw with e.

The blossumes that wer blyth  
 and brycht  
 By hir wer blacht††† and blew  
 Scho gladiit all the foull of  
 fycht  
 That in the forest flew;  
 Scho mycht haif comfort king or  
 knycht  
 That ever in cuntre I knew,  
 As wail,††† and well of warldly  
 wicht  
 In womenly vertew.

Hir cullour over hir countenance,  
 Hir cumly cristail ene,  
 Hir portratour of most plesance  
 All pictour did prevene;§§§  
 Of every vertew to advance  
 Quhen ladeis praisit bene,  
 Rycht left in my rememb[er]-  
 ance  
 That rose is rutit grene.

This myld meik mensuet¶¶¶  
 Margerite,  
 This perle polist most quhyt,  
 Dame Natours deir dochter dis-  
 creit,  
 The dyamant of delyt.

\* Rays. † Shrill. ‡ Nature. § Over bush, shrub.

|| Withering. ¶ Without doubt.

\*\* Boughs on the coarse grass, or on the plain.

†† A lovesome [lady] leaned. ‡‡ Scarcely.

§§ "A plain amidst wood," as defined by Camden.

||| Behaviour, conduct; perhaps we should read *cullour*.

¶¶ Evil. \*\*\* Redemption. ††† Bleached, pale.

‡‡ Weal, advantage, from avail. §§§ Prevent.

|||| Gentle. The poet like many of his fellows quibbles on the meaning of Margaret his mistress's name, viz. pearl.

Never

Never formit wes to found\* on  
 feit  
 Ane figour more perfyte,  
 Nor non on world that did hir  
 meit  
 Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.  
 This myrthfull maid to meit I  
 ment,  
 And merkit† furth on mold;  
 Bot sone within a wane‡ scho  
 went,  
 Most heviny to behold;  
 The bricht sone with his Lemys  
 blent§  
 Upoun the berkis bold:  
 Farest under the firmament  
 That formit wes on fold.||  
 As paradyce that place but peir  
 Wes pleasant to my sicht,  
 Of forrest, and of fresch reveir,  
 Of firth, and fowll of flicht,  
 Of hirdis, bath on bonk and  
 brere,  
 With blumes brekand bricht,

As lievin in to this erd doun  
 heir,  
 Hértis to hald on hicht.  
 So went this womanly away  
 Among thir woddis wyd,  
 And I to heir thir birdis gay  
 Did in a bonk abyd,  
 Quhair rone and ryss raiss  
 in aray  
 Endlang the reuer syd:  
 This hapnit in a tyme in May,  
 Intill a morning tyd.  
 The rever threw the ryss cowth  
 rowt  
 And roseris¶ raiss on raw; \*\*  
 The schene birdis full schill  
 cowth schowt  
 Into that semly schaw;  
 Joy was within and joy without  
 Under that vlinkest waw, ††  
 Quhair Tay ran doun with  
 stremis stowt  
 Full strecht vnder Stob-  
 schaw. ††

The following is an hitherto unpublished poem of Alexander Scott, who is peculiar for the harmony and polish of his versification, and for the sweetness of some of his poems, which are exclusively devoted to love, with the exception of a few humorous pieces. Nothing is known of him, excepting that he flourished about 1550, and that he lived in, or was connected with Dalkeith, as appears by one of his published poems. At the time when Montgomery wrote his epistle to Hudson, printed in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish poetry, Scott appears, in addition to his advanced age, to have felt all the ills of poverty so frequently attendant on poets.

\* Go, walk.

† This passage confirms Mr. Pinkerton's explanation of this word in the following line of Gawan and Gologras, *viz.* marched. Dr. Jamieson is inclined to confine the meaning to *ride*.

"Than he *merkit* with myrth our ane grene meid."

‡ Carriage. § Glanced. || Earth. ¶ Rose bushes.

\*\* Bank.

†† I have not met with this word elsewhere, but it certainly signifies straight, without turnings. *Links* is used for the windings of a river. The last line confirms the explanation here offered. *Waw* means wave.

‡‡ Stobhall, a seat of the Perth family.

"Up

“ Up helsum hert! thy rutis rais, and lowp,\*  
 Exalt and clym within my breist in staige! †  
 Art thou nocht wantoun, haill, and in gud howp,  
 Fermit in grace, and free of all thirlaige, ‡  
 Bathing in bliss, and sett in hie curaige?  
 Brasit in joy, no falt may the affray,  
 Having thy ladeis hart in heretaige,  
 In blencheferme§ for ane sallat every May;  
 So neides thow nocht now sussy, || sych, nor sorrow,  
 Sen thow art sure of sollace evin and morrow.

Thow Cupeid rewardit me with this;  
 I am thy awin trew liege, without tressone.  
 Thair levis no man in moir eiss, welth, and bliss;  
 I kuaw no siching, sadues, nor yit soun, ¶  
 Walking, \*\* thocht, langour, lamentatioun,  
 Dolor, dispair, weiping, nor jelosye;  
 My breist is woyd, and purgit of pussoun; ††  
 I feill no pane, I haif no purgatorye,  
 Bot peirles, perfytt, paradisall plesour,  
 With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mesoure.

My lady, lord, thou gaif me for to hird, ‡‡  
 Within myne armes, I nureiss on the nycht,  
 Kissing I say, “ My bab, my tendir bird,  
 Sweit maistres, lady, luffe, and lusty wicht,  
 Steirr, rewle, and gyder of my senses richt!”  
 My voice surmontis the sapheir cludis hie,  
 Thanking grit God of that tressour and micht.  
 I cost§§ hir deir, but scho fer derrer me,  
 Quhilk hafvind honor, fame in aventour,  
 Committing clene hir corse to me in cure.

In oxteris ||| cloiss we kiss, and cossis ¶¶ hairtis,  
 Brynt in desyre of amouris play and sport;

\* Leap. † By degrees or steps.

‡ Thraldome. § A manner of holding land.

|| Care; *souci*, Fr. The next word is in the MS. erroneously  
*sytt*. ¶ Swoon. \*\* Waking.

†† Poison, metaphorically. ‡‡ Guard. §§ Bought.

||| Embraces; originally armpits.

¶¶ Caress, flatter. Dr. Jamieson seems to doubt this meaning  
 in the following passage of Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-  
 steel, where it has evidently the same meaning as the text and the  
 German verb *kosen*:

Ye will not *cose*, sir, as I ween,  
 I think your love be in no weir,  
 Therefore I rede you maké good cheer,

Meittand oure lüstis spreitles we twa departis :  
 Prolong with lasur, lord, I the exhort,  
 Sic tyme that we may both tak our confort,  
 F'irst for to sleip, syne walk\* withowt espyis !  
 I blame the cok, I pleine the night is schort.  
 Away I went, my watch the cuschett† cryis,  
 Wissing all luvaris leill to haf sic chance  
 That thay may haif ws in rememb[e]rance.

Qd. Scott.

The following poem is anonymous, and evidently a close imitation of the former in a different verse, and thus gives a good specimen of the employment of the *makaris*. From the style I should conjecture it to be Scott's as well as the former.

My hairt is hech aboif, my body is full of bliss,  
 For I am sett in lufe als weill as I wald wiss, ‡  
 I lufe my lady pure, and scho luvis me againe,  
 I am hir seruiture, scho is my souerane ;  
 Scho is my verry harte, I am hir howp and heill, §  
 Scho is my joy invart, I am hir luvar leill ;  
 I am hir bound || and thrall, scho is at my command,  
 I am perpetuall hir man both fute and hand :  
 The thing that may hir pleiss my body sall fulfill,  
 Quhatevir hir diseiss it dois my body ill.  
 My bird, my bony ane, my tendir bab venust,  
 My lufe, my lyfe allane, my lyking, and my lust !  
 We interchange our hairtis in vtheris armis soft,  
 Shreitless we twa depairtis vsand our luvis oft ;  
 We murne quhen licht day dawis, we plene the nicht is  
 schort ;  
 We curss the cok that crawis, that hinderis our disport.  
 I glowffin ¶ vp agast quhen I hir miss on nicht,  
 And in my oxster fast I find the bowster richt ;  
 Than langour on me lyiss, lyk Morpheus the mair,  
 Quhilk caussis me vpryss and to my sueit repair,  
 And than is all the sorrow furth of rememb[e]rance  
 That evir I had a forrow\*\* in luvis observance :  
 Thus nevir I do rest, so lusty a lyfe I leid,  
 Quhen that I list to test †† the well of womanheid.

\* Wake. † Ringdove. ‡ Wish.

§ Hope and health. || Bondsman.

¶ "To open the eyes at intervals in awaking from a disturbed sleep or slumber." Jamieson, *voce* Glifin.

\*\* *Alore, rhythmi gratia.* *To forouc* occurs in James I.'s Quair.

†† Taste.

**Luvaris**

Luvaris in pane, I pray God send yow sic remeid  
 As I haif nycht and day, yow to defende from dreid ;  
 Thairfoir be evir trew unto your ladeis fre  
 And thay will on you rew as myne has done one me.

The next is a love-song from an anonymous poet to the widow, as it should seem, of a man of rank, and affords a tolerable specimen of the amorous ditties with which the MS. abounds :

“ O lusty flour of yowth, benyng and suet,\*  
 Fresch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht, and schene,  
 Fair lufsum lady, gentill, and discret,  
 Yung brekand blossom yit on the stalk grene,  
 Delytsum lilly, lusty for to be sene,  
 Be glaid in hairt and expell haviness;  
 Bare of bliss that evir so blyth has bene ?  
 Dewoyd langour, and lief in lustiness.

Brycht sterne at morrow that dois the nycht bin chacet  
 Of luviss lychtsum lyf and gyd, †  
 Lat no dirk clud absent from ws thy face,  
 Nor lat no sable from ws thy bewty hyd,  
 That hes no confort quhair that we go or ryd  
 Bot to behald the beme of thy brychtness :  
 Baneiss all baill and into blyss abyd ;  
 Dewoyd langour, and lief in lustiness.

Art thow plesant, lusty, yung, and fair,  
 Full of all vertew and gud condition,  
 Rycht nobill of blud, rycht wyss, and debonair,  
 Honorable, gentill, and faythfull of renoun,  
 Liberall, lufsum, and lusty of persoun  
 Quhy suld thow than lat sadness the oppress ?  
 In hairt be blyth and lay all dolour down,  
 Dewoyd langour, and lief in lustiness.

I me commend with all humilitie  
 Unto thi bewty blisfull and benyng,  
 To quhome I am, and sall ay serwand be  
 With steidfast hairt and faithfull trew mening  
 Unto the deid without[en] departing ;  
 For quhais saik I sall my pen address  
 Sangis to mak for thy reconforting,  
 That thow may leif in joy and lustiness.

\* The manuscript reads *brycht*, which the transcriber caught from the next line. The rhyme points out the variation.

† Chace away.

‡ This line evidently wants a foot.

O fair suet blossom now in bewty flouris,  
 Unfaidit bayth of cullor and vertew,  
 Thy nobill lord that deid hes done devoir,  
 Faid nocht with weping thy vissage fair of hew.  
 O lufsum lusty lady, wyse and trew,  
 Cast out all cair and comfort do incress,  
 Exyll all sichand,\* on thy serwand rew,  
 Dewoyd langour, and leif in lustiness.

The last copy of verses is recommended by the name of the author, and the singularity of its rhythmical structure, but certainly can challenge no high rank among the productions of William Dumbar. It is at any rate a mitè towards a collection of his works, which, to the disgrace of his country, have never appeared in a uniform standard edition.

Quha will behald of luvè the chance,  
 With suet dissauyng countenance,  
 In quhais fair dissimvlance  
 ; May none assure?  
 Quhilk is begun with inconstance,  
 And endis nocht but variance ;  
 Scho haldis with contiuanace  
 No seruiture.

Discretioun and considerance  
 Ar both out of hir governance,  
 Quhairfoir of it the schort plesance  
 May nocht indure ;  
 Scho is so new of acquaintance,  
 The auld gais fra rememb[e]rance ;  
 Thus I gife our the observans  
 Of luvis cure.

It is ane point of ignorance  
 To luf in sic distemperance,  
 Sen tyme mispendit may avance  
 No creature.

In luvè to keip allegiance,  
 It war als nysst ane ordinaunce  
 As quha wald bid ane deid man dance  
 In sepulture.

Finis. q. Dumbar.

Edinburgh, 25 Aug. 1812.

H. W.

\* Sighing.

† Foolish.

## Of the Lay of Dame Sirith.

The fabliau, of which I transmit an abstract, is perhaps one of the earliest compositions of that nature extant in our language. The only copy which I have ever met with occurs in the Bodleian library.\* The manuscript which contains it, appears to have been written about the year 1300, but to the poem itself I should be tempted to ascribe a date still earlier, both from the Saxonisms with which it abounds, and the very sparing occurrence of words derived from the French, which latter circumstance is the more remarkable as it is probably an imitation, and a very close one as to the story, of a French original analysed by Le Grand.

The extreme rarity of specimens of the humorous tale in early English poetry, and the interesting example afforded by the one in question of that state of our language in which, although it had ceased to be grammatically Saxon, it had as yet borrowed little or nothing from the French, must apologise for the preservation of a story, that, on the score of its moral value, no one would have wished to drag from its obscurity.

The expressions of disapprobation which the poet occasionally bestows on the depraved heroine of his tale must, to a contemporary audience capable of immediately understanding its language and enjoying the rude humour which it certainly possesses, have operated but as very slight drawbacks to its general tendency. In the present days, however, no moral danger can be suspected from the perusal of such antiquated licentiousness. The mischief is unfortunately too readily to be found by those who seek it in a shape far more intelligible and alluring.

ARCHÆOPHILUS.

*Ci comence le Fables et la cointise de Dame Siriz.*

As I com by an waie,  
 Hof on ich herde saie,  
 Full modi mon and proud.

\* MS. Digby, 86. Some account of the contents of this highly curious MS. may be found in the appendix to Warton's History of Eng. Poetry.

Wis he wes of lore,  
 And youthlich under yore,\*  
 And clothed in fair sroud.

To lovein he begon  
 On wedded wymmmon.  
 (Therof he hevede wrong.)

His herte hire wes alon,†  
 That reste nevede he non,  
 The love wes so strong.

Wel‡ yerne he him bithoute,  
 Hou he hire gete moute,  
 In ani cunnes wise.

That befel on a day,  
 The§ loverde wende away,  
 Hon his marchaundise.

He wende him to ||then Inne  
 Ther he wonede inne,  
 That wes riche ¶won.  
 And com into then halle,  
 \*\*Ther hoe wes srud with palle,  
 And thus he bigon

“ God Almizten be herinne”—  
 “ Welcome, so ich ever bidde wenne,”††  
 Quoth this wif,  
 “ His hit thi wille, comme and site,  
 “ And wat is thi wille let me wite,  
 “ Mi leve lif.

“ Bi howre loverd hevene King,  
 “ If I mai don ani thing,  
 “ That the is lef,  
 “ Thou mizt finden me ful fre,  
 “ Fol bletheli wol I don for the,  
 “ Withouten gref.”

“ Dame, God ye foryelde,  
 “ Bote on that thou me mout himelde.

\* Young in age.

† Was fixed upon her.

‡ Earnestly.

§ The husband (lord) of the wöman.

|| The—It appears a corruption of the Saxon *tham*.

¶ House, residence.

\*\* Where she was clothed in her robe. *Ther* and *than* are used throughout the poem for *where* and *when*, and *hoe* for *she*.

†† The meaning of the latter part of this line does not seem altogether clear.



- “ Ne make the wroth,\*  
 “ Mine herande wille I to the bede.  
 “ Bote †wratthen the for ani dede.  
 “ Were me loth.”  
 “ Nai, I wis, Wilekin,  
 “ For nothing that ever is min,  
 “ Than thou hit ‡yerne,  
 “ Honnourteis ne willi be  
 “ Ne con I noat on vilte,  
 “ Ne noat I nel lerne  
 “ Thou mai saien alle thine wille,  
 “ And I shall herknen and sitten stille,  
 “ That thou have told.  
 “ And if that thou me tellest skil,§  
 “ I shal don after thi wil,  
 “ That be thou bold.  
 “ And than thou saie me ani same,||  
 “ Ne shal I the nouzt blame  
 “ For thi sawe.”  
 “ Non ich have wonne leve,  
 “ Gif that I me shulde greve,  
 “ Hit were hounlawe.  
 “ Certes Dame thou saiest as ¶hende.  
 “ And I shall setten spel on ende,\*\*  
 “ And tellen the al.  
 “ What ich wolde, and wi ich com,  
 “ Ne con ich saien non falsdom,  
 “ Ne non I ne shal,  
 “ Ich hadde iloved the moni yere,  
 “ ††Than ich nabbe nout ben her  
 “ Mi love to schowe.  
 “ Wile thi loverd is in toune,

\* *Bimelde*. Betray, inform against. Meldan, A. S. *prodere*. The general sense of this passage appears to be—“ Dame Heaven recompense thee, provided thou dost not betray me, or make thee wrath.” † Offend, make wrath. ‡ Desire.

§ If thou speakest advisedly to me.

|| Quære the meaning of *same* here, can it be a mistake for *shame*? ¶ Courteous.

\*\* I do not recollect to have met with this phrase elsewhere: it appears to mean, “ I will be brief in my story, and make no delay in coming to the point.”

† During which time,

- “ Ne mai no man with the holden\* rouno  
 “ With no thewet  
 “ Yursten dai ich herde sai,  
 “ As ich wende bi the waie,  
 “ Of owre sire.  
 “ The told me that he was gon  
 “ To the faire of Botolfston  
 “ In Lincolneschire.  
 “ And for ich weste that he wes houte,  
 “ Therfore ich am igon aboute  
 “ To speken with the.  
 “ Him †burth to liken wel his lif  
 “ That mizte welde ‡sett a wif  
 “ In privite.  
 “ Dame, if hit is thi wille,  
 “ Both †dernelike and stil  
 “ .Ich wille the love.”—  
 “ That wolde I don for non thing,  
 “ Bi howre loverd hevene King  
 “ That ous is bove.  
 “ Ich habbe mi loverd that is mi spouse,  
 “ That maiden brouzte me to house.  
 “ ¶Mid menske I non  
 “ He loveth me, and ich him wel,  
 “ Oure love is also trewe as stel,  
 “ Withouten \*\*won.  
 “ Than he be from hom on his hernde,  
 “ Ich were †tounseli, if ich lernede  
 “ To ben on hore.  
 “ That ne shall nevere be,  
 “ That I shal don selk fassete,  
 “ On hedde, ne on flore.  
 “ Never more his lif wile,  
 “ Than he were on hondred mile,

\* Talk, conversation, according to its etymology, secret or mysterious speech, from the A. S. Rune, which from meaning a letter came very naturally in an ignorant age to be applied to any thing beyond the knowledge of the multitude. The usage of the word in this place is highly appropriate.

† In no manner. A. S. Theaw, ritus.

‡ Quære if a mistake for wurth?

¶ Privately, dyrne, A. S. dark.

¶ Against decency will I nought.

†† Wicked.

§ Such.

\*\* Fail, waning.

“ Hi zende Rome.  
 “ For no thing ne shuld I take  
 “ Mon on erthe to ben mi \*make  
 “ Ar his hom come.”

The lover continues for some time to urge his suit in vain, till at length utterly despairing of success

“ Dreri mod he wende awai,  
 And thouzt bothe nize and dai  
 Hire al for to wende,  
 A frende him radde for to fare,  
 And leven al his michele kare  
 To dame Sirith the hende.

Thider he wente him anon,  
 So †swithe so he mizte gon,  
 No mon he ni mette.  
 Ful he was of ‡tene and treie,  
 Mid wordes milde and eke sleie  
 Fare he hire grette.”

Dame Sirith upon learning his errand begins by blaming his unlawful wishes, and excusing herself from being any ways concerned in promoting them, for (says she)

“ Ich am old, and sek, and lame,  
 “ Seknesse haveth maked me ful tame.  
 “ Bless ye, bless ye, leve knave,  
 “ Lest ye mesaventure have,  
 “ For this lesing that is founden  
 “ Uppon me that am hard ibounden.§  
 “ Ich am a holi wimmon,  
 “ On witchecraftt nout I ne con,  
 “ Bote with gode men almesdede  
 “ Ilke dai mi lif I lede,  
 “ And bid mi Pater-noster, and mi crede,  
 “ That goed hem fal at here nede,  
 “ That helpen me mi lif to lede.”

Wilkin however, nothing discouraged, backs his request by the promise of “ mani a pounde and mani a marke ;” the old beldam begins to relent, she asks.

\* Companion. † Quick. ‡ Sorrow and trouble  
 § For this wickedness into which you would inveigle me who am old and in misfortune. This appears to be the general sense of the passage.

“ \*Liz me not, Wilekin, bi thi †sente  
 “ Lovest thou wel Dame Margeri ?”

He replies that he is so deeply enamoured of her that he shall certainly die unless he obtain his wish ; “ sooner than that shall happen,” rejoins Sirith, “ I will undertake to accomplish the matter for you, but you must promise me the closest secrecy.”

“ For al the worlde ne woldi nout  
 “ That ich were to ‡chapitre ibrouzt  
 “ For none selke werkes  
 “ Mi jugement were sone igenous  
 “ To ben with shame somer driven  
 “ With prestes and with clarkes.”

He promises concealment, gives her twenty shillings as earnest of a much larger bounty in the event of her success, and, her scruples thus overcome,

Dame Sirith bigon to go  
 As a wrecche that is wo,  
 §That hoe come hire to then inne,  
 Ther this goed wif wes withinne.  
 Tho hoe to the dore com,  
 Swithe ||reuliche hoe bigon.  
 “ Loverde,” hoe seith, “ wo is old wives,  
 “ That in povertè ledeth ay lives.  
 “ ¶Not no mon so muchel of pyne,  
 “ As powre wif that falleth in ausine\*\*  
 “ That mai ilke mon bi me wite,  
 “ For mai I nouthur gange ne site.  
 “ Ded woldi ben ful fain,  
 “ Hounger and thurst me haveth nei slain,  
 “ Ich ne mai mi limes on wold††  
 “ For mikel hounger, and thurst, and cold.  
 “ War to liveth selke a wrecche ?  
 “ Wi nil dethe mi soule fetche ?”—

\* Lie not to me.

† Salvation.

‡ From Sirith's apprehensions of being brought before a chapter, it is possible the author meant to describe her as a worthless nun : The ecclesiastical courts, however, took cognizance of witchcraft and the like offences, equally in the persons of the laity.

§ Untill.

|| Ruefully.

¶ Has not.

\*\* I cannot find this word in any glossary. Can it signify alms? or may we read ansine, and interpret it care (from anxius), though this is, I fear, equally unsupported by authority.

†† Move.

“ Selî

" Seli wif, Goed the \*hounbinde,  
 " To dai wil I the mete finde,  
 " For love of Goed.  
 " Ich have †reurtne of thi wo,  
 " For evele iclothed I se the go,  
 " And evele y shoed,  
 " Com herin, Ich wile the fede"—  
 " Goed Almizten do the mede."—  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 " Have her fles, and eke bred,  
 " And make the glad, hit is mi red.  
 " And have here the coppe with the drinke"—  
 " Goed the befal for thi ‡swinke,"  
 Then spak that holde wif,  
 (Eveles awarie hire lif)  
 " Alas! alas! that ever I live!  
 " Al the sinne ich wold forgive  
 " The mon that smite off min leved.  
 " Ich wolde min lif ware me bireved"—  
 " Seli wif, what eilleth the?"  
 " Bote ethe mai I sori be.  
 " Ich hevede a douzter feir and fre,  
 " Feiror ne mizhte no mon se.  
 " Hoe hevede a curteis hussebond,  
 " Freour mon mizte no mon finde.  
 " Mi douter lovede him al to wel,  
 " For thi mak f sori del.  
 " Uppon a dai he wes oute wente,  
 " And tharforn wes mi douter shend.  
 " He hede on ernde out of toune,  
 " And com a modi clarc with crowne ;||  
 " To mi douter his love bede,  
 " And hoe nolde nout folowe his rede.  
 " He ne mizte his will have,  
 " For nothing he mizte crave,  
 " Thenne bigou the clerc to wiche,  
 " And Tshop mi douter til a biche.  
 " This is my douter that ich of speke.  
 " For \*\*dele of hire min herte breke,  
 " Loke hon hire heien greten,  
 " On hire cheken the teres meten.

\* Release thee from thy distress, unbind thee.

† Pity.

‡ Labour.

§ Worry, torment.

|| Having his head shorn.

¶ Transformed, shaped.

\*\* Sorrow.

“ Forthi

“ Forthi, Dame, were hit no wonder  
 “ Than min herte burste assunder.  
 “ And wose ever is yong houssewiffe,  
 “ Hoe loveth ful luitel hire lif,  
 “ An eni clerke of luvē hire bede,  
 “ Bote hoe graunte and lete him spede.”

The innocent victim of this detestable artifice is naturally terrified into a resolution of purchasing her security from a like transformation, at the expense of her honour, and the old wretch, having procured Wilkin a second and more satisfactory interview, receives her reward and declares her readiness to assist any other unsuccessful lovers on the like condition.

“ And wose is onwis  
 “ And for nou pris  
 “ Ne con geten his levemon  
 “ I shal for mi mede  
 “ Garen him to spede  
 “ For ful wel I con.”

Explicit.

**Metrical Account of what passed at Oxford on the Divorce between King Henry VIII, and Queen Catharine, by William Forrest, priest.**

The following history of the whole of the transactions in the university of Oxford, relative to Henry's divorce, cannot but be interesting, particularly as the author was present on the spot during the whole discussion, as appears by the following passage in his poem :

“ At which traelynge certaynlye was I,  
 Attendynge vpon a certayne goode man,  
 Wherefore in the same I something saye can.”

Wood has given a portion of it in his *History and Antiquities of Oxford*, but it is now reprinted entire from the original MS. preserved in the Bodleian library. This was originally in the possession of Ralph Sheldon, esq. of Beoly, Warwickshire, an intimate friend of Wood's, who presented it to the Oxford antiquary; and Wood, in the year 1692, sold it to the university.

“ I

“ I have discovered from it,” says Wood,\* “ many things relating to the affairs of Oxford, acted during the time of the divorce, which I could never see elsewhere.”

Some account of the author and his other productions will be found in the *ATHENÆ OXONIENSES*, vol. i. col. 297, edit. 4to.

It should be added, that as Forrest was a strong papist, there can be little doubt but he has given a high coloured picture of the opposition made to the king's commissioners by the university, yet notwithstanding this, many of the circumstances he has recorded are, in all probability, facts that really occurred.

*Walter sendethe to Oxforde to haue his case discussed, John' Longelande (busshoppe of Lincolne) his cheif commysioner ; ffryer Nicholas defendauite in the same. Ffyue inceptours, doctors (with sundry other) specially withstandinge thearin, wheare women shewed them selfs on Grysildys partye ; Thunyuersiteis seale (by stealthe) goaten ; and what myseryes ensued. ca. 9.*

“ Yeat, for that WALTER wolde not be thought  
(Of headye-poure) to worke contrarioulye,  
Hee sent to Oxforde, as playnnes he sought,  
To haue his case theare tryed by the clergie.  
At whiche trauelynge certaynlye was I  
Attendynge vpon a certayne goode man ;  
Whearfore in the same I somewhat saye can.

Thither was sent, as cheef commysioner  
The *Busshoppe of Lyncolne*, one *John Langelande*,  
Withe certayne other that well cowlde flatter,  
The learned judgment theare to vndrestande ;  
Wheare one *ffryer Nicholas* tooke muche in hande,  
As cheef defendauote in the foresaide case,  
Whoe fownde hym selfe macht, eyn to the harde face.

But there was vsed no indifferencye ;  
Suche as by learnynge made againste the kynge,  
They were redargued moste cruellye,  
Threatened also to forgoe their luyunge :  
On thother syde, all thearto inclynnge,

\* *Athenæ Oxon.* p. 298.

They had highe chearinge, with meede otherwaye ;  
 Ffalsehod tryūphingē, truthe quaayngē for fraye.

That tyme an acte theare shoulde haue gone forwarde,  
 Wheare seauyn famous clarks, that inceptors weare,  
 Bycause (in this case) ffyue wolde not drawe towarde,  
 It was dyfferred to their heaūye cheare ;  
 For that their cheeif ffrendys weare presentlye theare.  
 Mawdelaye, Mooreman, Holyman also,  
 Mortymer, Cooke, withe other twoe moe.\*

Theis ffyue in nowise wolde graunte their consents,  
 The regent maisters weare of the same mynde,  
 Rather, they graunted, to forgoe howse and rents,  
 Then weetinglye, so to shewe them selfs blynde.  
 The proctors, for gayncs they hoaped to fynde,  
 (Throughe frendeshippe they made) obteyned the grace  
 Of *Busshoppe Langlunde*, the acte to take place.

The matier longe tyme theare hangyngē in suspense,  
 Witheoute hauyng thūnyuersiteis seale,  
 As to confyrme WALTER's foresaide pretence ;  
 For whiche the busshoppe harde threatnyngs did deale,  
 To his reproache, and hynderaunce of good heale.  
 If so that some theare had had hym at large,  
 I wolde of his life haue taken no charge.

For on the outegatys wheare hee by nyghts laye,  
 Weare roapes faste nayled, withe gallowes drawne by,  
 To this entent, as a man myght well saye,  
 If wee so myght, suche weare thy destynye.  
 His seruaunts ofte handeled accordynglye,  
 As one (indeede) makynge water at a wall,  
 A stone (right heauey) on hym onc let fall.

Women (that season) in Oxforde weare busye,  
 Their harts weare goode it appeared no lesse ;  
 As *Ffryer Nicholas* chaunced to come by,  
 Halas! (said some) that we myght this knaue dresse,  
 For his vnthankfull daylye busynes  
 Againste our queene, good GRYSYLINDIS.  
 He shoulde euyl to cheeaue, † hee sholde not sure mysse.

\* These were Robert Aldridge and Thomas Charnock, a dominican.

† *He should have come to evil.* So Chaucer, "yevel mote he cheeve." *Canterbury Tales*, v. 16693.



Withe that a woman (I sawe it trulye,)  
 A lumpe of osmundys\* let harde at hym flynge,  
 Whiche myste of his noddle, the more pytie,  
 And on his ffryer's heelys it came trycelynge.  
 Whoe (sodaynly) as hee it perceauynge,  
 Made his complaynte vpon the women so,  
 That thirtye the morowe weare in buckerdo.

Theare they contynned three dayes and three nyghts,  
 Till woorde was sent downe from WALTER the kynge,  
 Whoe fret at the harte as vexed withe spryts,  
 That GRISILDY's parte they weare so tenderynge :  
 To all that so dyd, this woorde downe sendyng,  
 That magre their teeathes, hee wolde haue his furthe,  
 And ere longe tyme make some of them small wurthe.

But yeat for all that, the ffyue foresaide clark,  
 Withe moste of the regent maisters, that tyde,  
 For all the threatnyngs that flaterers bark,  
 From that was the right they wolde no whit slyde.  
 The busshoppe LANGELANDE dyd thus then prouyde,  
 A conuocation of certayne to call,  
 And gotte the seale, as consented of all.

Ffor whiche was weepings and lamentation,  
 I was then present, and herde their complaynte.  
 Halas! (they saide) in pytefull fashyon,  
 Nowe is goode *Oxforde* for eauer attaynte ;  
 Thowe that haste florisched art become faynte ;  
 Thowe weare vnspotted till this present daye,  
 With truthe euermore to holde and to saye.

But notwithstandinge consyderinge as thus,  
 Thoue weare withe powre and myght ouerlayde,  
 Thoue thearfore remaynyste innoxius,  
 As dothe (by vyolence) the rauysched mayde.  
 Eaueriche his duetye on eache pate bee payde,  
 That is, whoe of vs hathe wronged the right,  
 God, to their deserts, their dooyngs requyte.

This to this ende wee put in remembraunce,  
 To the knowledge of oure posterytee,  
 That all that season made not dyssemblaunce,  
 But tenne to one stucke to the verytee.  
 But cheife that ought had no syncerytee,

\* This is a kind of fern which grows in bogs and pools. There are various species of it, for an account of which see Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary*.

False ambition, and keepynge yn fauour  
Declared in this muche lewde behauour.

In this mateir to bee adnoted,  
What euyl counsell withe pryncys maye induce,  
For consequentlye this royalm was sorted,  
As water breakynge ouer hedde or sluice.  
All good ordres weare cleane set oute of vse,  
Suche calamyteis ensuynge theare vpon  
To this royalmys neare subuersion.

Then florished flattery tryumphantlye ;  
Then falschod beeaere rule, and truthe set a syde ;  
Then weare the goode maligned throughe enuye ;  
Then was true meekenes ouercome withe pryde ;  
Then to perdition all goodenes faste hyde ;  
Then was selfe-wyll cheif ruler ouer all ;  
Then myght in right none for aduocat call.

Then of the churche began thaffliction ;  
Then entred heresies cursed and nought ;  
Then encreased Goddys malediction ;  
Then his due honour in great decaye brought ;  
Then the goode not regarded as they ought,  
But euery ribaulde myght them checke and chace ;  
The goode depryed, the badde in their place.

In earthe they cowlde not their malice extende,  
But vnto heuen shewed indignation ;  
The holye saynctys theare they dyd discommende,  
By too too muche abomynation.  
Sclaunderinge certayne vndre this fashion,  
Howe holye virgyns of no lyttle some,\*  
Weare concubynes to the busshoppe of Rome.

The gloryous perpetuall virgyn Marye,  
No better esteemed then an other woman ;  
Eache dounge gell† as goode as the sanctuarye :  
Theis myscheifs, withe hundrede folde mo, began  
At the incumynge of this newe queene ANNE,  
Whoe, as she was, declared at the laste,‡  
Whome, God vanyshed withe muche sodayne blaste.

As good and blessed inducethe vertue,  
And woorkethe all meanys to mayntayne the same,  
So, the malignaunte dothe vertue subdue,  
Bycause their doyngis shee dothe fierslye blame :

\* *Summ, price, estimation.*

† *Dung-hill.*

‡ *Who discovered her real character at last.*

Proof, who so notethe, vice endethe withe shame.  
Then was no wondre this alteration,  
To breede great meanys of desolation.

Ffor certaynlye vpon this induction,  
Entred in this royalme suche innouation  
To the pooare manny's vttre destruction.  
Raysinge of rents in wondreful fashion,  
From one to fyue in ful numeration,  
To cawsynge of dearthe in vytayl and warys,\*  
Withe other sundrye ineuytable carys.

So muche the bodye not heere molestynge,  
But hundredfolde more endaungeringe the sowle ;  
At ffastyng and prayinge was made but iesting,  
The vile ignoraunte the clarke to controwle ;  
All holye cerymonyes coniuringe the mowle. †  
Eache cockynge cobler and spittyll howse proctor  
In learnynge taken so goode as the doctor.

In tokne yeat more of infidelytee,  
Downe went the crosses in eauerye countraye.  
Goddy's seruauots vsed with muche crudelytee,  
Dysmembred (like beasts) in thopen highe waye laye :  
Their inwardys pluckte oute and harts where they,  
In suche moste greuous tyrannycall sorte,  
That to to shamefull weare heere to reporte.

Shortely after to mende the mateir more,  
Churches and monasteries downe they went,  
To haue the treasure speciallye thearfore,  
Although they fayned for other entent :  
After this prouerbe to like consequent ;  
*The glouer (craftelye) brought this reason yn,  
The dogge to bee madde, all to haue his skynne.*

Yeat this was not the vttremuste euyl,  
Theye nybbed Christ's faithe after their pleasure ;  
So weare they ledde by their maister the deuyll,  
For on the truthe they lyed oute of measure.  
The whoale heere to wright I haue no leasure,  
But to this ende I haue rehersed this,  
What came by exchange of goode GRISILIDIS."

P. B.

\* *Victuals* and wares.

† I take the meaning of this line to be, *all holy ceremonies were mocked at*. Mr. Upton in his MS. notes to the *Etymologicum* of Junius. (*Bibl. Bodl.*) explains "to mow," *os distorquere*. Chaucer uses *mowe* in the fourth book of *Troilus and Cresseide*,  
"Then laughith she, and makith him the *mowe*." Edit. Urry, p. 305.

¶ *Toxophilus, the schole of shootinge conteyned in two bookes. To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastyme to rede, and profitable for theyr use to folow, both in war and peace.* [Col.] *Deo gratias. Londini. In œdibus Edouardi Whytchurch. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum* 1545. qto.\*

Of a work twice, at least, reprinted† lately, it is only necessary to possess the reader of an omission which probably could not be supplied from the rarity of the first edition. That is the original dedication to Henry VIII. the more curious from the author's confession, "that he had at that time a desire of travelling into Italy, and was in hopes of obtaining, by the dedication of his book to the king, a pension which might enable him to fulfil his desire.‡" It follows :

"To the moste graciose, and our most drad Soueraigne Lord, Kyng Henry the VIII. by the grace of God, Kyng of Englande, Fraunce and Irelande, Defender of the faythe, and of the church of Englande and also of Irelande, in earth supreme head, next vnder Christ, be al health, victorie and felicitie.

\* The above title of Ascham's *Toxophilus* is taken from the head of the table of Contents. The first leaf has the royal arms engraved, accompanied with Latin and English verses, as largely and with accuracy described by Herbert, p. 541: but this leaf having on the reverse the lines by Walter Haddon, that writer is scarcely correct in designating it a frontispiece. The two books are particularly noted by the capitals A and B in the running title, and a renewed pagination: the whole volume extends to Y iij, besides eight leaves of introduction. This is certainly the first edition, though composed in the year preceding, as stated in the following title of the second edition:—*Toxophilus, the schole, or partitions of shooting contayned in ij bookes, writtē by Roger Ascham 1544, and now newly perused. Pleasaunt for all Gentlemen and Yomen of England for theyr pastime to rede, and profitable for their vse to folowe both in warre and peace. Anno 1571. Imprinted at London in Fletestreate neare to Saint Dunstones Church by Thomas Marshe, qto.*

† Nearly verbatim by the Reverend John Walters, M. A. Master of Ruthin school, and late fellow of Jesus College, Oxford: at Wrexham, 1788. Also in the edition of Ascham's English works, published by Mr. James Bennet, sometime a schoolmaster at Hoddesdon. Herbert, *ut sup.*

‡ Biog. Britannica, vol. i. p. 282, note B.

What

“What tyme as moste gracious Prince, your highnes this last year past, tooke that your moost honorable and victorious journey into Fraunce, accompanied with such a porte of the Nobilitie and yeomanrie of Englande, as neyther hath bene lyke knowne by experience, nor yet red of in historie: accompanied also with the daylie prayers, good hartes, and willes of all and euery one your graces subiectes, lefte behinde you here at home in Englande: the same tyme, I beinge at my booke in Cambrige, sorie that my litle habilitie could stretche out no better to helpe to forward so noble an enterprice, yet with my good wylle, prayer, and harte, nothinge behynde hym that was formoste of all, conceyued a wonderful desyre, bi the praier, wishing, talking, and communicatiō that was in euery mā’s mouth, for your Grace’s moost victoriouse retourne, to offer vp sumthinge, at your home cumming to your Highnesse, which shuld be a token of mi loue and deutie toward your Maiestie, and also a signe of my good minde and zeale toward mi countrie.

“This occasion geuen to me at that time, caused me to take in hand againe, this litle purpose of shoting, begon of me before, yet not ended thā, for other studie’s more mete for that trade of liuinge, whiche God and mi frendes had set me vnto. But when your grace’s moste ioifull and happie victorie preuēted mi dailie and spedie diligencie to performe this matter, I was compelled to waite an other time to prepare and offer vp this litle boke vnto your Maiestie. And whan it hath pleased youre Highnesse of your infinit goodnesse, and also your most honorable counsel to know and peruse ouer the contentes, and some parte of this boke, and so to alow it, that other mē might rede it, throughe the funderaunce and setting forthe of the right worshipfull and mi singuler good Master Sir William Pagette Knight, moost worthie secretarie to your highnes, and most open and redie succoure to al poore honest learned mēs sutes, I moost humble beseche your Grace to take in good worthe this litle treatise purposed, begō, and ended of me onelie for this intent, that labour, honest pastime and vertu, might recouer againe that place and right, that idlenesse, vnthrift, gamning and vice hath put them frō.

“And althoughe to haue written this boke either in Latin or Greke (which thing I wold be verie glad yet to do, if I might surelie know your Grace’s pleasure therein) had bene more easier and fit for mi trade in study, yet neuerthesse, I supposinge it no point of honestie, that mi commodite should stop and hinder ani parte either of the pleasure or profite of  
manie,

manie, haue written this Englishe matter in the Englishe tongue, for Englishe men; where in this I trust that your grace (if it shall please your Highnesse to rede it) shal perceaue it to be a thinge honeste for me to write, pleasaunt for some to rede, and profitable for manie to folow, contening a pastime, honest for the minde, holosome for the body, fit for eueri man, vile for no man, vsing the day and opē place for honestie to rede it; not lurking in corners for disorder to abuse it. Therefore I trust it shal apere, to be bothe a sure token of my zeele to set forwarde shootinge, and some signe of my minde, towards honestie and learninge.

Thus I wil trouble your grace no longer, but with my daylie praier I wil béseche God to preserue your Grace, in al health and felicitie: to the feare and ouerthrowe of all your ennemies; to the pleasure, ioyfulnesse and succour of al your subjectes: to the vtter destruction of papistrie and heresie: to the continuall setting forth of Goddes worde and his glorye. Your Grace's most bounden scholer,

Roger Ascham.

E. Hood.

¶ *A Remembrance of the Honors due to the Life and Death of Robert Earle of Salisbury, Lord Treasurer of England, &c.* (Wood-cut, head of the Earl,\* peaked beard and whiskers, hair in front erect, broad ruff.) Imprinted at London for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop neere Christ Church doore. 1612. 4to. extends to sign. D. iv.

Written by Richard Johnson (author of *A Crowne Garland of Golden Roses, &c.*) and contains a life of the Earl in prose, and at the end *A Mourner's Passion for the losse of the aforesaid nobleman deceased*, in verse, commencing,

“ The world (I see) is waxt vnkinde,  
And time forgets what time hath doue;  
And spightfull spight weares out of minde,  
The doubtfull race great men doe run.”

At sign. D ii. an account of the funeral in prose, and at D iii. b. *Of the miserable estate of worldly estates all subject to change and times enuie.* Five stanzas of six lines each.

B. L. O.

\* Not mentioned by Granger.

¶ *A Booke of Christian Prayers, collected out of the aunciēt writers, and best learned in our tyme, worthy to be read with an earnest mynde of all Christians, in these daungerous and troublesome dayes, that God for Christes sake will yet be mercifull unto us. At London. Printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate, 1581. Cum privilegio. [Colophon.] At London, printed by John Daye, dwelling ouer Aldersgate beneath Saint Martines. Anno 1581. Cum gratia et privilegio Regiæ Maiestatis. Small 4to.*

The colophon is under a beautiful wood-cut of two figures of a sage and a gentleman pointing to a figure of Death recumbent on a tomb, from the centre of which springs a tree:—a label from the sage, and another written round the tree, have these words: *Etsi mors indies accelerat, vivet tamen post funera virtus*: in the distance a rock crowned with a castle, overhanging the sea.

According to Herbert, I. 615, there was a former edition in 1578, and a later in 1590.

The borders of every page of this extraordinary book are most richly adorned with an endless variety of wood-cuts, admirably designed and cut, after Albert Durer, &c. containing the life and passion of Christ. Then follow the Cardinal Virtues treading their opposites under their feet—Knowledge, Faith, Hope, Patience, Humility, Mercy, Concord, Love, Wisdom, Industry, Memory, Justice, Courage, Temperance, Sobriety, Chastity, Perseverance, Charity. These extend to sign. P. ij. Then come the Senses, Sight, Hearing, Taste, Smelling, Touching. On the reverse of Q. i. begins a representation of the End of the World, which extends to sign. R. i.

Then follow the Virtues again, with a new combination of the other ornaments which accompanied each figure, on the other sides of the margin; and the Senses and End of the World in the same manner.—Last comes the Dance of Death after Holbein. At the bottom of each of these is an altar-tomb with the ensignia of mortality—each inscribed with two verses. This series of figures is twice repeated; and the work ends at fol. 140.

On the back of the title is a figure of Q. Elizabeth kneeling before a table, with a book open on it—over her is a rich canopy; and about her, her arms, and many other ornaments.

The preface to the christian reader is subscribed R. D.

¶ *A paire of Turtle Doves; or, the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidclio. Seconded with the Tragical end of Agamio, wherein (besides other matters pleasing to the Reader) by way of dispute betwene a Knight and a Lady, is described this neuer before debated question, to wit: Whether man to woman, or woman to man offer the greatest temptations and allurements vnto vbridled lust, and consequently whether man or woman in that vnlawfull act be the greater offender. A Historie pleasant, delightful und witty, fit of all to be perused for their better instruction, but especiall of youth to be regarded, to bridle their follies. Printed for Francis Burton, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's-church-yard, at the signe of the Flower-de-Luce and Crowne. 1606. qto. sig. O.*

This romantic novel is confidently attributed to the pen of Robert Green, though his name is not any where attached to it, and the language bears all the character of a hasty effusion by that versatile genius. The present edition is the only one certainly known. The late Mr. George Steevens supposed he had seen another, and his remarks on his copy, which had before belonged to Mr. Bowle, are as follows.

“ V. Jackson Cat. of 1760. 2395.\* Greene's Hist. of fair Bellora.—The hand-writing of Mr. Bowle. G. S.

“ I am well convincd that I have seen another edition of this romance, with a less crowded and circumstantial title-page, but cannot recollect where I met with it. When my course of black letter began, had I been aware of the necessity of such a precaution, I would have kept a minute register of all anonymous tracts, which, on some kind of authority, were ascribed to contemporary pamphleteers, like Greene, &c. I am how-

\* There is also another reference, “ v. Floncel 4327, or 4827.”  
ever



ever much mistaken if the name of Greene was not either printed in the title of the other edition, or at least written on it in an ancient hand. I hardly suppose the authority of Mr. Bowle's quotation from one of old Jackson's catalogues would have been sufficient for me to rely on. G. S."

The dedication is addressed

"To all kind, and vnkind, readers of both kindes.—To please many, yea rather a few, is a thing easie to be desired, but hardly obtained: for in this sicke age the mindes of most are infected with such a froward malady, and their appetites infected with such a giddy humour, that scant any thing (be it neuer so curious) can procure a pleasing realish to their dainty-toothed curiosity. But I must tell such distempered persons, that heere is nothing prepared to afford them any kind entertainment: for where loue is rewarded with hate, cost is better spared then ill spent, and I had rather such guests should fast then to be iuited to my feast. And if they will follow the rules of my physicke, I conuell them to clear and purge their quesie stomackes from that corrupt humor, which turneth the sweetest honny into noysome poyson, for before that time wholesome food can minister no comfort to feeble nature; but doth rather feede the peeuish malady and augment the vigor of their dangerous disease.

"Now for other who are of a better complexion, and a more healthfull constitution, shall all be hartily welcome, so many as after a friendly inuitation are willing to come to take such cheare as is chearefully provided for them. I will keep open house al the year, you may be bold to enter without checke of any churlish porter, and kind harted hospitality shall be my steward, although for his large liberality, he is quite shut out of doores in most places, I beshrew wanton Pride for her labour, it is by her procurement: for they two can neuer dwell together vnder one roofe, and she in this new fangled dotting olde age, hath gotten the vpper hand; more is the pittie and greater the impiety. But you that are my welcome guestes shall not come to a nigarde's feast, for if variety m[a]y please you, you shall haue store and plenty, and if the first seruice will not serue your turne, I pray you be patient till you see the prouision of all your fare, and I doubt not but before it be time to take vp the table, you shall meete with some dish that shall be so well dressed as it may delight your palat. If I should praise my cheare ouermuch, men might beg me for a foole, and bid me hold my peace

while I learned more wit: yet I may be bold to say, it is not so good, but I wish it were far better for your sakes. And if you thinke yourselues as welcome as you are new-come, I beshrew you if you spare, and therefore once againe for all, I bid you all hartily welcome."

The scene of this tragical history is laid in Greece, of which the king was far renowned for maintaining with vigour impartial justice. "He would neither be induced by soft harted pittie, to spare his dearest friends, nor incensed by the passions of fierie choler to be reneuged of his greatest foes." His only child is the heroine, Bellora: Her, we are told,

"The diuine graces had so gloriously adorned, with such excellent beautie of bodie and exceeding such admirable qualities of minde, that they might well be deemed to haue emptied their rich-stored treasure, of their fairest and rarest iewells, to bestowe them on this gracious lady, for her princely dower, whose fresh and amiable cheekes nature had so deeply died with her purest and choisest colours, that their eie-pleasing tincture farre surpassed the fairest damask rose, and much excelled the whitest growing lilly and so curiously compacted the whole frame of her refined substance, that if Apelles (that nature-like resembling limner) had beene tasked to haue drawne her counterfeit, her two bright-burning lampes would haue so dazled his quicke-seeing seuces, that quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had beene inforced to haue staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus vnfinished."

As men in elder time might with less harm view the monstrous Medusa than the quick-sighted lover the bright shining Bellora, for the one being metamorphosed into stone was freed from pain, but the other lived a dying life more dolorous than sudden death, therefore the king, to prevent further mischief, commanded his daughter to be privily conveyed to a distant solitary cottage. Two knights being equally inflamed with love, haunt the residence of the princess: on the first discovery of their passion, disregarding their hitherto preserved amity, they fight, and the one who in a previous discourse proposed determining their chance by lots, is slain by Fidelio. The victor also succeeds in obtaining an interview with his mistress, and an amorous intercourse commences. This being discovered to the king and  
both

both parties in durance, he determines that the strict law shall be enforced, whereby "whosoever were apprehended and convicted, for the like crime that Fidelio and Bellora had committed, that one of them after straight examination, and due inquisition made, who was found least culpable, should be condemned to perpetuall exilment, and the other offending most, to suffer a most bitter death. For their lawe did deeme it a thing opposite and flat contrarie to right, that the punishment inflicted should not differ in quantitie, when the fault of the transgressors did differ in qualitie." The strict examination gives place for long orations from the lovers, and wherein each strenuously seeks to be considered the greater delinquent. The judges declare them to have been alike affected and little or no difference in their offence; this conclusion not pleasing the king, it is suggested to him to have

"Such a competent number of men and women to be assembled, as might be thought meete and to elect one of each sex, to argue by a solemne disputation, whether man to woman, or woman to man, offereth greatest occasions of inducements to lewdnesse and follie, and if woman had the worst, and lost the day, that then his daughter Bellora should die: but if it were apparant that men were most faultie in matters of such condition that then sentence and speedie execution of death should passe against Fidelio."

Which being concluded upon, heralds are sent to the confines of other nations to divulge this

"Decreed disputation, to incite some knight trained vp in amorous battells and well schooled in the precepts of Ouid's art, that great master of loue, like a stoute champion, to patronage the cause of men: and on the other side to instigate some ladie qualified with the like skill and practized in contronersies of the same condition to mannage the defence of her female sexe, and to resist the forces of her contrarie foe, induced thereunto by promise of an honorable reward, and a thirstie desire to be eurowled in the booke of euerlasting fame."

The disputation is evidently to imitate the ancient mooting matches, and the following is the author's description of his mooters:

"Nowe in those daies, there was a noble ladie, and gallant gentlewoman in the Spanish court, witty, quick-conceited, and for commendable qualities so gracious, that shee  
could

could bee seconded of none, she did so far surpass them all: so that this glorious ladie, richly decked with nature's choisest jewells, was greatly affected and often courted by many of great note and honor, who by their loue fauours sought to woe her and by ceaselesse importunitie to winne her. Yet shee did alwaies demeane herselfe in those light affaires with such a modest temperature, that it was a doubtful case, whether shee was more to be prised and praised for her prompt ac[t]iuitie of wit, then to be admired at for her wel-disposed inclination and womanlie discretion. This gentlewoman (who by her long practize was wonderfull skilfull in loue's-logicke, and quick-eied to spie out any fallacian in that faire-speaking art) was named Moranio. There was also within the circuit of the Spanish region, a certaine effeminate knight called Agamio: who rather delightiog to write quaint deuises to courtlie ladies, with his idle pen, then in open field to encounter his foe with his warlike lance, became with often exercise very ingenious in that skill, and prooued a marueilous proficient in the art of loue, and was so sharp-sighted to discrie the subtil close-contriued pratizes of women-kind, and to crosse their wittie shifts, that for his dexteritie in those qualities hee was no where to bee equaled."

In the disputation the author has collected all the arguments and examples that an extensive reading could supply, making six speeches of the disputants fill near thirty pages. Finally, the moderators, or judges, twelve in number, "gaue sentence of death with one consent against Bellora and doom of perpetuall banishment against Fidelio." Intercessions with the king proving ineffectual, preparation is made to carry the sentence into effect, at which time Fidelio rushes unexpectedly into the fire. This occasions the deferring of the sentence against Bellora, who contrives in despair to give herself a prey to the lions kept at the palace.

Agamio is next made to fall in love with Morania; who maddened with disappointment at the failure of her own eloquence, and to revenge the death of the princess, determines by artifice, and with the connivance of the queen, to make him believe he has excited a mutual passion. This ends in his destruction in a way horrific and cruel, making monsters of the women who could inflict such a death; but take the author's own words:

"Agamio his priuate speech vnto Morania.—So great is  
the

the delight of my inward thoughts, and so far pleasing is the present object of my outward senses that I could now wish to abide the wounds of death, and to pay nature her due debt, least changing time should change my present myrth into future sorrow, and envious fortune gine me a fearefull downefal from so high a seat. But how can my rude tongue (gracious madam) tell forth thy worthy praises, from whose blisseful bounty do flow the sweet streams of my instant ioy, and doubtles hope of a happie life, seeing your rare and miraculous clemency hath clean remitted the misdemeanour of my former iniurious follies, and that now after a long war, you haue entred a kind league with me of perpetual peace.

“ Neuertheles, although the bright sun shine of your beaming vertues hath bin heretofore a little obscured by the false oppositions of my blacke and slanderous tongue, yet now it hath recouerd his former light, and shai hereafter shine far more clearer, and as I haue before intended all my forces to the dishonor of all you female angel-like creatures, so now I will not spare (in part of recompence) to spend my derest blood to aduance or aduantage the glory of your tender harted sex. And now I wish that he may still abide much wo, and liue in little ease, that can be so hard-harted as once to wrong your gentle nature, and to you (kind lady) I protest with solemne vow, (and let the heauens reuenge it) if my deeds keep not euen bias with my words, that I will continue faithfull in the sure bond of our nuptiall coniunction, vntill death by taking away my life, disolue the knot of my fixed loue, and in token of my loyall fidelity, I gine you my hande, a sure pawne of my true hart; and let thy Agamio soone cease to breath and liue, if he once think to faile in the duty of perfect loue, or imagine to breake his plighted faith to thee (worthy and gracious lady) who art his first, and shalt be his last, and best beloued.

“ The Author.\*—As soone as false conceited Agamio had ended his penitary confession, and was come to the foote of his submissiue recantation, counterfetting Morania, too subtile to intangle this credulous doter within the hidden snare, soone changed the eoppy of hir countenance, and suddenly ouercast hir smiling face with sad and louring looks, and thirsty reuenge had now ingrauen deep and angry frowns in her smooth forehead, as outward signes of her old malice, (for awhile) low conched, and close imprisoned in the narrow

\* By the interlocutory observations of “ the author,” he appears to have imitated the model of the early drama, which introduces the chorus for explanatory purposes to the auditory.

caases of her hollow hart, and wheras before she cheared vp ner new come ghest with a sweet welcoming song, she now began to checke him in a flat contrary note, and freshly to renew again her former quarrel. And when hee (silly foole) expected that the table should haue bin couered for a great feast, she began to say him this bad grace before a worse supper.

“Morania her vnexpected speech vnto Agamio.—As selfe conceited pride (fond Agamio) will alwaies climbe high, so at last tripped downe by some misfortune, it will fal as lowe; and as selfe loue of thy owne perfections hath enermore besotted thy minde with blinding follies, so now thy woful end shal pay thee home in al measure for thy false opinion. Didst thou like a foolish chapmā at the first cheapning, thinke to buy so precious a jewell as my loue is, and at so base a rate, which many others, al of them far thy betters, could not get with great proffers, much labor, and infi[ni]t cost? Couldst thou so childishly suppose that thou wert so worthy a mate, that at the first motion I would giue both hand and hart to make vp thè match, and yeeld thee my greatest fauor won by thy iniurious wrōgs, which many braue knights haue often sought, but coulde neuer obtain with great sute and long seruice. But as thy inuectiue speeches ful of spight against womankind, might perhaps (to inconsiderate judges) make shew of a pretty wit, so now thy hasty and ouerheady recanting doth yeild a plaine proof that thou euer wandred far wide from the path of perfect wisdom: for true loue can neuer fix good liking when it is sought to be conquered by force, but it is alwaies attained soonest, and abideth enermore soundest whē it is gained by gentle proceedinges, which may best please, and do most content the milde inclination of a woman’s kind nature, was it not of late a comedy pleasant enough to thy waiward humor, that thou didst attempt to eclipse the bright beames of my mayden fame with thy black opposed speeches? But do you now still seeke when you see I liue for all your spight, and that I haue digested al your poison by the vertue of a good nature, to win that by dissembling, which thou couldest not subdue by force, and if thou shouldst bee so happy (as you say falsely) and I most happy (as I may say truly) by the fruition of thy bad will, then thou mightest make open proclamation of my dishonor, and crow ouer me as a subdued captiue to thy cursed lust, and hereafter say, women are very kinde to their secret friendes, when being requested, they proue so kind to their opē foes.

“But as fondlings account their chickens before they be

hatcht, and foolish gamsters boast of their winnings before they come to the end of the game, so shal thy hoped harvest dye in the sprouting bud, thy faire blossomes being killed with vngentle frost, perish and bring forth no fruite, and the torments of thy cruell and vngentle death, make some mends for the wicked deeds of thy hated life: wherefore I wish thee to make a small repentance for thy great and grievous offences, before the few minuities of thy posting life, haue run out their short course.

“ And because the horror of thy lingring death, may be y<sup>e</sup> more terror to thy like minded mates that hereafter liue, we haue deuised such deadly pains that the very thought doth amaze me with fear; yet because thou hast run a wild race full of impiety, thou must and shalt abide them without any pittie, and although women shal be the sole executioners (who haue had al the wrong) and cry quittance with thee in thy woful end, yet thinke not to escape their weake and feeble hands, for who euer yet iniured their sexe and gentle nature, but before their work was at an end, receiued the due wages that their bad labours well deserued: And let men say Morania would haue dyed for sorrow if she had not beene reuenged vpon her old enimy Agamio.

“ The Author. — No sooner had Morania named reuenge (a sweet word to grudging minds) with a treble and terrible voice and that her fellow-actors had heard their communication, but the furious queene with her intraged traine at once rushed hastily on the stage, being al prepared to play mad Medea's part in the bloody tragedy of their maligned foe Agamio; and when he saw his merciles executioners, he began to growe pale and change his colour, dreading to endure the tempest of their stormy choler, and before his tongue might speake or plead his maister's sorrowful case, they seized as greedily on him (as Acteon's houndes did fasten on their mishaped maister) and with their vnited forces did lay him flat on the ground, and so quickly muffled vp his mouth, that well (poore soule) hee might think his worst; but he had not liberty to speak one word: yea they did so violently beat on his panting breast that he could hardly fetch his labouring breath. And when they had quickly dispoyled him of his comely and costly array, they tyed and chayned him to a post (like a muzled beare) there to be baited to death, and fresh remembrance of his old wrongs had set so sharp an edge on their murdering ire, that nothing might sooner coole their fierce minds or better quench their blood-thirsty humour, then to inuent such strange deuised paines, that the least pinch might  
make

make him feele a deadly pang, and yet the greatest torture be too weake to make a finall riddance of his wearisome life.

“ But heere I must make a little pause and wonder, that hellish reuenge (yet how sauage is the nature of this cruell monster) should so farre transport trembling harted women from their mild and modest nature, for some of them with hot burning pinsers nipped his naked body, and others with teeth and nailes made deepe impressions in his tender flesh: that if murderous Medea had beheld those tormentors with her faire-sparkling eyes, she could not at least but haue fetched one sorrowfull sigh at so greivous and pittifull a sight.

“ Now when they saw their extreame handling had almost bereaued him of his sence and feeling, then they would often hold their hands, and make pausing rest, yet it was not to giue any ease or breathing to his poore panting hart, but that their seacnd assault might haue greater force, and do their captiue foe more hurt. And when the sorrow-maddened queene, and her like moody mates, in acting their cruell parts, had almost wearied their hands, but not halfe tyred the mallice of their harts, they thought it now fitte time to defer for a while the last bloody act, untill they had refreshed themselues with a ioyfull feast, while their welcome and ilcome guest (full sore against his will) kept a true fast.

“ And although their fare had bin very coarse, yet would they haue fed neuer the worse, sharp reuenge had so whet their hungry stomackes, but that their delicate fare and merry, talke might do him the more despiht, they would sup and reuill it out in his hearing and open sight, that in the midst of all their frolick mirth he might make many a mournfull sob and sorrowfull sigh. And after they had a little labored their teeth, and their tongue had some leasure to talke (for when women meete together alone at a feast they do not vse to be mute) they reckoned vp al the bead role of all his wrongs, which from time to time he had done to the female sex, and for euery bad word he had spoken, named a bitter death, which they al concluded he had worthily deserued.

“ For they all well knew that she pleased the queen best, that could thinke of the worst and recount the most. And as before their mercillesse hands wounded his body, so now their sharpe poynted words entered his eares, and pearced his languishing hart, and both hands and toong were emplyed to redouble the paines of his sufferiugs, and so in the meane while his sighing note serued instead of sweete musicke,



sicke, to recreate their wearied senses. But when their pleasant supper was ended, and they had passed away the time with much talke, the queene and her partakers prepared themselues to act the catastrophe of their blondy and nightly tragedy, and now to make a short riddance of their capitall foe's hatefull life, and yet they could haue wished, he might haue liued stil in extream pangs of lingering death.

“Now when the sun began his daily circuit in the blushing orient, least his bright eye should discover their secret and night-hooded murder, they suddenly threw the mangled and tormented body of Agamio into a fierce flaming fire, where it was quickly burpt and consumed into ashes. And although their reuenging minds were somewhat quieted when their enemy was quite dead, yet they were all content, that his memory should liue somewhat longer, and euery one of them tooke some of his ashes, being his last reliques, and entombed it in their golden tablets, that so often as they did view it with their eie, they might conceiue new ioy in their hart, with a pleasant thought of their great victory ouer so stout a foe. And thus ended the lamentable tragedy of rash beleeuing and credulous Agamio, whose death may be a caueat for others not hastily to trust the faire wordes of an old foe, making a goodly shew of a fained reconciliation. Finis.”

J. H.

¶ *The Contemplation of Sinners. 1499. Ato.*

Colophon.

“¶ Here endeth the treatyse called the Contemplacyon of Synners, for euery daye of the weke a synguler Medytacyon. Emprentyd at Westmynster by Wynken de Worde the .x. daye of July, the yere of our Lorde .M.CCCC.lxxxix.”

“*Namque huius mundi fallacis gaudia vite  
Et quibus exuere se debet omnis homo,  
Sunt miseranda nimis vexant mortalia corda  
Virtutum faciunt quamlibet immemorem  
Quos igitur cristi baptisma sacrum renouauit  
Librum hunc perlegite qui facit esse sacros  
Quid iusto prodest aut quid peccator egebit  
Si libet inspicere vos docet istud opus.*”

¶ Prologus.

“¶ At the deuoute and dylygent request of the ryght reucrende

reuerende fader in god & lorde Rycharde bysshop of Dur-  
ham and lorde pryeseall of Englonde, this lytell boke  
named Contemplacōn of Synners is compyled & fynysshed.  
The sayd blessyd fader in god desynge gretly all vertue to  
encrease and vyce to be exyled, hath caused this booke to be  
enprynted to the entente that oft redynge this booke may  
surely serche and truely knowe the state of his conscyence."

Mr. Dibdin, who has given a full account of this  
book (ii. 83) pronounces it in every respect a great  
curiosity.

I select the following curious, though rude, allitera-  
tive verses from Monday's contemplation :

" *Tulit me a conspectu vite salubris rabida prosperitas.*"

" O stronge tyraunt traytour ryght tresonable  
Conuent of all contagyous companye,  
Thy fadyd flourysshynge is fantasy felable  
Thou gyrthe-of gyle scole of copydytye  
Fader of falset, nouryce of iniquytye  
The chaūgeable chaunce of thy folychy fortoune  
Just men oppressynge, and shrewes settyng hie  
Maketh a man to lose an heuēly crowne."

The work has about eight curious wood-cuts, some  
of which have been copied by Mr. Dibdin.

This account is taken from a copy in the library of  
Lee Priory, near Canterbury.

¶ *The Miracle of the Peace in France. Celebrated by  
the Ghost of the Diuine Dr Bartas. Translated by  
Iosiah Sylvester. Imprinted at London by Richard  
Bradocke for John Browne, and are to be sold at his  
shop in Fleet-streete at the signe of the Bible. 1599.  
pp. 70. In fours.*

This little article of a voluminous and very unequal  
writer\* has not been noticed by either Herbert or Rit-  
son. † It is dedicated in a sonnet to M. Anthony Bacone  
whose arms are on the back of the title. The contents are

\* Mr. Ellis in his second volume has given a specimen of Syl-  
vester's poetry. The poem of "a contented mind" there selected  
must have been a close imitation of one inserted in the *Cens. Lit.*  
vol. x. p. 282.

† The poems are to be found in the 4to. collection of Sylvester's  
works.

sonnets relative to the peace, a dialogue vpon the troubles past betweene Heraclitus and Democritus; an ode on Astrea, and some epigrams and epitaphs. The ode may be selected as containing some pleasing and tender images, though dilated with too many of the usual conceits of the translation.

“ *An ode of the loue and beauties of Astrea.*

To the most matchles, faire, and vertuous, M. M. II.

Tetrasticon.

Thou for whose sake my freedom I forsake,  
Who murdring me doost yet maintaine my life :  
Here vnder *Peace*, thy beauties type I make  
Faire war-like nymph that keep'st me still in strife.

Sacred peace if I approoue thee,  
If more than my life I loue thee,  
'Tis not for thy beauteous eyes :  
Though the brightest lampe in skies  
In his highest sommer shine,  
Seemes a sparke compared with thine ;  
With thy paire of selfe-like sunnes,  
Past all els-comparisons.

'Tis not, deare, the dewes ambrosiall  
Of those pretie lips so rosiall,  
Make me humble at thy feet ;  
Though the purest honie sweet  
That the Muses birds doe bring  
To Mount Hybla euery spring,  
Nothing neare so pleasant is  
As thy liuely, louing kisse.

'Tis not, Beautie's Emperesse,  
Th' amber circlets of thy tresse,  
Curled by the wanton windes,  
That so fast my freedome bindes ;  
Though the precious glittering sand  
Richly strow'd on Tagus' strand ;  
Nor the grains Pactolus told  
Neuer were so fine a gold.

'Tis not for the polish't rowes  
Of those rockes whence prudence flowes,  
That I still my suite pursue ;  
Though that in those countries new

In the orient lately found,  
 (Which in precious gemmes abound)  
 'Mong all baytes of auarice  
 Be no pearles of such a price.

'Tis not, sweet, thine yuorie necke,  
 Makes me worship at thy becke;  
 Nor that pretie double hill  
 Of thy bosome panting still:  
 Though no fairest Leda's swanne,  
 Nor no sleekest marble can  
 Be so smooth or white in show,  
 As thy lillies, and thy snow.

'Tis not, O my paradise!  
 Thy front enener than the yce,  
 That my yeelding heart doth tye  
 With his mild-sweet maiestie:  
 Though the siluer moone be faine,  
 Still by night to mount her waine,  
 Fearing to sustaine disgrace  
 If by day shee meet thy face.

'Tis not that soft sattin limme,  
 With blewe trailes enamel'd trimme,  
 Thy hand, handle of perfection,  
 Keeps my thoughts in thy subiection:  
 Though it haue such curious cunning,  
 Gentle touch, and nimble running,  
 That on lute to heare it warble,  
 Would moue rocks and rauish marble.

'Tis not all the rest beside,  
 Which thy modest vaile doth hide  
 From mine eyes (ah, too iniurious)  
 Makes me of thy loue so curious:  
 Though Diana being bare,  
 Nor Leucothoe passing rare,  
 In the christall-flowing springs,  
 Neuer bath'd so beauteous things.

What then, (O diuine dame)  
 Fires my soule with burning flame?  
 If thine eyes be not the matches  
 Whence my kindling taper catches?  
 And what nectar from aboue  
 Feeds and feasts my ioyes, my loue,  
 If they tast not of the dainties  
 Of thy sweet lippes sugred plenties?

What

What fell heat of couetize  
 In my feeble bosome fries ;  
 If my heart no reckoning hold  
 Of thy tresses purest gold ?  
 What inestimable treasure  
 Can procure me greater pleasure,  
 Then those orient pearles I see,  
 When thou daign'st to smile on mee ?

What, what fruit of life delights  
 My delicious appetites,  
 If I ouer-passe the messe  
 Of those apples of thy brests ?  
 What fresh buddes of scarlet rose  
 Are more fragrant sweet than those :  
 Then those twins, thy strawberry teates,  
 Curled—purred, cherrilets ?

What (to finish) fairer limme,  
 Or what member yet more trimme,  
 Or what other rarer subiect  
 Makes me make thee all mine obiect ?  
 If it be not all the rest  
 By thy modest vaile suppress :  
 Rather which an enuious cloud  
 From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah 'tis a thing farre more diuine,  
 'Tis that peerles soule of thine ;  
 Master-peece of hean'ns best art,  
 Made to maze each mortall hart :  
 'Tis thine all-admired wit,  
 Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,  
 Thy mild pleasing curtisie  
 Makes thee triumph ouer me.

But, for thy faire soules respect,  
 I loue twinne-flames that reflect  
 From thy bright tralucent eyes ;  
 And thy yellow lockes likewise ;  
 And those orient pearlie rockes  
 Which thy lightning smile vn-lockes ;  
 And the nectar passing blisses  
 Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I loue thy fresh rosie cheeke  
 Blushing most Aurpura-like,

And

And the white exceeding skin  
 Of thy neck and dimpled chin,  
 And those yuorie-marble mounts,  
 Either, neither, both at once :  
 For I dare not touch to know,  
 If they be of flesh or no.

I loue thy pure lillie hand  
 Soft and smooth, and slender, and  
 Those fiue nimble brethren small  
 Arm'd with pearc-shel helmets all ;  
 I loue also all the rest  
 By thy modest vaile suppress :  
 Rather which an euious cloud  
 Frō my longing sight doth shroud."

E. HOOD.

¶ *A short and profitable Treatise of lawfull and vnlawfull Recreations, and of the right vse and abuse of those that are lawefull. Written by M. Dudley Fenner Preacher of the word of God in Midleburgh. 1587. Eccles. 2. 2. I saye of laughter, thou art madde! and of gladnes, what doest thou? Imprinted at Midleburgh by Richard Schilders. 12mo. eight leaves.*

This little tract has a prefatory address "to the Christian Reader," and is divided under the several heads "of Christian exercises, playes, pastimes, or recreations," and "speciall rules of recreation." The pious author has contented himself with gathering the leading texts of scripture as applicable to his subject, without censuring or naming the general amusements of that period, which leaves his performance destitute of the information which might be expected from the title-page. In temperance, sobriety, and apparel we are "to square our selues according to the most sober of our age, degree, condition and sorte of life." Cards and dice are condemned and should be exchanged for "other recreations, as pleasaut and of greater prayse, as chesse, musicke, &c." The following extract commences the second division upon the rules of recreation, and contains the only allusion to dramatic exhibitions.

"What

“ *What is a Christian recreation?*—A christian recreation is an exercise of something indifferent both for the nature and vse of it, only for the necessarie refreshing of the body or minde or both. So are allowed in the Scriptures the vse of the bowe. 2 Sam. 1. 18. Of musicke. Nehe. 7. 67. Of hunting, Cant. 2. 7. but so as we doe not stirre vp or prouoke Christ with it. Lastlie, for the exercise of wit, honest ridles, Iud. 14.

“ Rules for the better vnderstanding of euery parte of the declaration of Christian exercise: and first what is indifferent both in nature and vse.

“ 1. *In nature.* An indifferent thing in nature is that, which is left free, so as wee are not simplie commanded, or forbidden to vse it, but when we shall finde it in Christian wisdom beneficiall, or hurtfull vnto vs. Such is not the taking vpp of the iesture, behaiour or speech of euill men: or the fayning of them in playes, because we are expressly forbidden to take vp the outward fashion, or shape the lusts of our ignorāce. 1 Pet. 1. 14. where the word (*Suschematizomenoi*) which the Holy Ghost vseth, signifieth that very maner of fayning the outward shewes which are vsed in playes. Such also is not that whiche Solomon speaketh of, to cast firebrandes, arrowes, and deadly things, and say: Am I not in sport? Pro. 26. 18. 19. Such is not the daunsing of men and women together, whiche thing neyther agreeth with the shamefastnes of the one, nor with the grauitie of the other. Nay, the very sight of it in a woman is founde to ouerwhelme men more then strong drinke. Mark, 6. 22. And necessarilie draweth with it that which Salomō giueth to vnchast women: That her feete dwel not in the house. Prou. 7. 11.

“ 2. *In vse.* By a thing indifferent in vse, is meant that which is not onely free to bee vsed, but also conuenient in that time and place, before those persons where wee are presentlie to vse the same; as if the thing be made by the law vnlawfull, and withall to haue nō good report, prayse, or vertue in it, then is it not indifferent. Phil. 4. 8. as dycing, wanton pictures, vaine gestures, or what soeuer hath any shewe of euill. 1 Thes. 5. 10. 22. Lastly, they are not indifferent in vse, if they giue offence, as hath bin proued before.”

\* \*

¶ *Graphice. The use of the Pen and Pensil. Or, the most excellent Art of Painting: in two Parts. By WILLIAM SANDERSON, Esq. fol. Lond. 1658.*

Opposite the title is the portrait of the author by Faithorne; and beneath it,

“ *Gulielmus Sandersonus ætat. suæ 68,  
Etsi se nescit quod senescit tamen cupit dissolvi. 1658.*”

From the preface it should appear that Sanderson, though an amateur only, was “not without some experience by his own private practice.” In the course of the work are portraits of Charles I, and “*Maria Ruten Uxor D. Antoni Van Dyck, Eq.*” also by Faithorne.

The following short extracts may show that many curious anecdotes of the arts are scattered through the volume.

P. 14. “We read, of kings and nations that have valued painters; so have they sought their paintings for their weight in gold; for 100 talents; for 6000 testers; 12000 testers. Nay, some pieces were preserved with so much safety, that their keepers lives have been responsible for their security.

“An example of that nature we had in Abraham Van-Dort, supervisor of the late King Charles his repository of rarities; with especiall command and care of one most excellent piece of minifure; which therefore he lodged (more secure then safe) so farræ out of the way, as not to be found by himself, when it was missing, to his own memory, at the king’s demand; till after his death, the executors brought it home. This chance fitted the story, which was of the lost sheep found. The designe of the limner, a shepherd bearing upon his shoulder a strai’d sheep to the fold. The doctrine, Christ reclaims the sinner. But miserable it was to the poor man who at the first, for fear of his masters Van Dort’s displeasure, or perhaps his own love to the excellency of that art, in sad regret, went home and hanged himself.”

P. 16. “It is said that Lanier in Paris, by a cunning way of tempering his colours with chimney soote, the painting becomes duskish, and seems ancient; which done, he roules up and thereby it crackes, and so mistaken for an old principall, it being well copied from a good hand.”

In page 20 we have the enumeration of the principal English masters of the author’s own time.

“ IN



“ In the life, *Walker, Zowst, Wright, Lillie, Hales, Shephard, de Grange*, rare artizaus.

“ *Fuller* for story, *Stone* and *Croix* ingenious painters in the incomparable way of copying after the antient masters.

“ *Barlo* for fowl and fish, and *Streter* in all paintings.

“ Then have we *Marshall* for flowers and fruits.

“ *Flesher* for sea-pieces.

“ *Reurie* for most paintings, usually in little, and *John Baptista*; also *Cleve* his excellent designs for those rare tapstry work, wrought at Moret-lake, and otherwise, which will eternize his aged body.

“ For miniture or limning, in water colours, *Hoskins*, father and son; those pieces of the father (if my judgement faile not) incomparable.

“ The like of *Cooper's* and *Cary*: and let me say it with submission, *Gibson's* great piece of the Queen of England's head to the life, done with that elaborate and yet accurate neatness as may be a master-piece to posterity.

“ And to make good that maxime that the ground of all excellencies in this art is the naturall fancie *bon-esprite*, quick wit, and ingenuity, which adds and enables the elaborate part, pick me out one equall to *Madame Caris*, a Brabanne; judgement and art mixed together in her rare pieces of limning, since they came into England. And in oyl colours we have a virtuous example in that worthy artist *Mrs. Carlile*: and of others *Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Brooman*, and to *Mrs. Weimes*.

“ And to give honour to this art of painting, many worthy gentlemen, ingenious in their private delight, are become judicious practitioners herein; namely *Sir John Holland, Mr. Guies, Mr. Parker, Mr. Sprignall*, and others. I need not name the rest; their works will better their worths and estimations in this and other excellent sciences of art and learning. Quære, *Haines* and *Thorne*.”

P. 24. “ We shall not doubt the question, whether painting becomes outsides of walls of the house; in imitation of the *Germain, Cæcill Viscount Wimbleton* (sometime generall of the English in the Dutch warrs) seems to intend the beautifying pleasant scite, and gracefull edifice at *Wimbleton*, with large and ample figures without doors, in *Fresco*, and *Stoke Parke* in *Northampton*, they are done by *Claine*. And *Carew-House*, at *Parsons Green*, large and bold, but almost decayed, though but lately done. Some towns are done so amongst the *Germaines*, but then, not with glaring colours; that were to please common judgements.

“ I have observed other pieces in England, not many; for indeed the worke is soone lost upon a moist wall; which in

our clime necessarily follows. That excellent painting of the two Kings, Henry the Seventh and Eighth, with their Queens, done upon the wall in the Privy Chamber of the late King at White-Hall in oyle only, by the rare hand of *Holben*, hath been preserved with continuall warmth within doors, and benefit of fire, even till now. But withall, I observe the wall prim'd with a very thick compost of playster, and some other mixture fixed, to preserve the worke."

P. 79. "I have seen a book of pictures in this last manner of croyon, done by the hand of that incomparable artist *Hans Holben*, who was servant in ordinary to King Henry the Eighth. They were paintings of the most English Lords and Ladies then living; and the patternes whereby he drew their pictures in oyle. Many of those pieces in the book were spoyled by the injury of time and the ignorance of such as had it in custody. Yet there appear'd in those ruines and remaines, an admirable hand, and a rare manner of working in few lines, with much diligence and labour in expressing the life and likenesse. Many of them equalling his own oyl pictures, and always excelling any other artizan. After a long peregrination, this book fell into the hands of the late Earle of Arrundell, Earle Marshall of England, an eminent patron to all painters, and who understood the art; and therefore preserved this book with his life, till both were lost together."

This passage probably alludes to the drawings which have been published of late years, from his Majesty's cabinet, by Mr. Chamberlaine. H. E.

¶ *Arthur of Brytayne* (in a ribband.)

*The Hystory of the moost noble and valyaunt knyght Arthur of lytell brytayne, translated out of frensshe in to englisse by the noble Johan bourghcher knyght lorde Barners, newly Imprynted.*—[Beneath, a wood cut of a Knyght on horseback armed at all points, accompanied by his squire, in a border of four piccés unconnected.] Colophon. ¶ *Here endeth the hystory of Arthur of lytell Brytayne. Imprynted at London in Powles churche yeard at the sygne of the cocke by Roberte Redborne.\** B. L. Wood cuts, folio, pp. 174, exclusive of table of contents.

The celebrity of the round table and its gallant

\* According to Herbert, Redborne, Radborne or Badborne printed no other work than the above. Herbert's Ames, 686.

supporters imperiously demanded from every writer who trod the flowery regions of romance in the middle ages, an acknowledgment of its superiority, or a reference to its institutions. A varlet\* who failed to trace his descent from one of the "*preud hommes*," who were seated round the table of "*Camelyarde*,"† could have little hope of having his claim to knighthood recognised by the hearers of the lay, or the readers of the manuscript in the 14th and 15th centuries. In point of fact even the romances founded on Turpin's supposed chronicle, of which the heroes were generally the peers of Charlemagne, have continual allusions to the incidents and personages of the supposed court of Arthur. In many of these later productions the fairies who interested themselves about the fortunes of Arthur and his knights, play conspicuous characters. In the romances of Ogier le Dannoys for instance, Morgan le Faye, Arthur's sister, occupies no inconsiderable portion of our attention, and the fortunes of his son, 'Le preux Meurvin,' are not less dependent on the clumsy kindness of these *awkward machines*.‡ The name of Arthur would be no trifling recommendation of the romance in question which is supposed by the Comte de Tressan to have been written about the time of Charles the 6th of France, during whose temporary derangements, and consequently unfortunate reign, the superiority of England was so strongly marked. This elegant writer, as the foundation for his belief, discovers in the romance a decided anxiety to give celebrity to every thing that can have any connection with England; in addition to which he is of opinion, that the style and language strongly resemble, and are therefore contemporaneous with, those of Froissart.

Perhaps this conjecture may receive confirmation from the circumstance of this romance having been

\* "*Les ecuyers furent aussi appelés Varlets Sergens & Damoiseaux.*" St. Palye, tom. 1, 36.

† 'Howe Kyng Arthur tooke and wedded Gueneuer vnto his wyfe, whiche was doughter to Leodegraunce Kyng of the lande of Camelyarde, with whome he had the Round Table.' Story of Prince Arthur. Copland's edit. 3 book, chap. 1, d. 1.

‡ '*Les feés, cette machine si grossiere, si disproportionnée.*' Oeuvres de Tressan, vol. 7, 201. One of these fairies, educated by the lady of the lake, breaks, by her vagaries, the *natural* train of the romance before us.

selected by the venerable translator of Froissart's chronicles, as equally worthy of an English dress. The familiar acquaintance with the style of Froissart, which must have been the consequence of Lord Berners's study of that voluminous chronicler, would naturally beget a partiality to any work which possessed similar demands on his attention.

In productions of this class we have very few originals in the English tongue. Romances of chivalry are to be found almost entirely in the romance language: a dialect perhaps much more used in this country after the Norman conquest, than even in France; and, reasoning from that circumstance, we have a right to put in a legitimate claim to most, if not all, of the early romances. So intimate is our connection with it still, that I very much question whether even in the present day, an Englishman with only the common portion of school-acquired knowledge of the French tongue, would not more easily comprehend the *genuine* romance language, than a native Frenchman whose attention had not been directed to the study. A few of these romances have been translated into English; the best of which translations now extant assuredly are by Lord Berners, to whose character in this particular, a lively and ingenious living writer pays this just tribute: "In the class of romances of chivalry we have several translations in the black letter; such are the *Mort d'Arthur*, *Huon of Bordeaux*, &c. The best translations, now very rare and high-priced, are those of Lord Berners, the admirable translator of Froissart in the reign of Henry 8; and not the least of his merits is now the genuine antique cast of his style."\*

The first French printed edition was given to the world in 1502, but it is not so easy to ascertain when the first edition of Lord Berners's translation was printed. Herbert mentions an edition by Rob. Copland without date, but which he had not seen; and which, from the title page containing the phrase "newly imprinted," he conceives to have been not the *first* edition. In the catalogue of the late Duke of Roxburgh's library was a copy of this translation, wanting the last leaf, and stated to be Copland's: this, how-

\* *Curiosities of Literature*, edit. 1807, vol. 2, 252.

ever, was incorrect, as it was in fact Redborne's edition, and was in all probability that which had been in Major Pearson's collection, art. 3309. Another copy of the work, without date, occurs in West's catalogue, art. 2483; and a third, said to be printed by Copland, in Ratcliffe's catalogue, art. 821. I think it however, highly probable that the latter, although said to be Copland's, as was the case with the Duke of Roxburgh's copy, was in fact printed by Redborne, who has not only used the same wood cuts as Copland, but has employed a rude type very similar to that used by them.

The last edition of which I can learn any tidings was in 1609.\* At the back of the title page is "The Prologe."

¶ "Here foloweth the translatur's prologue.—Forasmuche as it is delectable to all humayne nature to rede and to here these auncient noble hystories of the chyualrous feates and martyall prowesses of the vycorious knyghtes of tymes pasté, whose tryumphaunt dedes yf wrytynge were not sholde be had clene oute of remembraunce. And also bycause that ydelnesse is reputed to be the moder of al vices, wherfore somewhat in eschewynge therof, and in the waye of lowli erudycyon and learnynge I, John Bourghchere knyght, lorde Berners, haue enterprysed to translate out of Frensshe in to our maternas tongue a noble hystory, makynge mencyon of the famous dedes of the ryght valyaunt knyght Arthur, sonne and heyre to the noble duke of Brytayne, and of the fayre lady Florence, daughter and heyre to the myghty Emendus Kyng of the noble realme of Soroloys, and of the grete trouble that they endured or they attayned to the perfourmaunce of theyr vertuous amorous desyers; for fyrste they ouercame many harde and straūge aduentures, the whiche as to our humayne reason sholde seeme to be incredible, wherfore after that I had begon this sayd processe I determined to haue left and gyuen vp my laboure, for I thoughte it sholde haue be reputed but a folye in me to translate, beseming suche a fayned mater wherin semeth to be so many vnpossylyties, how be it than I called agayne to my remembraunce

\* Warton, who probably never saw it, falls into the following error, "Our King Arthur was sometimes called Arthur of Little Brittainne, and there is a romance with that title reprinted in 1609." *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. 3. 477.

that I had redde and scen many a sondrye volume of dyerse noble hystories wherin were contayned the redoubted dedes of the auntyent inuynsyble conquerours and of other ryght famous knyghtes who acheued many a straunge and wonderfull aduenture, the whyche by playne letter as to our vnderstandynge sholde seme in a maner to be supernaturall, wherfore I thought that this present treatyse myght as well be reputed for trouthe as some of those.\* And also I doubted not but that the first auctour of this boke deuysed it not without some maner of trouthe or vertuous entent, the whiche consideracyons and other gaue me agayne audacyte to contynue forth my fyrste purpose tyll I had fynysshed this sayd boke, not presumynge that I haue reduced it into fresshe or nate polysshed Englysshe, for I knowe myselve insufficyent in the facondyous arte of rhetoryke, nor also I am but a lernert of the language of Frensshe—how be it I truste my symple reason hath ledde me to the vnderstandynge of the true sentence of the mater, accordinge to the whiche, I haue folowed as nere as I coude, desyrynge all the reders and herers therof to take this my rude traslacion in gre and yf ony faute be to laye it to myn vnconnyng and derke ignoraunce, and to mynysse, adde or augmet as they shall fynde cause requysyte, and in theyr so doynge I shall praye to God that after this vayne and transytory lyfe he may brynge them vnto the perdurable Joye of heven. Amen!" "Thus endeth the translatur's prologue."

Then follows the table of contents of 117 chapters. As I understand that this very curious and rare work is about to be reprinted in a correct and elegant manner, I shall content myself with giving a short extract, merely as a specimen of the translator's style in light composition.

Arthur had been engaged in marriage by his parents, much against his inclinations, (for he had conceived a previous attachment to a young maiden named Jebannet) to the Lady Perron, whose virtue was not a little doubtful. Overpowered however by parental authority, he at length yielded, and the nuptial ceremony was per-

\* Certainly there is as much appearance of truth in the incidents of this romance as in the intimacy between Gaston Count of Foix and the Demon Orthon, related with the utmost gravity by Froissart.

† It would appear from this phrase that this translation was anterior to that of Froissart.

formed with great magnificence. The lady Perron, conscious that her situation would not bear minute scrutiny, had bribed the young Jehannet to occupy her place on the bridal night by the side of the youthful Arthur; who retired to bed at the appointed hour, totally unconscious of the trick which was to be thus put on him.

“ And whā that Arthur was thus a bedde he begaune to draw nere to his wyfe as to his knowlege. Than Jehannet counterfayted her speche and sayd softly – Syr it is so or ye touche me I wyll knowe what shall be min endowrye. I requyre you syr assygne it to me; and than shall I be readye to fulfyll all your commaundementē. Than Arthur toke the charter and the ryngē and delynered them to Jehannet, and sayde my loue Perron ye shall haue a fayre endoury, for it draweth nere to the some of x thousande pounce. And so dydde put the ryngē vpon one of her fyngers. My ryghte dere Lorde, sayde Jehannet, I humbly thanke you; and so toke the charter and the ryngē and layde theym vp priuely vnder the beddes syde. So thus was Jehannet moost parte of the nyghte wyth Arthur in grete joye and myrthe vntyll the tyme that Arthur fell a slepe, for he had not slepte of all y<sup>e</sup> nyghte before. And whyle that he thus slepte Jehannet pryuely rose and tooke wyth her the charter of Perrons endoury and came to the Lady Luke.\* And incontyent she was conūeyde agayne pryuely to the istang† to her moder. And than was Perron put softly into the bedde to Arthur, who woke not tyll it was fayre daye. And whā he was waken he sawe where as Perron laye faste aslepe by hym, for she had not slepte of all the nyght tyll than.” Cap. 13, fol. ix.

The ensuing chapter, in which Arthur pays a visit to Jehannet and is undeceived by her as to his wife, Perron, is much too loose for modern times, but affords an additional proof how little delicacy our ancestors felt on subjects which no modern writer of the least correctness would allude to without apology.

W.

\* Perron's mother, who had planned this notable stratagem.

† L'estang, in old French, a reservoir for fish. Query—in this case a *purlieu*?

¶ *The first Day's Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamations and Musick: after the manner of the Ancients. By Sir W. D. 12mo. Lond. 1657.*

This is one of the smaller pieces of Sir William Davenant. "After a flourish of musick, the curtains are drawn, and *the Prologue* enters." With an introduction of sixty-two lines the curtains are closed again: when a concert of instrumental musick, "adapted to the sullen disposition of Diogenes, being heard awhile," Diogenes and Aristophanes, in habits agreeable to their country and professions, appear sitting in two gilded rostra: and declaim "Against" and "For publique entertainment by moral representations." The character of Diogenes is supported by all the arguments which a cynic might be supposed to introduce.

"Would you meet to enjoy the pleasure of musick? (he observes) 'tis a deceitful art; whose operations lead to the evil of extreams, making the melancholy to become mad, and the merry to grow fantastical. Our citie's ancient stamp, the *Owl* (which bears no part in the merry quires of the woods) denotes the wisdom, not the mirth of Athens. I would have the people of Athens, from the mason to the merchant, look as grave and thoughtful as rich mourners. They should seem priests in the temples, philosophers in their houses, and statesmen in the streets."

Music befitting the disposition of Aristophanes is next heard, when the comic poet rises to pronounce *his* declamation.

"Renown'd Athenians! how vainly were you assembled here, if you met to be made wise by *Diogenes*? and how much more vainly should I ascend the rostra, if I sought to inform your understanding concerning him, or reform his concerning himself? *Diogenes* came to perswade you to suspect the good effects of assemblies, and I come to accuse him of the evils of solitude.

"This discontented cynick would turn all time into midnight, and all learning into melancholy magick. He is so offended at mirth, as if he would accuse even nature herself to want gravity, for bringing in the spring so merrily with the musick of birds. When you are young, he would have you all seem old, and formall as simple men in authority. When you are old, he would bring you back to the crying condition



condition of children, as if you were alwaies breeding teeth. Nor hath he forgot to dispose of middle age, when the ripeness of mind and body makes you most sufficient for the difficult toyls of affairs: for in this season of laborious life he would use you worse then beasts; who are allow'd bells with their heavie packs; and entertain'd with whistling, when they are driven with goads.

“ Instead of defending poetry” (he adds,) “ whose severall beauties make up the shape of the opera, I will conclude in excuse and defence of her enemy; who hath much reason to diswade you from moral representations, because he is himself the worst representation of morality; and is justly afraid to be represented on the theater.”

At the close of Aristophanes's speech the company are again entertained not only with instrumental but vocal music: when upon the opening of the curtain a *Parisian* and a *Londoner* in the livery-ropes of their respective cities, fill the same rostra and declaim concerning the pre-eminence of Paris and London. The *Parisian* takes the first turn, and has some severe hits at the existing state of London.

“ Sure your ancestors (he says) contriv'd your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot, that you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? Or are your shambles so empty, that you are afraid to take in fresh ayr, lest it should sharpen your stomacks? Oh the goodly landskip of old Fish Street! which, had it not had the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective: and where the garrets (perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity) are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home.

“ You would think me a malicious traveller, if I should still gaze on your mishapen streets, and take no notice of the beauty of your river; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen, and now step into one of your pescod boats; whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of gundaloes, nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of *Chaise-a-bras*. The commodity and trade of your river belongs to yourselves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or freedom of ayr; unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a palace, there a wood-yard, here a garden,

garden, there a brew-house : Here dwells a lord, there a dyer, and between both duomo comune.

“ I will forbear to visit your courtly neighbours at Wapping, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your bridge, but that I am loth to disturb the civil silence of Billings-gate, which is so great, as if the mariners were alwaies landing to storm the harbour.”

The English system of education is also noticed with some little severity of censure.

The Londoner, however, whose speech is introduced by musick, “ imitating the waites” of the city, retorts without any diminution of wit.

In crossing the river at Paris, he observes, “ We neither descend by stairs when we come in “ to the boat,” nor ascend when we go out, but crawl through the mud like cray-fish, or anglers in a new plantation. I could wish you had the adornments of wall’d banks ; but in this witty region of civility, as well as in our dull, rude town, I perceive there is not a perfect coherence in all the parts of magnificence.”

Another burst of music follows the close of this declamation, with a song.

1.

“ London is smother’d with sulph’rous fires ;  
 Still she wears a black hood and cloak,  
 Of sea-coal smoke,  
 As if she mourn’d for brewers and dyers.

*Chorus.*

But she is cool’d and clens’d by streams  
 Of flowing and of ebbing Thames.

2.

Though Paris may boast a clearer sky,  
 Yet wanting flows and ebbs of Sene,  
 To keep her clean,  
 She ever seems chok’t when she is dry.

*Chorus.*

And though a ship her scutcheon be,  
 Yet Paris hath no ship at sea.”

Epilogue then enters, and the entertainment ends. The music on the occasion appears to have been composed by Dr. Coleman, Capt. Henry Cook, Mr. Henry Lawes, and Mr. George Hudson.

E.

¶ *Lord Rivers's Dictes & Sayings of the Philosophers,* 1477. [On the Recto of the first leaf Caxton's large device. Colophon.] ¶ *Caxton me fieri fecit.*

At fol. I iii.

“ Here endeth the book named the dictes or sayngis of the philosophers enprynted by me Wyllm Caxton at Westmestre the yere of our lord .M.cccc.Lxxvii. Whiche book is late translated out of frenshe into englyssh by y<sup>e</sup> noble & puissant lord Antoine Erle of Ryuyers lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wyght. Defendour and directour of the siege apstolique, for our holy Fader the Pope in this Royame of Englund and gouvernour of my lord Prince of Wales, and It is so that at suche tyme as he had accomplisshid this said werke, it liked hym to sende it to me in certayn quayers to ouersee, whiche forthwyth I sawe & fonde therin many grete, notable, and wyse sayengis of the phylosophres. Accordyng vnto the bookes made in frenshe whiche I had ofte afore redd But certaynly I had seen none in englyssh til that tyme, And so afterward I cam vnto my sayd lord & told hym how I had red & seen his book. And that he had don a meritory dede in the labour of the translacion therof in to our englysh tunge. Wheryn he had deseruid a singuler lawde & thank, &c. Thenne my sayd lord desired me to ouersee it & where as I shold fynde faute to correcte it, wheryn I answerd vnto his lordship that I coude not amende it, But yf I sholde so presume I myght a paire it. For it was ryght wel & conuyguly made & translated into right good & fayr englyssh. Notwythstondyng he willed me to ouersee it & shewid me dinerce thinges whiche as hym semed myght be left out as diuerce lettres missyues sent from, Alisander to darius & Aristotle & eche to other. Whiche lettres were lital appertinent vnto to dictes and sayenges aforsaid for as moche as they specifie of other maters, and also desired me that don to put the sayd booke in enprinte, And thus obeyng his request & comaundement I haue put me in deuoir to ouersee this his sayd book and behelden as nyghe as I coude howe It accordeth wyth thorigynal beyng in frensh,” &c.

After the preface, which is extracted by Dibdin, the work begins thus :

“ Sedechias was the first, Philosophir by whom through the wyl & pleaser of oure lorde god, Sapiencie was vnderstande, and lawes resceyued, whiche, Sedechias saide that every creature

creature of good beleue ought to haue in hym sixtene vertues.  
 ¶ The first vertue is to drede and knowe god and his angellys.  
 ¶ The seconde vertue is to haue discrecion to discern the  
 goode from the badde and to vse vertu and sle vices. ¶ The  
 thride vertue is to obeye the kynges or princes that god hath  
 ordeygned to reygne upon hem, and that haue lordship and  
 power vpon the people. ¶ The fourthe vertue is to worship  
 hys fadre and his modre. ¶ The fyfthe vertue is to do Justely  
 and truely to euery creature after his possibilite. ¶ The  
 sixthe vertue is to distribute his almes to the poure people.  
 ¶ The seuenthe vertue is to kepe and defende straungers and  
 pylgrymes. ¶ The eyghte vertue is to bynde and determine  
 hym self to serue our lorde god. ¶ The nynthe vertue is to  
 eschewe fornicacion. ¶ The tenthe vertue is to haue paci-  
 ence. ¶ The enleuenth vrtue is to be stedefast and true.  
 The twelfthe is to be peisible and attemperate and shame  
 fast of synne. ¶ The thertenthe vertue is to loue justice.  
 ¶ The fourtenthe vertue is to be liberal and not couetous.  
 ¶ The fyftenthe vertue is to offre sacrifices to our lord god  
 almyghty for the beneficis and gracis that he sheweth hym  
 dayly. ¶ The sextenthe vertue is to worship god almyghty,  
 and to put to hym hooly in his protection and defence for resis-  
 tance of the infortunitees that dayly falles in this worlde.  
 ¶ The saide Sedechiás saide that right as it apparteyneth to the  
 people to be subgect and obeissant to the royal maieste of  
 their kyng or prince, right so it behoueth their kyng or  
 prince to entende diligently to the wele and gouernaūce of  
 his people, and rather to wylle the wele of them, than his  
 owne propre lucre, for by simylytude right so is the kyng or  
 the prynce, wyth his people, as the soule wyth the body.  
 ¶ And sayde yf a kyng or a prynce enforce hym self to gadre  
 money or tresor by sutyl exortacion or other vndue meanes,  
 he ought to knowe he doth amys. For suche tresor may not  
 be gadred wythout the sequele be to his daunger or depeopula-  
 cion of his Royame or countrey, & sayde zedechias yf a kyng or  
 a prynce be neglygent & sloughfull and take no hede to serche  
 and enquire the dysposicyon and werkys of his enemyes,  
 thentent, wyl and dede of his subgettys, he shal not be longe in  
 surete in his royamme. And sayde the people is fortunat and  
 happy that haue a good and a vertuous kyng or pryuce discrete  
 and wyse in scyences. ¶ And mykyl ar the people infortunat  
 whan eny of thyes thynges lacke in their kyng or pryuce.  
 And sayde yf a kyng or a pryuce for slouth leue to dou euy  
 of lytyl thynges that hym ought, and is ordeygned he shulde  
 execute lightly after he leueth greter vndon, and soo con-  
 sequently

sequently he may lese all ryght, as a lytyl sekenesse or hurt wythout it be sone and wele remedyed, may cause the destruction of all the hole body. ¶ And sayde yf a kynge or a prynce byleue the fayre wordes and flatteryng of his enemyes hauynge no respect to their werkes, it is meruaylle, but the sayd kynge or prynce therby sodeynly take harme. ¶ And sayde it apperteygneth to a kynge or a prynce to enforme his sone in vertue and scyence, and how he shall gouerne his lande aftyr hym, howe he sholde be ryghtwys to his people. How he shulde loue and haunte his knyghtes not sufferyng them to vse to mykyl hunting nor other Idelnesses, but instructe hem to haue goode eloquence and to eschewe all vanytees. ¶ And sayde it apperteygneth to a kynge or to a prynce, If he wyl haue eny nyghe seruaunt fyrst to knowe his guydyng and condycyons, and how he gouerneth hym self in his house and amonge his felowes, and yf he vnderstande hym of goode condycion and gouernaunce, hauyng pacience in his aduersyte reteyne and take hym than hardely. And ellys to beware of hym. And seyde Zedechias yf thou haue a verey true frende that loueth the wele, thou ought to take hym more in thy loue and fauour than eny of thy kynnyngmen desyryng thy deth for to haue the successyons of the goodes. And sayde comunely euery resemblance delyteth other. And sayde he that wyl not be chastysed by fayre & swete wordes, ought to be corrected by sharp and harde correction. ¶ And sayde the grettest rychesse is satisfacciō of the herte. ¶ And sayde he is not riche, to whome richesse lasteth not, ne whan they may be lyghtly take away: but the best ryches is that thyng that dureth perpetuely. ¶ And sayde the obeyssance doon by loue is more ferme than that that is don by myght or drede. ¶ And sayde that experyence is a goode chastycement. And sayd the loking vpon the begynnyng of the werke yf it be goode yeneth hope to the endyng. ¶ And sayde that goode renomnee and fame is ryght proffyttable in this worlde, the dedes therof auaylen in the other worlde. ¶ And sayde it is better a man to holde his peas, than speke myche to eny Ignorant man, and to be alone, than to be accompayned wyth euyl people. ¶ And sayde, whan a kyng or a prynce is euyl tatched and vicious, bettyr is to theym that haue noo knowlege of hym than to thoos that bee grettest maystres in his house. ¶ And sayde better is a woman to be barayn than to heere an euyl dysposed or a wykked chyld. ¶ And sayde the companye of a poure wyseman is better then a ryche Ignorāt that weneth to be wyse by subtylte. ¶ And sayde he that offendeth god his creatour by

gretter

gretter reason he sayleth to other. ¶ And sayde bylene not in hym that seyth he loueth and knoweth trowth and doth the contrary. ¶ And sayd the Ignoraunte men woll not absteyne them from their sensualytes, but loue their lyf for their pleasure, what defence so euer be made vnto them, right as chyl dren enforce them self to ete swete thynges, and the rather that they be charged the contrarye, But it is other wyse wyth wysemen, for they loue their lynes but onely to doo goode dedys and to leue Idelnesse and the delectaciouns of this worlde. ¶ And sayde how may be compared the werkes of theym that entende the perfection of the goode thynges perpetuell, to theym that wyll but their delices transitory. ¶ And sayde that the wyse men bere there greues & sorowes as they were swete vnto theym, knowing theyr trouble pacyently taken the ende thereof shalbe to theyr meryte. ¶ And sayde that it is proufytable aod goode to doo wele to them that haue deserued it, and that it is euyl doon to doo wele to theym that hath not deseruyd it. For all is lost that is yeuen vnto them ryght as the reyne falleth vpon the grauell. ¶ And sayde he is happy that vsyd his dayes in doying couenable thynges, & takyth in this worlde but that that is necessarye vnto hym and may not forbere. Aplyeng hym self to doo goode dedys and to leue the badde. ¶ And sayde a man ought not to be demed by his wordes, but by his werkys, for comunely wordes ben vayne, but by the dedes is knowen the harme or the prouffit of every thyng. And sayde, whan that almesse is distrebutte to poure indygent people, it profyteth as a good medycine couenably yeuen to them that be seke, but the almes yeuen to the not indygent, is as medycine yeuen wythout cause. ¶ And sayde he is happy that wythdraweth his ere and his eye fro all euyl thynges. ¶ And sayde, the most couenable dyspence that eny man may make in his lyff, it is that is sette in the seruice of god, and in goode werke. ¶ And the seconde is that is spende in necessarye thynges that may not be forborne, as mete, drinke, clothyng and for remedies ayenst sicknesse, and worste of all is that is dispende in syn and euyl werke.”

Here end the sayings of Sedechias. Next follow those of HERMES.

This is the first book from the press of Caxton, which has the year and place annexed to it.

There is another edition of the same year, which Mr. Dibdin believes to be the first, printed without numerals, signatures,

signatures, or catchwords, containing 75 leaves. The edition here registered, which neither Oldys, Ames, nor Herbert appear ever to have seen, has signatures, and this mark ¶ before sentences, as in the specimen I have given. It contains 68 leaves, including the two of the title and the proœmium. Mr. Dibdin mentions the copy of this edition in the Lambeth library (No. 1092) as containing the *unique* distinction of the printer's large device on the recto of the first leaf. But the copy in the library of Mr. Barrett at Lee Priory near Canterbury (whence this account is taken) also has it.

The work is a translation from "*Les Dicts Moraux des Philosophes, les Dicts des Saxs, et le Secret des secrets d'Aristote,*" fol. translated from the Latin by Guillaume de Tignoville, who was provost of Paris in 1408. For a farther account and more extracts see *Dibdin*, I. 59, 72. And for an account of Earl Rivers, see *Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors by Park*, vol. 1.

B.

*Willobie his Avis, or the true Picture of a modest Maide and of a chast and constant wife. Whereunto is added an Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie his Avis: with the victorie of English Chastitie neuer before published. The fourth time corrected and augmented. Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1605. qto. 72 leaves, without introduction.*

Our information respecting the author, HENRY WILLOBIE, is confined to the subject of the present article, which supplies but a very scanty portion of materials as to his personal history. The AVISA was licensed and published in 1594, under the inspection of the author's "chamber-fellow" Hadrian Dorrell; and, as he dates the preface from his "chamber in Oxford," there is sufficient ground to presume they were educated together at the university, although neither of their names is recorded by the industrious Anthony Wood.

The poem soon after its appearance must have been attacked by an anonymous critic, "one P. C." which occasioned the editor to put forth an "apology" for the work, dated 1596, appended, we presume, to the second

edition, and wherein he says, "this poetical fiction was penned by the author at least for thirty and five yeares sithence, as it will be proued." If there was sufficient ground for this assertion, it fixes the time of the composition about 1561, and supposing the author then, as seems reasonable to presume, to have attained his twenty first-year, it places the time of his birth, as conjecturally fixed by Mr. G. Ellis, at 1540. However some doubt arises whether this inference is not contradicted by the preface of 1594; which, as in the extracts will presently appear, describes the author not only as "a scholar of very good hope," but also as a "young man," who desirous of seeing the fashions of other countries, had, "not long sithence," departed voluntarily in her majesty's service. Here the most enlarged meaning bestowed on the expression "not long sithence" can neither explain the sentence that calls him a "scholar of very good hope," nor that of a "young man," whereby they shall be terms applicable to a person who had written thirty years before, and from the above inference might have been then in the fifty-fourth year of his age. It is probable the preface may be relied on; otherwise the author's departure from this country will be found too remote for the term of any voluntary engagement, civil or military, that could be attached to foreign service. Dorrell's subsequent anachronism may be ascribed to inadvertency; to a zealous but hurried attempt to parry the attack of the critic, by the supposed youth of the writer; and by fixing the composition at a period sufficiently early to prevent an unfavourable comparison with more recent productions, thereby to claim indulgence for a

" ——— tender muse that neuer tride  
Her ioynted wings till present time."

Our author and his family probably resided in Kent.  
He says

" At westerne side of Albion's ile,  
Where *Austine* pitcht his monkish tent,  
Where shepheards sing, where muses smile,  
The graces met with one consent,  
To frame each one in sundrie part  
Some cunning worke to shew their arte."

To



To describe this circumstance as having happened on the western side of Albion is certainly an error. Austen, and his followers, first settled at Canterbury by the direction of King Ethelbert, where they practised all the self denial and austere manners of the fathers of the primitive church. Again he says,

“ Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,  
 A rosie vale in pleasant plaine ;  
 The nimphes frequent this happy dale,  
 Olde Helicon reuiues againe :  
 Here Muses sing, here satyres play,  
 Here mirth resounds both night and day.  
 At east of this a castle stands,  
 By auncient shepheards built of olde,  
 And lately was in shepheards hands,  
 Though now by brothers bought and sold ;  
 At west side springs a christall well ;  
 There doth this chaste Avisa dwell . . . .  
 Along this plaine there lyes a downe,  
 Where shepheards feed their frisking flock,  
 Her sire the maior of the towne,  
 A louely shout of auncient stocke :  
 Full twentie yeares she liued a maid,  
 And neuer was by man betraid.”

This scenery may be applicable to the same county, and when more minutely examined, we think will enable us to discover the family and residence both of the author and his *Avisa*, but we have not at present time or space for the pursuit of this clue ; of which the result shall hereafter be communicated.

The apology concludes with saying the author is “ now of late gone to God,” which places that event between the dates of the preface, Oct. 1, 1594, and the Apology, 30 June, 1596.

When the third edition of this poem was printed is not yet discovered. Although the present article bears an impress of the *fourth* edition, they are assuredly all of more than common rarity. Ritson commends the *Avisa* as “ remarkably smooth and fluent for its age,” and Mr. G. Ellis has pronounced “ the metre of these poems harmonious and pleasing.”

As an amatory effusion the length is objectionable ; but the author has attempted to relieve it by an episto-

lary style, thereby forming a collection of short poems with continuity of subject. It might be difficult to select even one of those which should entitle the writer to any superior rank among the poets of his own period; although his work contains passages of merit, and he has occasionally succeeded in a pleasing description of his subject. Dorrell evidently attempted to give a superior character to the work, and, I suspect, laboured to fix it among the poems of the highest description. In the original title it is said to be "in hexameter verse," whence Mr. G. Ellis observes "it would seem that the term *hexameter* was applied to *stanzas* containing *six lines*, and not to lines containing *six feet*." Again, each division of the poem, however indefinite the length, when only six lines, is entitled a canto, a term then very unfitly used, unless for a composition in the heroic measure.

The dedication is "to all the constant ladies and gentlewomen of England that feare God," of whom the writer tells "concerning this booke, which I haue promised to dedicate to the safe protection of your accustomed curtesies, if yee aske mee for the persons, I am altogether ignorant of them and haue set them downe onely as I finde them named or desciphered in my author. . . . If mine authour haue found a Brytane Lucretia, or an English Susanna, enuie not at her prayse (good Ladies) but rather endeuor to deserue the like. There may be as much done for any of you as he hath done for his Avisa." Subscribed "Yours most affectionate Hadrian Dorrell." Then follows the preface, addressed

"To the gentle and courteous reader. It is not long sithence (gentle reader) that my very good friend and chamber-fellow M. Henry Willobie, a young man and a scholar of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her maiestie's seruice. Who at his departure chose me amongst the rest of his friendes, vnto whom he reposed so much trust, that he deliuered me the keye of his study, and the vse of all his bookes till his returne. Amongst which (perusing them at leysure) I found many pritty and witty conceites, as I suppose of his owne doing, one among the rest I fancied so much, that I haue ventured so far vpon his friendship, as to  
publish

publish it without his consent. As I thinke it not necessarie to be ouer curious in an other man's labour, so yet something I must say for the better vnderstanding of the whole matter. And therefore, first for the thing it selfe, whether it be altogether fained, or in some part true, or altogether true, and yet in most part poetically shadowed, you must giue me leaue to speake by coniecture, and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtful, and therefore I make you the iudges. Concerning the name of Auisa, I thinke it to bee a fained name, like vnto Ouid's Corinna, and there are two causes that make me thus to thinke, first, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember, and next, for this in a void paper rolled vp in this book, I found this very name Avisa, written in great letters a pretty distance asunder, and vnder euerie letter a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme,

A.	V.	I.	S.	A.
Amans.	vxor.	inuiolata.	semper.	amanda.

That is in effect, a louing wife that neuer violated her faith is alwayes to be beloued. Which makes me cōiecture, that he minding for his recreatiō to set out the idea of a constant wife, (rather describing what good wiues should do then registring what any hath done) deuised a woman's name that might fitly expresse this woman's nature whom he would aime at: desirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off, either Plato in his common wealth, or More in his Vtopia. This my surmise of his meaning is confirmed also by the sight of other odde papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it out of Cornelius Agrippa, drawne the seuerall dispositions of the Italian, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Germane, and the Englishman, and how they are affected in loue. The Italian dissembling his loue assaileth the womā beloued with certaine prepared wantonnesse: he prayseth her in written verses, and extolleth her to the heauens.

“ The Spaniard is impatient in burning loue, verie mad with troubled laciuiousnesse; he runneth furiously, and with pitifull complaintes, bewayling his feruent desire; doth call vpon his ladie and worshipping her, but hauing obtained his purpose maketh her common to all men.

The Frenchman endeouureth to serue, he seeketh to pleasure his woman with songs and disports, &c.

The Germane and Englishman being milder of nature are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instantly require with arte, and entice with giftes, &c. Which  
seuerall

seuerall qualities are generally expressed by this author in the two first trials or assaults, made by the nobleman, and the lusti caualieros, captaines or cutters, &c. signifying by this generalitie, that our noblemen, gentlemen, captaines and lusty youths haue of late learned the fashions of all these countries, how to sollicite their causes, and court their ladies and louers; and this continueth from the second canto to the ende of the two and twentieth

“ After this bee comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth first with the Frenchman vnder the shadow of these letters, D. B. from the three and twentieth canto vnto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly, the Englishman or Germane, vnder these letters, D. H. from the 34 canto vnto the ende of the fortie three. Lastly, the Spaniard and Italian who more furiously inuadeth his loue, and more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty foure canto to the end of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himself. and so describeth his owne loue: who that was I know not, and I will not be curious.

“ All these are so rightly described according to their nature that it may seem the author rather meant to shew what suits might be made, and how they may bee answered, then that there hath beene any such thing indeed. . . .

“ For the persons and matter, you haue heard my coniecture: now for the manner of the composition, disposition, inuention and order of the verse, I must leaue euerie man's sense to himself, for that which pleaseth me may not fancie others. But to speake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the disposition, is not common, nor, (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse, although hee flie not aloft with the winges of Astrophel, nor dare to compare with the Arcadian Sheeheard, or any way match with the daintie Faerie Queene, yet shall you find his wordes and phrases neither triuiall, nor absurd; but all the whole worke, for the verse pleasant, without hardnes, smooth without any roughnes, sweete without tediousness, easie to be vnderstood, without harsh absurditie: yeelding a gracious harmony euery where, to the delight of the reader.

“ I haue christened it by the name of Willoby his Auisa, because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his own hand. How he will like my boldeness, both in the publishing and naming of it, I know not. For the encouraging and helping of maids and wiuues to hold an honest  
and

and constant course against all vn honest and lewde temptations, I haue done that I haue done ; I haue not added nor detracted any thing from the worke it selfe, but haue let it passe without altering any thing ; onely in the end I haue added to fill vp some voyd paper, certain fragments and ditties, as a resolution of a chaste and constant wife, to the tune of fortune, and the prayse of a contented mind, which I found wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.

“ Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farther delaies ; I commit you to the good gouernment of God’s spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.

“ Hadrian Dorrell.”

Verses by “ Abell Emet in commendation of Willobie’s Auisa,” praise his silver pipe for its sweet sounds, and his lofty style, which with golden wings remounts the fame of worthy dames. The next poem we shall give entire, for it bears a fiat in the name of Shakespeare.

In prayse of Willoby his Auisa, Hexametron to the Author.

“ In lanine land though Liuie boast,  
 There hath beene seene a constant dame ;  
 Though Rome lament that she haue lost  
 The garland of her rarest fame,  
 Yet now ye see that here is found  
 As great a faith in English ground.  
 Though Collatine haue dearly bought  
 To high renowne a lasting life,  
 And found, that most in vaine haue sought  
 To haue a faire and constant wife,  
 Yet Tarquine pluckt his glistring grape,  
 And Shake-speare paintes poor Lucrece rape.\*  
 Though Susan shine in faithfull prayse,  
 As twinckling starres in crystall skie :  
 Penelop’s fame though Greekes do raise,  
 Of faithfull wiuies to make vp three ;  
 To thinke the truth, and say no lesse,  
 Our Auisa shall make a messe ;  
 This number knits so sure a knot,  
 Time doubts that he shall adde no more,

\* The Rape of Lucrece as well as the Auisa originally appeared in 1594 : but it is not probable that the above commendatory lines were published earlier than 1596, which is the date given to the piece of Emet in the *Bibliographia Poetica*.

Vnconstant Nature hath begot  
 Of fleeting seemes such fickle store,  
 Two thousand yeares haue scarcely seene,  
 Such as the worst of these haue beene.  
 Then Aui-Susan ioyne in one,  
 Let Lucre's Auis be thy name,  
 This English eagle soares alone,  
 And far surmounts all others fame,  
 Where high or low, where great or small,  
 This Brytan bird out flies them all.  
 Were these three happie, that haue found  
 Braue poets to depaint their praise?  
 Of rurall pipe, with sweetest sound,  
 That haue beene heard these many dayes,  
 Sweet Willobie his Auis blest,  
 That makes her mount about the rest.

Contraria Contrariis  
 Vigilantius Dormitanus.

The introductory canto has a description of the heroine, her beauty and rare accomplishments, and the gifts bestowed upon her by Venus, Pallas and Diana, who are called "the graces."\* With the second canto commences "the first triall of Avisa, before she was married, by a nobleman: vnder which is represented a warning to all young maids of euery degree, that they beware of the alluring inticements of great men." Of this part the four concluding cantos are here given.

*Cant. X. Nob[leman.]*

Well then I see you haue decreed,  
 And this decree must light on me:  
 Vnhappie lillie loues a weede,  
 That giues no sent that yeelds not glee:  
 Thou art the first I euer tride,  
 Shall I at first be thus denide?  
 My haplesse hap fel much awry,  
 To fixe my fancie's prime delight  
 In haggard hauke that mounts so hie,  
 That checks the lure and fawkner's sight,  
 But soare you hie, or flie you low,  
 Stoup needs you must, before you goe.

\* Some of the attributes conferred are rather singular, for "Venus, fram'd a luring eye," and "Pallas gaue a reaching head."  
 Your

Your modest speech is not amisse ;  
 Your maiden's blush becomès you well,  
 Now will I see how sweet you kisse,  
 And so my purpose farder tell :  
     Your coy lookes and trickes are vaine,  
     I will no nay, and that is plaine,  
 Thou must perforce be well content  
 To let me winne thee with thy will :  
 Thy chiefest frends haue giu'n consent,  
 And therefore thinke it is not ill :  
     Abandon all thy fond delay ;  
     And marke this well, that I shall say.  
 My house, my heart, my land, my life,  
 My credit to thy care I giue :  
 And if thou list to be a wife,  
 In shew of honest fame to liue :  
     He fit thee one shall beare thy cloke,  
     And be a chimnie for the smoke.  
 But say the word it shall be done,  
 And what thou list or what thou craue ;  
 What so be lost, what euer wonne,  
 Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue.  
     Thou shalt haue all, what wilt thou more,  
     Which neuer woman had before.  
 Here's fortie angels to begin,  
 A little pledge of great good will,  
 To buy thee lace, to buy a pin ;  
 I will be carefull of thee still :  
     If youth be quaild, if I be olde,  
     I can supply that with my golde.  
 Silke gownes and veluet shalt thou haue,  
 With hoods and caules, fit for thy head,  
 Of goldsmithe's worke a border braue,  
 A chain of gold ten double spread ;  
     And all the rest shall answere this,  
     My purse shall see that nothing misse.  
 Two waiting maides attendant still,  
 Two seruing men, foure geldings prest,  
 Goe where you list, ride where you will,  
 No iealous thought shall me molest :  
     Two hundreth pounds I do entend,  
     To giue thee yearely for to spend :  
 Of this I will assurance make,  
 To some good friend whom thou wilt chuse,  
 That this in trust from me shall take,

While

While thou doest liue, vnto thy vse :

A thousand markes to thee I giue,

And all my iewels when I die.

This will I doe whateuer chance.

Ile shortly send and fetch thee hence ;

Thy chiefest friends I will aduance,

And leaue them cause of no offence :

For all this same, I ouely craue,

But thy good will, that let me haue.

A modest maide is loth to say

In open wordes she doth consent,

Till gentle force do breake the stay :

Come on mine owne, and be content ;

Possesse me of my loue's desire,

And let me taste that I require.

*Cant. XI. Avisa.*

Hand off my Lord, this will not serue,

Your wisdom wanders much awry,

From reason's rule thus farre to swerue ;

Ile neuer yeeld, Ile rather die :

Except you leaue, and so depart,

This knife shall sticke within your hart.

Is this the loue your franticke fit

Did so pretend in glosing shew ?

Are these your waies ? is this your wit

To tice and force poore maidens so ?

You striue in vaine, by raging lust

To gaine consent, or make me trust.

For who can trust your flattering stile,

Your painted wordes, your braue pretence,

When you will striue by trained wile

To force consent to lewde offence :

Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,

Ile rather die within your armes.

Your golden angels I repell,

Your lawlesse lust I here defie :

These angels are the postes of hell,

That often lead poore soules awry :

Shame on them all, your eyes shall see,

These angels haue no power of me.

Your gownes of silke, your golden chaines

Your mē, your maids, your hundreth pounds,

Are nothing els but deulish traines,

That fill fond eares with tickling sounds ;



A bladder full of trayterous wind,  
 And fardest off from filthie' mind.‡  
 Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,  
 And lust would giue no longer leaue  
 To faithlesse heart to lie and faine,  
 Which might perchance in time deceine,  
 By Jesus Christ I do protest,  
 I'le neuer grant that you request.

*Cant. 12. Nob. Furens.*

Thou beggar's brat, thou dunghill mate,  
 Thou clownish spawne, thou countrie gil,  
 My loue is turnd to wreakfull hate,  
 Go hang and keepe thy credit still :  
 Gad where thou list, aright or wrong,  
 I hope to see thee beg ere long.  
 Was this great offer well refus'd ?  
 Or was this proffer all too base ?  
 Am I fit man to be abusde  
 With such disgrace by flattering grace ?  
 On thee or thine, as I am man,  
 I will reuenge this if I can.  
 Thou think'st thy selfe a peerelesse piece ;  
 And peenish pride, that doth possesse  
 Thy heart, perswades that thou art wise,  
 When God doth know ther's nothing lesse :  
 'Twas not thy beautie that did moue  
 This fond affect, but blinded loue.  
 I hope to see some countrie cloone  
 Possessor of that flattering face ;  
 When need shal force thy pride come down,  
 I'le laugh to see thy foolish case :  
 For thou that thinkst thy selfe so braue,  
 Will take at last some paltrie knaue.  
 Thou selfe-will gig that doest detest  
 My faitnfull loue, looke to thy fame ;  
 If thou offend I do protest,  
 I'le bring thee out to open shame :  
 For sith thou fainst thy selfe so pure,  
 Looke to thy leapes that they be sure.  
 I was thy friend, but now thy foe,  
 Thou hadst my heart but now my hate ;  
 Refusing wealth, God send thee woe ;  
 Repentance now will come too late :

That tongue that did protest my faith  
 Shall waile thy pride, and wish thy death.

*Cant. XIII. Avisa.*

Yea so I thought, this is the end  
 Of waudring lust resembling loue.  
 Wa'st loue or lust that did entend  
 Such frendlesse force, as you did moue :  
     Though you may vaunt of happier fate,  
     I am content with my estate.  
 I rather chuse a quiet mind,  
 A conscience cleare from bloudie sinnes,  
 Then short delights, and there-in find  
 Thar gnawing worme, that neuer linnes.  
     Your bitter speeches please me more  
     Then all your wealth, then all your store.  
 I loue to liue deuoid of crime,  
 Although I beg, although I pine,  
 These fading ioyes for litle time  
 Imbrace who list, I here resigne :  
     How poore I go, how meane I fare,  
     If God be pleasd I do not care.  
 I rather beare your raging ire,  
 Although you sweare reuengement deep,  
 Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,  
 That you might laugh, when I should weep :  
     Your lust would like but for a space,  
     But who could salue my foule disgrace.  
 Mine eares haue heard your taunting words :  
 Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,  
 Amongst your mates at open bordes,  
 Knowst such a wife ? knowst such a maid ?  
     Then must you laugh, then must you wink,  
     And leaue the rest for them to thinke.  
 Nay yet well fare the happie life,  
 That need not blush at euerie view ;  
 Although I be a poore man's wife,  
 Yet then I'le laugh as well as you.  
     Then laugh as long as you thinke best,  
     My fact shall frame you no such iest.  
 If I do hap to leape aside,  
 I must not come to you for aide ;  
 Alas now that you be denide,  
 You think to make me sore afraide :

Nay watch your worst, I do not care ;  
 If I offend, pray do not spare.  
 You were my friend, you were but dust,  
 The Lord is he, whom I do loue,  
 He hath my heart, in him I trust,  
 And he doth gard me from aboue :  
 I weigh not death, I feare not hell,  
 This is enough, and so farewell.

“ The second temptation of Avisá [is] after her marriage by Ruffians, Roysters, yong Gentlemen and lusty Captaines, which all she quickly cuts off.”

This occupies nine short poems.

“ The third triall : wherein are expressed the long passionate and constant affections of the close and warie suter, which by signes, by sighes, by letters, priuy messengers, by iewels, rings, gold, diuers gifts, and by a long continued course of curtesie, at length preuaileth with many both maids and wines, if they be not garded wonderfully with a better spirite then their owne : which all are here finely daunted, and mildly ouerthrowne by the constant answeres and chast replies of Avisá.”

As mentioned above in the preface, the author in this division introduces his own passion for Avisá.

*Cant. XLIII.*

“ Henrico Willobego Italo. Hispalensis.

“ Hen. Will. being sodainly infected with the contagion of a fantasticall fitte, at the first sight of A. pyneth awhile in secret grieffe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heat of so feruent a humor, bewrayeth the secrecie of his disease vnto his familiar friend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curtesie of the like passion, and was now newly recouered of the like infections ; yet finding his friend let blood in the same veine, he tooke pleasure for a time to see him bleed, and in steed of stopping the issue, he enlarged the wound with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perswading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, and no doubt, with paine, diligence and some cost in time to be obtained. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibility, either for that hee now would secretly laugh at his friend's follie, that had giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether another could play his part better then himselfe, and in vewing a far off the course of  
 this

this louing comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then did it for the old prayer.\* But atlength, this comedy was like to haue growne to a tragedy, by the weake and feeble estate that Hen. Will. was brought vnto, by a desperat vew of an impossibilitie of obtaining his purpose, till time and necessity being his best phisitians brought him a plaster, if not to beale, yet in part to ease his malady, in all which discourse is liuely represented the vnruly rage of vnbrideled fancie, hauing the raines to roue at libertie, with the diuers and sundrie changes of affections and temptations which will, set loose from reason, deuise, &c.

H. W.

*Hen. Will.*

What sodaine chāc or change is this  
 That doth bereau my quiet rest?  
 What surly cloud eclipsst my blisse;  
 What spirite doth rage in my brest?  
     Such fancie qualmes I neuer found,  
     Till first I saw this western ground.  
 Can change of ayre complexions change,  
 And strike the sences out of frame?  
 Though this be true, yet this is strange,  
 Sith I so lately hither came:  
     And yet in bodie cannot find  
     So great a change as in [my] mind.  
 My lustlesse limmes do pine away,  
 Because my hart is dead within,  
 All liuely heat I feele decay,  
 And deadly cold his rome doth winne:  
     My humors all are out of frame,  
     I frize amidst the burning flame.  
 I haue the feuer ethike right,  
 I burne within, consume without,  
 And hauing melted all my might,  
 Then followes death, without all doubt.  
     O fearefull foole, that know my grieffe,  
     Yet sue and seeke for no relieffe.  
 I know the time, I know the place,  
 Both when and where my eye did view,  
 That nouell shape, that friendly face,  
 That so doth make my heart to rew.  
     O happie time if she incline,  
     If not woe worth these lucklesse eyne.  
 I loue the seate where she did sit,  
 I kisse the grasse where she did tread.

\* *Sic.* misprint for player.

Me thinkes I see that face as yet,  
 And eye that all these turmoyles breed :  
     I eniue that this seat, this ground,  
     Such friendly grace and fauor found. .  
 I dream't of late, God grant that dreame  
 Portend my good, that she did meet  
 Me in this greene by yonder streame,  
 And smiling did me friendly greet :  
     Where wandring dreames be iust or wrong,  
     I minde to trie ere it be long.  
 But yonder comes my faithfull friend,  
 That like assaults hath often tride ;  
 On his aduise I will depend,  
 Where I shall winne, or be denyde :  
     And looke what counsell he shall giue,  
     That will I do, where die or liue.

*Cant. XLV. H. S.\**

Wel met friend Harry, what's the cause  
 You looke so pale with Lenton cheekes?  
 Your wanny face and sharpned nose  
 Shew plaine your mind something mislikes :  
     If you will tell me what it is,  
     I'll help to mend what is amisse.  
 What is she, man, that workes thy woe,  
 And thus thy trickling fancie moue ?  
 Thy drowsie eyes, and sighes do shoe  
 This new disease proceds of loue :  
     Tell what she is that witcht thee so,  
     I sweare it shall no farther go.  
 A heauie burden wearie the one,  
 Which being parted then in twaine,  
 Seemes very light or rather none,  
 And boren well with little paine :  
     The smothered flame, too closely pent,  
     Burns more extreame for want of vent.  
 So sorrowes shrynde in secret breast  
 Attainte the heart with hotter rage,  
 Then griefes that are to friends exprest,  
 Whose comfort may some part asswage :  
     If I a frend, whose faith is tride,  
     Let this request not be denide.

\* Misprint for W. S. as confirmed afterwards and by the above prose address.

Excessiue grieffe doth counsels want,  
 And cloud the sence from sharpe conceits ;  
 No reason rules, where sorrowes plant,  
 And follie feeds, where furie frets ;  
 Tell what she is, and you shall see,  
 What hope and helpe shall come from me.

Our extracts already extend beyond customary limits ;  
 and we therefore omit the correspondence of Willoby  
 with Avisá, and proceed to

THE AUTHOR'S CONCLUSION.

So thus she stands vnconquered yet,  
 As lambe amidst the lion's pawes,  
 Whom gifts, no wiles, nor force of wit,  
 Could vanquish once for all their shewes,  
 To speake the truth and say no more,  
 I neuer knew her like before.  
 Then blame me not if I protest,  
 My silly muse shall still commend  
 This constant A. about the rest,  
 While other learne their life to mend,  
 My tongue on high, and high shall raise,  
 And alway sing her worthy prayse.  
 While hand can write, while wit deuise,  
 While tongue is free to make report,  
 Her vertue shall be had in prise  
 Among the best and honest sort.  
 And they that will mislike of this,  
 I shall suspect they strike amisse.  
 Eternall then let be the fame  
 Of such as hold a constant minde ;  
 Eternall be the lasting shame,  
 Of such as waue with euery wiude :  
 Though some there be that will repine,  
 Yet some will prayse this wish of mine.  
 But here I cease for feare of blame,  
 Although there be a great deale more,  
 That might be spoken of this dame  
 That yet lies hid in secret store :  
 If this be lik't then can I say,  
 Ye may see more another day.

*Agitante calescimus illo*

Farewell.

FINIS.

Next

Next follows "the Apologie shewing the true meaning of Willoby his Auisa:" from the pen of the editor. To this he was certainly provoked by the anonymous critic, already alluded to, as appears by the following extracts.

"Most I maruaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to be a scholer) hath beene carried away with this stream of a misconceiued folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was eyther partie or priuie to anye one sentence or word in that booke. This poetically fiction was penned by the author at least for thirty and fve yeares sithence, (as it will be proued) and lay in wast papers in his studie, as many other prettie things did, of his deuising, and so might haue continued still (as his Susanna yet doth) had not I contrarie to his knowledge with paine collected it; and (in consideration of the good ende, to which it was directed,) published it. Seeing therefore that I gaue the offence, I must satisfie for it, in defending innocents from slaunderous tongues. This plaine morall deuise was plotted onely for the repression and opening of vice, and so the exaltation and triumph of vertue, as he himselfe saith,

"My sleepe muse that wakes but now,  
"To vertue's praise hath past her vow."

"Vertue therefore being *Genus*, and chastitie *Species*, if he should haue discribed it either in *Genere*, or *Specie*, as some haue done, he might haue beene as obscure as some others haue beene. He fayned therefore an indiuiduum, as it were a particular of this speciall, the more familiarly to expresse it, as it were in common talke, as if two did answere one another, to delight the reader the more, with varietie of follie quenched presently, with the like varietie of vertue. To this fayned indiuiduum he gaue this fayned name Auisa, which poetically fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to despise that which he cannot mend. The author was vnknown, not because he could not, but because he would not knowe him: his true name being open euerie page. He saith: the author hath registred the meanest. I thought that chastitie had not bene the meanest, but rather one of the greatest giftes that God giueth to men or women. If by the meanest, hee meane anye other object or subject of Willobie his muse, then chastitie it selfe, (vnder the fayned name of A'visa) it is a meaning of his owne making; and a subject of his owne suggestion, far from the mind of the first maker. None can eternize their follie in things which they neuer

thought of: but I pray God some other haue not eternized their follies, more waies then one. If this fained name of AVISA mislike any man, for any hidden or priuate cause to the author or me vnknownen, let him call it what he will: so that he vnderstand, that it is chastitie it selfe, not any woman in the world that is fained to giue these soyles to this foule vice. . . .

“Concerning the fayned name of AVISA, I haue shewed the author’s deuise and his reason for the fiction, in the first preface, which I thought would haue quailed all other fictions whatsoever. But yet if farder yee will haue my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse force me to thinke that which I am vnwilling to say: That this name insinuateth that there was neuer such a woman seene as here is described. For the worde Avisia is compounded (after the Greeke maner) of the priuatiue particle A, which signifieth *non*: and of the particle *visus, visa, visum*, which signifieth, seene: So that *Auisa* should signifie, by this as much as *non visa*, that is, such a woman as was neuer seene. Which if it be true the Auisa is yet vnborne that must reioyce in this praise. . . .

“But to conclude, thus much I dare precisely aduouch that the author intended in this discourse, neyther the description nor prayse of any particular woman. Nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall vnder a fained name insinuateth what godly and constant women should doe and say in such lewde temptations. And also, vnder fained letters, generally expresseth what course most of these lawlesse suters take, in pursuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C. hath offered manifest iniurie to some, what euer they bee whome his priuate fancie hath secretly framed in conceit.

“This is the least that I could say, and the last that euer I will say, touching this matter, in defence of my friend. If any notwithstanding will continue the error of their vnsatisfied minds they must for euer reste in the rightlesse erring till the author (now of late gone to God) returne from heauen to satisfie them farder touching his meaning. And so farewell. Oxford, this 30 of June 1596. Thine to vse, Hadrian Dorrell.”

At the end of the volume are three poems. The first is entitled “the Victorie of English Chastitie, vnder the fained name of Avisia:” and the subject a contention among the goddesses Juno, Venus, Diana and Pallas, whether



whether the Grecian dame Penelope or Avisa should bear the palm for chastity.

“ Whilst Eris flasht these fretting flames,  
A noble prince in *Rosie* borne,  
Roger, right to angry dames,  
His flying steed, and pace did turne,  
Which done they all did straight agree,  
That this Roger iudge should be.”

Rogero decides in favor of Avisa. The choice of Rogero for a judge no doubt arose from the translation of Ariosto by Harrington, which appeared in 1591; but does not assist in fixing the date of the preceding work; being subscribed “*Thomas Willobie frater Henrici Willobie nuper defuncti.*”

The other two pieces are those “wrapped altogether” with the Avisa, entitled “the Resolution of a Chast and Constant Wife,” in quatrains, and “the Praise of a Contented Mind.”

J. H.

*A Pleasant conceite penned in verse. Collourably sette out, and humblie presented on New-yeeres day last, to the Queene's Maiestie at Hampton Courte. Anno Domini, 1593. At London, Printed by Roger Warde, dwelling in Holburne at the signe of the Castle.\**

This is one of the periodical addresses presented by Churchyard to his royal mistress, “in signe and token [as he tells her in the dedication] that your goodnesse towardes me oftentimes, and cheefely now for my penycon, shal neuer goe out of my remembraunce.”

By “a pleasant conceite” he describes as a painter the “trym townes and stately towers” of North-hampton, Warwicke, Bedford, Lyncolne, Kyldare, Hartford, Huntington, Woster, South-hampton, Pembroke, Shrewsbrie and Oxford: concluding with a brief compliment to the Queen and the dames sitting near the cloth of state; and where

\* Quarto, eight leaves. The first has sig. A. only, and the last is entirely blank. The whole tract may be found in *Nichols's Progresses*.

— stood 5 fair flowers whose beauty bred disdain,  
Who came at certain houres, as nymphs of Dian's traio.

As the poet in one line declares "theyr names are heere that honour much our state," those of the towns had probably personal reference, though the descriptions are not sufficiently complimentary to woo and win female ears, being chiefly of their ancient topographical character. A second poem inscribed "to the generall readers," was probably added to encrease the size of the pamphlet.

" Reade with good will, and iudge it as ye ought,  
And spare such speech, as fauour can bestow :  
So shall you find the meaning of his thought,  
That did this work in clowd and collours show.  
Wrest things aright but doe no further goe :  
In ballance thus wey words with equall weight,  
So wisdom's skill shall scanne the matter streight."

In one place he alludes to another piece of his own not generally known.

" The booke I call'd of late *My deere adiew*,  
Is now become my welcome home most kinde ;  
For old mishaps are heal'd with fortune new,  
That brings a balme to cure a wounded mind ;  
From God and Prince I now such fauour find,  
That full afloate in flood my shyp it rydes,  
At anchor hold, against all checking tydes."

Gabriel Harvey's attack upon Tom Nash occasions him to declare his amity with the latter.

" No writer now dare say the crowe is blacke,  
For cruell kytes will craue the cause and why ;  
A faire white goose beares feathers on her backe,  
That gaggles still much like a chattring pye :  
The angett bright that *Gabrill* is in sky,  
Shall know that *Nashe* I loue and will doe still,  
When *Gabrils* words scarce winnes our world's good will."

E. HOOD.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The gratifying and highly valuable "Anglo-Saxon Poem, on the Battle of Finsborough," with Latin and English versions, came too late for insertion in the present Number with the care that is due to it; but we promise our readers this curious article in our next.

# British Bibliographer.

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N<sup>o</sup> XV.

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## ¶ Anglo-Saxon Poem on the Battle of Finsborough.

THE Anglo-Saxon Ode or Song on the Battle of Brunanburg, preserved in the Chronicle, edited by Bishop Gibson, is well known to all admirers of our ancient poetry. It has been translated and commented upon by more than one intelligent antiquary. The fragment, which is the subject of the present communication, although perhaps little inferior to that well-known composition, either in antiquity or poetical merit, and preserving the memory of a contest recorded in no other historical document, has yet, by some accident, failed to attract the notice to which it appears fairly entitled. It has not been mentioned, as far as I can ascertain, by any Anglo-Saxon scholar, since it was published by the celebrated Hickes, who discovered it on a single leaf, bound up with a manuscript volume of Homilies, preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library of Lambeth, and printed it *without a translation*, (which circumstance may perhaps, in part, account for its remaining so long unnoticed) in the first volume of his *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium*.

Although the poem is unfortunately imperfect both at its commencement and termination, still the narrative contained in it is, as far as it goes, complete. It appears to have been written in commemoration of the successful defence of the town or fortress of Finsborough, garisoned by a Saxon force, under the command of a leader named Hengist, against the attack of some enemy, concerning whose appellation or country no light can be gained from the composition itself.

I can find the name of Finborough preserved only

in two places in this country; the one in Suffolk, the other in Cheshire. It is not improbable that the latter of these may (in some one of the predatory inroads which the Danes are known to have made in the neighbourhood of the Mersey) have become the scene of the action here recounted. The first assault upon the fortress appears to have taken place by night, and the subsequent siege to have lasted five days; at the expiration of which, the chieftain of the besieging party being wounded, they were constrained to retreat without effecting their purpose.

The style in which the event is detailed resembles that of the ode rather than of regular epic composition, a remark which will apply equally to many of the more poetical parts of the reputed *Cædmon*. The commander of the besieging army is represented as addressing and receiving an answer from the leader stationed at the principal gate of the fortification, in a manner which may faintly remind the reader of some of the dialogues which Homer has occasionally put into the mouths of his contending heroes.

I have only a few words to add concerning the two versions of this curious relique which I have ventured to submit to the judgment of your readers. In the former of these, which accompanies the original, I have adopted the Latin language, from the consideration that, as it admitted (like the Anglo-Saxon) of an inverted construction of sentence, it would enable me to translate word for word, which I have endeavoured to do with as much precision as I was capable of; and to this object all attempts at elegance, or even purity of style have of course been sacrificed. But as such a translation, though it may present with sufficient accuracy the literal meaning, and even the characteristic involution of sentence of the original, would still be totally inadequate to convey any notion of its merits as a poetical composition, I have been emboldened to add a second translation into English verse. In this I have retained the whole matter of the original without addition or transposition. The more remarkable expressions I have endeavoured, where they admitted of it, to translate literally. In other cases the extreme conciseness of the Anglo-Saxon has rendered it almost impossible for me to present any intelligible copy of it  
without

without using considerable amplification. If on the one hand the style has by this liberty been rendered more perspicuous and agreeable to our received notions of poetic diction, I fear that on the other it has lost by it much of the fire and vigour which result from the abruptness and compression of the original. For all imperfections of this nature, and for such errors as may be detected in the literal version of this long-neglected monument of the genius and language of our forefathers, I have to request the indulgence of your readers. A few notes are appended to some of the doubtful passages; those who are acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon poetry must be aware that its construction is frequently not a little obscure and difficult, and will therefore be the more ready to excuse any mistakes into which I may have fallen.

J. J. C.

P. S. I have distinguished by Italics the commencement of those syllables by which the alliterative harmony of the verse appears to be formed. In the Latin translation, words understood are enclosed in brackets; literal renderings, for which words somewhat more intelligible have been substituted in the current text, are bracketted and printed in italics. I have endeavoured upon the whole to lay before the reader a specimen of the manner in which it has always appeared to myself, that the remains of our Anglo-Saxon poets might be most advantageously edited.

† † † † † †  
 † † † nas byrnað.  
*Næfre bleothrode*  
*Ða bearo geong cyning.*  
 \* Ne *dis* ne *dagað* eastun,  
 † Ne herdraca ne fleogeð,  
 Ne *ber* † *disse* healle.  
*Hornas ne byrnað.*  
*Ac her forthberað,*  
*Fugelas singað,*

† † † † † †  
 † † † accendit  
 Nunquam clamavit  
 Exercitus juvenis Rex.  
 Neque elucescit (dies) ab oriente,  
 Nec belli draco volat,  
 Nec exercitus Aulæ  
 Pinnacula Accendit:  
 Sed exercitus egreditur,  
 Volucres cantant,

\* The exact meaning of the whole of this first clause is somewhat obscure. Its general purport, however, appears to be either that no warlike demonstrations were made during the daytime, or that the army, while preparing for and marching to its nocturnal attack, (the sun not having yet appeared in the east) proceeded at first silently and without violence.

† The metaphor, by which the arrow is described in this line, may remind the classical reader of a similar expression in the splendid passage which Æschylus has put into the mouth of Apollo in his *Eumenides*:

“ Μη και αβυσσαι πτηνον αργυστην οφιν.”

‡ In this and in all other places where the article does not appear to be properly *demonstrative*, I have omitted to translate it.

Gylleð græghama,  
 God-wudu hlynnæð,  
 Scyld scefte \* oncwylð.  
 Nu scyneð thes Mona  
 Waðol under wolcnum.  
 Nu arisath wea-dæda,  
 De ðisne folces nið  
 Fremman willað.  
 Ac onwacnigeað nu  
 Wigend mine.  
 Habbath eowre landa,  
 Hie geath on ellen,  
 Windað on orde,  
 Wesað on mode.  
 Da arras mænig  
 Goldhladen ðegn,  
 Gyrde hine his swurde.  
 Ða to dura eodon  
 Drihtlice cempan  
 Sigefero & Eaha,  
 Hyra sword getugon,  
 And æt oþrum durum  
 Ordlað & Guthlað,  
 And Hengest sylfe  
 Hwearf him on laste.  
 Ða gyt Garulf  
 Guthere styrode,  
 Thæt he swa freolic feorh  
 Forman siðe  
 To thære bealle durum.  
 Hyrsta ne bæran.  
 † Nu hyt niða heard  
 Any man wo'de.  
 Ac he frægn ofer eal  
 Undearninga  
 † Deormod hæled,  
 Hwatha ðura heolde.  
 “ Sigeferth is min nama, cwæð he,  
 “ Ic eom Secgena leod  
 “ § Wrecten wide cud.

Strepit cicada,  
 Belli trabs resonat,  
 Clypeo cuspis alliditur.  
 Nunc fulget Luna  
 Errans sub nubibus,  
 Nunc surgunt doloris acta  
 Quæ hujus populi inimicitia  
 Perficere debet.  
 Sed expergiscitur nunc  
 Bellator meus,  
 Habet nostram terram,  
 Alte gradditur in virtute  
 Versatur in principatu,  
 Sapiens est in consilio.  
 Tunc surgebat plurimus  
 Auro ornatus Ductor,  
 Accinxit sibi gladium.  
 Tunc ad fores ibant  
 Nobiles Bellatores  
 Sigeferth & Eaha,  
 Sibi gladium accinxerunt,  
 Et ad alias portas  
 Ordlað & Guthlað,  
 Et Hengist ipse  
 Ferebat se gressu.  
 Tunc etiam Garulfus  
 Guthereum excitabat,  
 (Ita) ut ille adeo *Promptus* iret  
 Primo tempore (¶ vel *primo in loco*)  
 Ad Aulæ portas.  
 Ornamenta non gerebant.  
 Nunc (dicere) hoc prælium grave  
 Quispiam vellet.  
 Sed ille rogabat super omnes  
 Elata voce (*palam*)  
 Amatus (*carus animi*) Dux  
 Quis portam teneret.  
 “ Sigeferth est mihi nomen (inquit)  
 “ Ego sum Saxonici populi  
 “ Defensor late notus.

\* This word I apprehend to be compounded of on. super, & cwedan. dicere. sonare. It will then mean *sounds upon*.

† I have ventured to supply the word dicere, in the Latin, and to give the passage a turn somewhat different in the English translation. Possibly I may have been mistaken in both.

‡ I have both here and in the English considered the word Deormod merely as an epithet. If it be a proper name, answering to the modern Dermot, it may afford some grounds for the supposition that the aggressors were Danes from Ireland.

§ This word does not occur in Lye's Dictionary. It probably signifies *champion*, from wæcan. exercere defendere. Weuna, in the next line, is in the same predicament. I have supposed it to be derived from the same root with winnan & wonian laborare deficere.

" Fæla ic weuna gebad  
 " Heordra hilda.  
 " \* ðe is gyt berwitod  
 " † Swæther thu sylfe to me  
 " Secean wylle ?"  
 Tha wæs on healle  
 Wæl-slihta gehlyn,  
 Sceolde-celæs-borð  
 Lenumon handa,  
 Banhelm berstan,  
 Buruðelu dynede.  
 Oð æt thær Guðe  
 Garulf gecrang,  
 Ealra ærest  
 Eorth buendra,  
 Guðlafes sunu.  
 Ymbe hyne godra fæla  
 Hwearflacra brær.  
 Hræfen wandrode  
 Sweart & sealo brun.  
 Sweord leoma stod,  
 Swylce eal Finsburuh  
 Fyrenu wære.  
 Ne gefrægn ic  
 Næfre wurthlicor  
 Æt wera hilde.  
 Sixtig nigebeorna.  
 Sel † gebæ ran  
 Ne nefre swa noc whitne medo  
 Sel forgyldan,  
 Thonne bnæf guldan,  
 His bægstaldas,  
 Hig fuhton fif dagas,  
 Swa hyra nan ne feol  
 Drihtgesida.  
 Ac hig nu duru heoldon.  
 Ða gewat him § wund hæleth  
 On wæg gangan,  
 Sæde thæt his byrne  
 Abrocen wære  
 || Here sceorpum bror,  
 And eac wæs his helm thyrl.

" Multos ego labores pertuli  
 " Difficilium præliorum,  
 " Hoc est adhuc exercitui notum  
 " Tunc ipse me  
 Quærere cupis ?  
 Tunc fuit in aulâ  
 Bellicæ stragis tumultus.  
 Clypei concavi lignum  
 Arripiebant manibus.  
 Ossa cranii (*galeæ*) findebant.  
 Arcis tecta resonabant.  
 Donec in bello  
 Garulfus occidit,  
 Omnium excellentissimus  
 Terram incolentium,  
 Guthlafri filius.  
 Circa illum fortes multi  
 Caduci moriebantur.  
 Corvus vagabatur  
 Niger & salicis instar fuscus  
 Gladii coruscatio constitit  
 Tanquam omnis Finsburga  
 Accensa esset.  
 Non audiui ego  
 Unquam spectabiliorem  
 In bello pugnam.  
 Sexaginta victoriæ filii  
 Pro aulâ stabant  
 Nunquam adeo ulla ex parte medi  
 Aulam (ut) traderent.  
 Tunc juvenes auro ornati,  
 Ejus (scil: Hengisti) primarii,  
 Pugnabant septem dies,  
 Ita ut eorum nemo caderet  
 Principis-sociorum,  
 Sed illi adhuc portam tenebant.  
 Tunc accingebat se vulneratus Dux  
 In fugam (*viam*) recipere.  
 Dixit quod ejus lorica  
 Fracta erat  
 Exercitus acutis (telis) caduca  
 Et etiam erat ejus galea penetrata.

\* I am by no means certain that my translation of this line is correct.

† The word secean here is somewhat ambiguous; it may signify either *to attack*, or *to yield to*.

‡ From *gebeorgan* *servare*. I am uncertain as to the exact construction, though not as to the general purport of the next line.

§ This is given by Lye as the participle of *Wundan*, to wound. It appears rather to be the participle of *Wunian*, *Languore affici*, from which the secondary verb *Wundan* is derived.

The construction of this line is somewhat obscure.

Tha hine sona frægn,  
 Folces hyrde  
 Hu tha wīgend hyra  
 Wunda genæson.  
 Oððe hwæther dæra hyssa  
 † † † † † † † † † †

Tunc illi cito quærebant  
 Populi pastorem  
 Quomodo tunc ducem suum  
 Vulneribus levarent.  
 Aut ubi sua † † †  
 † † † † † † †

“ *The Fight of Finsburg.* ”

“ The sun had climb'd the eastern sky—  
 But not by day the youthful band  
 May bear their leaders battle cry,  
 Nor yet, on Finsburg's fatal strand,  
 The warrior's winged serpent fly:  
 Pauses from blood the foeman's hand,  
 Nor strives he yet to fire yon hall's proud canopy.

Sweetly sung the birds of night,  
 The wakeful cricket chirrup'd loud,  
 And now the moon, serenely bright,  
 Was seen beneath the wandering cloud.  
 Then rous'd him swift our deadly foe,  
 To deeds of slaughter and of woe.  
 Now beneath the jav'lin's stroke  
 The buckler's massy circle rung.  
 Anon the chains of slumber broke  
 Our chieftain great and good,  
 He whose high praise fills ev'ry tongue,  
 First in valour as in blood,  
 The matchless Hengist to the battle woke.

Uprose in that eventful tide  
 Full many a warrior brave,  
 And don'd his armor's golden pride,  
 And girt his glittering glaive.  
 At the high hall's portal wide,  
 Foremost of the noble band,  
 Sigvart and Æha proudly stand.  
 Where other pass the foe might find,  
 Ordlaf watch'd with Guthlaf join'd.  
 Garulf next with fiery speed  
 Rous'd Guthere from the slumb'rer's bed.  
 No care of dress their steps delay'd,  
 Each grasp'd in haste his shining blade,  
 And fierce the brother warriors flew  
 To guard the hall's high avenue.  
 He that prides him in the fight,  
 Had joy'd to see that gallant sight.



And now in accents loud  
 Our foeman's chieftain bold and proud  
 Sought, what Thane or Battle Lord  
 At the high gate kept watch and ward.  
 "Sigvart is here" (the champion cried,)  
 "Sigvart oft in battle tried,  
 "Known to all the warrior train  
 "Where spreads the Saxon's wide domain.  
 "Now, chieftain, turn thee to the fight,  
 "Or yield thee to the Saxon might."

---

Soon the tented halls among  
 Loud the din of slaughter rung,  
 Closer now each hostile band  
 Grasps the shield with eager hand,  
 And many a chief is doom'd to feel  
 Thro' helm and head the griding steel.  
 First in that disastrous plain  
 Guthlaf's valiant son was slain,  
 Where Garulf lies untimely dead  
 Many a fated hero bled.

There to seek his destin'd food,  
 The dark and willow pinion'd raven stood :  
 And far around that field of blood  
 The sword's dread radiance beam'd to heav'n.  
 It seem'd as though that morn had giv'n  
 All Finsburgh to the rav'ning flame.  
 Ne'er heard I yet of fight might claim  
 A nobler or a sadder name.

---

At the high hall a chosen band,  
 Leaders brave that shine afar,  
 Full sixty sons of vict'ry stand  
 In all the golden pomp of war :  
 Little think they to forego  
 The hall of Mead for that proud foe.  
 Five live-long days the battle's sound  
 Was heard by Finsburg's earth-rais'd mound,  
 Yet undiminished and unquell'd  
 That hero band the portal held.  
 Till bleeding from the Saxon blade  
 Our foeman's lord his fear betray'd,  
 And told, in accents of despair,  
 How broken helm and corslet reft  
 Defenceless to the stroke had left  
 His head and bosom bare.  
 Then sought the vanquish'd foe relief  
 And safety for their wounded chief.  
 Finis."

## ¶ Fragments of a French Metrical Romance upon Guy Earl of Warwick.

The annexed fragments of a French Metrical Romance on the subject of Guy Earl of Warwick, were discovered on a half sheet of parchment, which had been used as a fly-leaf to a life of Thomas à Becket, printed early in the sixteenth century, and preserved in the Bodleian Library. They will afford sufficient proof that whether or no the story be (as Mr. Ellis has ingeniously suspected) of Saxon origin, its more modern relators were indebted for a part at least of its incidents to a French Minstrel of the thirteenth century.\*

It was possibly a copy of this Romance which formed the article entitled "Une Volum del Romaunce de Gwy & de la Reygne," in the collection of books bequeathed by Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, to the monastery of Bordeslye. †

C.

## No I,

En la sale par devant li  
Re Dieu garist son seignours Guy.  
De tel beuve & de tel manger  
Cum ele soleit user,  
A une fe quant ele mangoit,  
Les XIII Poores demandoit,  
E home tost les amena,  
En † heir devant li assisles a,  
Guy un des XIII estoit,  
Mult dote kil conu seit.  
La Contesse les ad agardè,

Porcea

† † † In the hall before her that God might preserve her Lord Guy. When she ate (*in public*) on festivals, she asked these twelve paupers to share such drink and viands as she was herself accustomed to use, and men speedily brought them to her. In . . . . she has placed them before her. Guy was one of the twelve. He fears much lest he should be recognized—The Countess

\* This seems the latest date which the style of the fragment will permit us to assign for its composition.

† See this curious bequest in Mr. Todd's Illustrations of Chaucer, p. 161.

‡ This word is not to be found in Roquefort.

Porceo k'il est plus meseisè  
 De li en prist grant pite'.  
 Checon mes dunt ele manga  
 A cel Pelerin enveia,  
 De son vin & de son Miẽ. \*  
 En riches coupes de or tailè,  
 Par un † g'iant l'ad mandè  
 Ke il remeine en la citè,  
 Checon jor a la cair venist,  
 ‡ Assee viande, av'ait cev dist.  
 E il en ad mult mercie,  
 Mes tut ad il en sun pensè,  
 Kant la cuntasse out mangè,  
 E la table fu levè.  
 Mult tost de la sale Guy sen ist,  
 Hors de la citè tost se mist,  
 En vers Ardene dreit ala.  
 Un seint home ke il conua,  
 Ke en la forest maneit.  
 Cele past ala tut dreite.  
 Kant il vint al hermitage."

† † † † † † † †

### No. 2.

" Alant est venuz Colebrant  
 Ki tant est corsu § & grant,

Que

Countess viewed them, and because he appeared the most unfortunate object among them, she took great pity upon him. She sent to that pilgrim of every meat that she ate herself, of her wine and her Malmsey in rich goblets of carved gold. She commanded him by a . . . . . that he should remain in the city, and come every day to court to her repast. She said this and Guy greatly thanked her, but much had he in his thoughts. When the Countess had feasted and the tables were broken up, he quickly departed from the hall, conveyed himself out of the city, and went straight to Arden, seeking an holy man whom he well knew, and who dwelt in that forest. He directly sought that quarter, and when he came to the hermitage——

† † † † † † † † † †

In the mean time Colebrant approached, who was so unwieldy and

---

\* I know not what this abbreviation stands for. It may be *Malvoisie*, and I have ventured so to render it.

† This word is unintelligible to me.

‡ For a ses viandes?

§ The word *corsu* is not to be found in Roquefort: if it be derived from *cors*, a *body*, it may signify, as I have ventured to render it, *unwieldy* or *corpulent*. The reader of early French MSS. will soon discover that even the dictionary of Roquefort, copious and excellent as it is, will not unfrequently fail or disappoint him.

Que nul cheval ne'l peut porter,  
 De li ne les armes sustener.  
 A pe tut dis combaterent,  
 En bataille cheval ne guerreit,  
 Kar tant de man's armes avoit  
 Ke a peine un char les aportereit.  
 Mult estoit Colebrant corsu,  
 Un haubert avoit vestu,  
 Nért pas haubert maile,  
 Tut autrement fut forgè  
 De gros esplentes de assere  
 Jointz esent pour son cors garder,  
 E devant & derere  
 Jointz erent de'splentes d' assere,  
 Le cors coverent & braz & poigns.  
 Chances out de tel fason,  
 Ke ni out si esplente non.  
 Heume out bon fort & fer,  
 Nè dote cop de branc d' assere.  
 Al Col li pent un targe ronde,  
 N'ad plus fort en tout le monde,  
 Tut de fer & d' assere liste."

and large, that no horse could carry him or sustain the weight of his armour. Both fought on foot; he sought not a horse for their combat, for he had such a weight of heavy armour that a chariot would scarcely have borne it. Colbrand was most unwieldy; he had armed himself in a hauberk not of mail; far differently was it forged. Great splints of steel were joined together to defend his body both before and behind; they covered his body, his arms, and his hands. He had cuisses of such a fashion, *that there was no splint in them*. He had a helm good, stout, and *hard as iron*. He feared not the stroke of the steeled blade—At his neck hung a round shield. There was none stronger in the whole world; it was entirely made of iron and polished steel.

---

¶ **Of Gentylnes & nobyltye.** A dialoge betwen the marchant, the knyght & the plowman, dysputyng who is a very gentylman, & who is a noble man, and how men shuld come to auctoryte, compiled in maner of an enterlude with diuers toys & gestis added therto to make mery pastyme and dysport.

Of the author, some account will be found in *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. I. Col. 348, edit. 4to, One of

of his other productions has been noticed in a former number.\*

The merchant enters first, and with great self-complacency exclaims :

“ O what a gret welth and prosperyte  
 It is to any reme where marchauntes be,  
 Hauyng fre lyberte and entercours also  
 All marchaundyse to cōuey to and fro.  
 Whych thyng I haue vsyd, & the verey fet found,  
 And thereby gotten many a thousand pownd;  
 Wherefore now be cause of my grete ryches.  
 Thorough owt this land in euery place doutles  
 I am magnyfyed & gretly regardyd,  
 And for a wyse and noble man estemyd.”

He is thus replied to by the knight;

“ Maister marchaunt, I here you ryght well,  
 But now in presumption me thynk ye excell,  
 To call your self noble in presence here :  
 I wys men know what your auncestours were,  
 And of what grete stok descendid ye be;  
 Your fadyr was but a blake smyth, perde !”

The merchant, naturally enough, inquires,

“ Why, Sir, what than ? what be you I pray you ?

*Knight.* “ Mary, I am a gentylman, I wold ye knew,  
 And may dyspend yerely. V. C. mark land.  
 And I am sure all that ye haue in hand  
 Of yerely rent, is not worth. V. markys.

True, says the merchant, but I am able to buy all your land, and pay for it immediately with money gained by my own industry.

*Knight.* “ Yet art thou but a chorle, and I haue skorn  
 Thou shuldist cōpare with me a gentylman born.

*Merch.* Why what callst thou a gentylman, tel me ?

*Knight.* Mary I call them gentylmen that be  
 Born to grete landys by inherytaunce,  
 As myn auncestours by cōtynnuance,  
 Haue had this. V. C. yere, of whom now I  
 Am descendid, and commyn lynally,  
 Beryng the same name and armys also  
 That they bare this. V. C. yere agoo.  
 Myn auncestours also haue euer be  
 Lordys, knyghtes, and in grete auctoryte,  
 Capieyns in the warr, and gouerners,  
 And also in tyme of pease gret rulers.

And thyn were neuer but artyfycers,  
As smythys, masons, carpenters or weuars."

The merchant replies, that although all this may be true, his ancestors have assisted in building houses, framing tools, and performing other necessary offices for the knight's family, and, on this account, are entitled to praise and respect. In the midst of their conversation they are interrupted by another personage; since, according to the stage direction,

" *Here the plouman comith in with a short whyp in hys hand, and spekyth as folowith.*

" Now here is bybbyll babbyll, clatter clatter !  
I hard neuer of so folysh a matter.  
But, by goddy's body, to speke the troth,  
I am better than other of you both."

Both the merchant and the knight agree in reprehending this boldness, and seem disposed to pay very little attention to the plowman's claim. After some harsh words on all sides, for the knight calls the plowman a "kankerde chorle," and the merchant terms him a "lewyd vyllayn and rude raskall," which the countryman retorts with "folysh peunysh daw," and "jak-heryng," the knight threatens to lay his sword on the pate of his antagonist if he does not make a hasty retreat. The courage of honest Clod cannot bear this, and he falls \* on them both so lustily that they soon cry out for quarter. When peace is again restored, the merchant relates the cause of the controversy, and the plowman gives it as his opinion, that since neither of them have adduced any of their own deeds, but those only of their ancestors, as proofs of their claim, they are neither entitled to the honorable distinction of "nobleness." But, says the knight, I have some claim from my own deserts,

" For I am & haue ben one of the cheualry  
At the confaundement of my prynce euer redy,  
And euery tyme of warr haue be captayn  
And leder of a. M. men or twayne,  
And w<sup>t</sup> hors & harnes † spere and sheld  
Haue jop<sup>d</sup>dyd † my body in euery felde

\* "*Et verberat eos,*" says the stage direction. In fact, all the merry pastyme and disporte seems to consist entirely in the good drubbings bestowed by the enraged plowman on his adversaries.

† Armour.

‡ Jeopardied, clothed, covered.

The

The rentes of my landys haue spende lyberally,  
 And kept a grete house contynually :  
 And holp to ponysh theuys & brybers alwey  
 To the grete tranquylyte of my conray.  
 And you, maister marchauñt, wyl neuer take labour  
 Except it be for your p̄ffet and lucoure."

The merchant next contends for the honour of his profession, without the assistance of which, he says, it would be impossible for the natives of England to procure the necessaries and comforts of life.

" And I spende my studi & labour contynually,  
 And cause such thyngis to come hyder dayly,  
 For the comfort of thys land & com̄en welth,  
 And to all the people grete p̄ffet & helth.  
 And for such noble dedys reason wyl thau  
 That I ought to be callyd a noble man."

The plowman now asks the rivals what creature is the most noble in the universe? and they both agree, of course, that the Deity is, because he needs no assistance from any other person, whereas his aid is absolutely necessary to every thing on the earth. Well then, says the plowman, then by like reasoning I must be much more noble than either of you, for I till my land, raise my food, shear my sheep, brew my beer, and, in short, want nothing of any person for my subsistence. Besides, I am always employed, and therefore always cheerful; I have all I want that is needful for my support, and with that I am content.

" And to desyre no more than is nedefull,  
 That is in this worlde the lyf most ioyfull ;  
 Which lyfe in this worlde no man shall acquire  
 Tyll he subdue his insaciat desyre."

The three competitors now take leave of each other, after engaging to meet in the same place in a short time. The merchant takes leave of the audience,

" And in the meayn wyle, good lord, of thy grace  
 Preserue all the people here in this place.

Amen.

Finis prime partis."

The second part is so similar to the first, that an analysis of it seems perfectly unnecessary. The three characters meet, dispute, grow warm, fight, are parted, and, at length, quit the stage, without either having converted

converted his adversary. A new personage then makes his appearance, and concludes the drama.

“ *The Phylosopher.*

“ Ye soferayns all, dyscrete & excellent,  
 Before whom thys dyalog shewyd hath be  
 Touchyng. iij. poynts by wey of argument  
 Furst what is gentylnes & what nobylte  
 And who shuld be chose to hye auctoryte  
 Thys questyouns they be so hye & sottell  
 Few dare p’sume to dyffyne them well.  
 Yet I think now vnder your correccyons  
 The thyng that makyth a gentylman to be  
 Ys but vertew & gentyll condycyons  
 Whych as well in pore men oft tymys we se  
 As in men of grete byrth or hye degre  
 And also vycious & churlyssh cōdycyons  
 Maybe in men born to grete possessyons.  
 And forther as touchyng nobylte  
 Yet stādyth much p’t I think doutles  
 In suffycyencye reason doth agre  
 But that suffysaunce makyng noblenes  
 Must nedys be ānexid vnto goodnes  
 For suffysauns is not the cause pryncypall  
 That god his noble, but hys goodness wythall  
 So vertue is euer the thyng pryncypall  
 That gentylnes & noblenes doth insue  
 Then these hedys, rulers & gouernours all  
 Should come therto because of theyr vertue  
 And in auctoryte they ought not contynue  
 Except they be good men dyscrete & wyse  
 And haue a loue & zele vnto Justyce.  
 Wherfore souereyns, all that here present be  
 Now marke well these reasons here brought in  
 Both agayns men of hye & of low degre  
 For thys intent only to rebuke syn  
 For the best wey that is for one to be gyn  
 To cōuert the people by exortacyon  
 Ys to p’swade them by naturall reason  
 For when that a man by hys owne reason  
 Juggyth hym selfe for to offend  
 That grudgyth his cōscyens & gyffyth cōpuncyon  
 Into hys herte to cause hym amend  
 But such blynd bests that wyl not intend



To here no good counsell nor reason  
 Ought by the law to haue sharp coreccyon  
 But then yf the laws be not suffycyent  
 Whych have be made & ordeynyd before  
 To gyfe ther fore cōdygne ponyshment  
 The pryncys & gouernours be bound euermore  
 To cause new laws to be made therfore  
 And to put such men in auctoryte  
 That good men just & indyfferent be

But because that men of nature euermore  
 Be frayle & folowyng sensualyte  
 Yt is impossyble in a maner therfore  
 For any gouernours that be in auctoryte  
 At all tymys just & indyfferent to be  
 Except they be brydelyd & therto compellyd  
 By some strayt laws for them deusyd

As thus, that no man such rome occupye,  
 But certayn yerys, & than to be remouyd,  
 Yet that whyle, bound to attend dylygently,  
 And yf he offend & surely prouyd  
 Wyth out any fauour that he be ponyhysshyd  
 For the ponysshment of a iuge or offycer  
 Doth more good than of thousand other

And vntyll that such orders be denyed  
 Substauncyally, and put in executyon  
 Loke neuer to see the world amended  
 Nor of the gret myschefes the reformation  
 But they that be bounde to see the thyngs done  
 I pray God, of his grace put in theyr myndys  
 To reforme shortly suche thynges amys.

And though that I myselfe now p̄case  
 Thus myn oppynyon haue publysshed  
 Or any of my felowes here in this place  
 In any poynt here haue vs abused  
 We beseche you to holde vs excused  
 And so the auctour hereof requyreth you all.  
 And thus I cōmyt you to god eterna<sup>l</sup>.

A M E N.

Johē's rastell me fieri fecit  
 Cum priuilegio regali."

The volume is in small folio, without date, containing three sheets; the signatures extending to C iv.

P. B.

ART.

¶ *The true Effigies of the German Giant, now to be seen at the Swan near Charing-Cross, whose stature is nine foot and a half in height, and the span of his hand a cubit compleat. He goes from place to place with his wife, who is but of an ordinary stature, and takes money for the show of her husband.*

On a folio broadside, with an engraving on copper, ten inches by seven, representing the German Giant, with his wife on one side holding by her husband's hand; on the other, a gentleman, probably a spectator, whose arm the giant is spanning. His thumb and finger reaching from the point of the gentleman's extended forefinger, to the bend of the arm. The etching resembles Hollar's coarsest style.

“ It from tradition hath of old been se'd  
 This isle by gyants was inhabited,  
 Who with an oak in hand, would walk as free  
 As once \* Silvanus with a cypress tree :  
 And hence 'tis like, that first of all 'twas spoke  
 This hardy nation had their hearts of oak :  
 Arms lent by nature, and throughout the land  
 The oak complying with the gyant's hand.  
 Fit for their hand, and not without desert,  
 The oak complying with the gyant's heart.  
 Yet though this island better fenced stood  
 With walls of oak, than gyantean blood ;  
 With walls whose tops and bottoms do disdain  
 All opposition from the roaring main ;  
 Yet it must not in honor be deny'd,  
 That gyants first did in this isle reside :  
 Ætnean brothers whose bold heads aloft  
 The tops of hills and clouds beneath them scoft ;  
 Such, by the labells both of Fame and Fate,  
 Was by the dread hand of mighty *Askepate*,  
 Who near *Southampton*, a full mile, had strength  
 To throw a mill-stone on his foot at length :  
 So vast a stone upon his foot below  
 Seem'd but a coru upon the gyant's toe :

\* “ Et teneram ab radice ferens Silvane cupressum.”

The place to this day to be seen, doth tell  
 Where this was done and where the mill-stone fell,  
 And such stout *Coronæus* was, from whom  
 Cornwall's first honor, and her name doth come,  
 For though he showeth not so great, nor tall  
 In his dimensions set forth at Guild-hall,  
 Know, 'tis a poet onely can define,  
 A gyant's posture in a gyant's line,  
 The art falls short of nature, and must err  
 When rules are given her by the carpenter,  
 Who ought not bulks uncircumscrib'd to draw,  
 By the small compass of his own scant law ;  
 And thus attended with his direful dog,  
 The gyant was (God bless us) *Gogmagog* :  
 And he who (fear'd by his prodigious fame)  
 Not long since kept the gates of Nottingham ;  
 And many others who have left to all  
 Succeeding times, their proud memorial,  
 And though that nature now more spent and old,  
 Doth in such off springs grow more weak & cold ;  
 Yet some remainders to this day are seen,  
 Of what we finde she heretofore hath been :  
 Witness this gyant, who not long ago  
 Was seen in Ipswich at a publick show ;  
 And though no native, yet his birth must be  
 Fam'd as his countrey is of Germany.  
 Poor Germany who now the Turks to raunt  
 Many more gyants like himself doth want.  
 To see him hundreds day by day do throng,  
 As he from place to place doth pass along ;  
 His bode's uncertain, for to think 'tis vain,  
 One place so tall a wonder to contain ;  
 His whole proportion is upright and streight,  
 'Tis nine foot fully and a half in height,  
 Not much in debt to age, his body clean  
 Up to his stature, and not fat nor lean ;  
 His hand exceeds in bigness, and his span  
 'Bove twice th' extensions of another man ;  
 He no excess of any wine doth pour  
 Into his gorge, nor doth he much devour ;  
 And though his stature be admir'd, yet he  
 Doth seem much pleas'd with mediocritie.  
 But that which makes the wonder seem more rife,  
 This so great gyant hath a little wife,  
 By whose advice he's carryed up and down,  
 From court to countrey and from town to town.  
 He is their gain, where ever he doth go,  
 'Tis she receives the money for the show.

A woman lovely, and in all compleat,  
 And though but little, yet her wit is great;  
 Thus heretofore true love with love did dy,  
 The faithfull *Phyllis*, and the good *Sir Guy*.  
 But that a gyant one so tall in show,  
 Should choose a wife and live with one so low,  
 Is more than ever any age yet knew,  
 And haply more than age again shall view.

Finis.

London, Printed for Matthew Collins, at the three Black Birds, in Cannon street, 1660."

In Wood's study at Oxford, B. 35. The Oxford antiquary hath written the following note on the margin :

"An Irish man as large as this, was to be seen at the blew bore, Oxon. an. 1681, at the act time."

A. O.

¶ *The New Yeeres Gift: presented at Court, from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, (commonly called Little Jefferie) Her Maijesties' Servant, with a Letter as it was penned in short-hand: wherein is proved Little Things are better then Great. Written by Microphilus. Printed at London by N. and J. Okes, dwelling in Little St. Bartholmewes. 1636. 24mo. pp. 116.\**

"To the reader. As they are not alwaies most valiant who are most violent: so commonly the most censorious, be the least judicious. I expect the judgment of the wise, and the censure of the over wise; and wish I were of the formers pardon as certaine, as the later are of mine. The censures of the learned ought to bee judicious, the censures of them both charitable. Howsoever if any shal say, when I undertooke this worke I had but little to doe, it shall no way displease him, who is, and will remaine to his friends a servant, and to his foes a MICROPHILUS."

Complimentary verses are prefixed, signed S. M. ;

\* Prefixed is the portrait of Jeffery Hudson, the dwarf. See Granger, *temp.* Charles Ist. Class. XII.

D. L. :

D. L.; T. Little; W. Loe; W. Short. The first is addressed :

“ To his high and mighty friend, William Evans, surnamed the Great Porter.

“ Wil, be not angry this small booke is read  
 In praise of one no bigger then thy head ;  
 'Tis not in envy of thy greatnesse made,  
 Which might be unto twenty such, a shade :  
 Though hee bee small in body and in limbe,  
 Yet wee commend some thing that's great in him  
 The greatnesse of his spirit, and his minde,  
 Whose vertues are not like thy strength confin'd  
 Vnto his bulke : but pure without a dreg ;  
 And has a body streighter then thy leg.  
 Doubt not in emulation some will straine  
 His sinewy muse, for to advance thy fame,  
 Then be not angry this small Lord is prais'd,  
 Since thou by nature, he by wit, is rais'd.

S. M.

The Letter is thus inscribed “ To the most exquisite Epitome of Nature and compleatest Compendium of a Courtier the Lord Minimus ; [whom] the Lady Parvula wisheth health and happines.—Sir, May it please your *diminutive eminence*, permit a devoted lover of your *concise dimensions*, to present very *lowly*, as most fitting to your person, in remembrance of this new-year a *small* token of my unparralleld affection. Confesse I must, *compendious Sir*, my gift is somewhat of the *least*, but my hope is, being therein so like yourselfe, it will not displease you. And if whatsoever is received, is received according to the measure or size of the receiver, be a true rule in phylosophy ; then, bootlesse had it beene for your obsequious Handmaid, to have meditated any present for size *greater* ; since how *great* soever, it would have beene but as very *little*, yourselfe so very *little*, being the receiver : Nor is your *littleness* (mistake me not) mentioned as any derogation to worth : diamonds of most precious value, are but *little* in substanece : and if it might not appear in me presumption to trouble you with further discourse, I could with easie, or no labour provc things *little* to bee farr better then things that are *great*. Is not a *Microcosme* better than a *Macrocosme*, the *little-world* man, then the *great world* earth ? Nay man the *lesser world* is lord of the *greater* ; and in the *greater world*, which is the Creator's library (the severall creatures being as so many bookes in it) have we not rarer documents from the *little decimo-sextos*, the ant and dove, then from the *great folios*, the elephant and whale ! . . . And as men that are *little* are very excellent :

cellent : so likewise that which is excellent in or about men is very *little* : wit, the thing so admired, is not that in men very *little* ? Money, the thing so desired, though a man have *much*, yet he esteemes it as *little*, and things ever are to be iudged as they are valued : is not honesty in men very *little*, when sophistry hath fled the schooles and is become a shop-keeper, and tradesmen think if they lose their lying they lose their living ? Looke for *obedience*, of things the best, is it not *little*, when princes' commands are rather questioned then obeyed ? Looke for *malice*, of things the worst, is it not very *great*, when fooles had rather spend much in law then forgive somewhat in charity ? . . . . If a man but seriously observe hee shall finde very few things such as they seeme : and by reason wise men also have their weake times their verdict to bee no sufficient argument to command universall beliefe, especially where reason is pregnant with probable proofes on the adverse side, add to this diffidence being so necessary a part of wisdom. Besides admit this position *little better then great* seeme very strange, yet stranger then this have bin admitted after a rational examination, and therefore why not this upon the like consideration ? When I had one servant, I had a servant ; when I had two servants, I had halfe a servant ; when I had three I had never a one : this speech I presume may be beleued to be a very mad one, and yet it is a most wise one, for 'tis resolved thus : a master having but one servant, thought him over-burthened with work, and therfore tooke another to helpe him ; (now hee had two) but each so trusted to the others observance, that they were often missing and the worke not done ; he chose another (so he had three) and was then worse served then before. . . . . Consider *little* morally and vertue is in the meane : consider *little* theologically and the whole church is but a *little* flocke ; consider *little* civilly, and who dare deny (I assume spirit from truth) but that the *little prince* is a better nian then the king's *greatest subiect* ? Nay, the king himselfe, who is God's epilogue and man's prologue, take him in the better consideration, with God he is *minor* ; take him in the other, with man he is *maior* ; for so Tertullian, *Imperator est Maior omnibus, solo Deo minor* : a king is greater then all others, lesse onely then God. And I will for ever heartily pray heaven blesse our Queene, because she has made the kingdome happy by bringing his Maiesty so many *little ones*. In short who desireth not in debt to be as *little* as may bee ? and what a rare temper is it in men of desart not to bee ambitious of *Greatnes* ? and even in the *highest* matters which men attempt, how commonly the most doe come *short*, and in their *greatest* business effect but *little*. And therefore as it was said of Scipio that he was *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, never lesse alone, then wheu alone : so it may be

be said of you (excellent *abstract of greatnesse*) that you are *nunquam minus parvus, quam cum parvus*; never lesse *little* then when *little*. I hope you will pardon me if in my stile I have used a *little* boldnesse, & familiarity, you knowing it to bee so commendable, and that it is *Nimia familiaritas*, great boldnes onely which breedeth contempt; especially since you are no stranger, but of my owne countrie, an englishman, though some (indging by your *stature*) have taken you to bee a *low-country-man*. Many merry new-yeares are wished unto you, by the sworne servant of your Honour's perfections,

PARVULA.

“ Postscript. If the *great* length of my letter hath molested your more serious affairs, you may thence gather the convenience of *little*, and that it might not displease, I appointed it (by my servant Microphilus) to be written in *your owne hand*. Finis.”

E. HOOD.

¶ *Answer to the petitions of the Traytours and rebelles in Lyncolneshyre. Anno. M. D. XXXVI. qto. 4 leaves.*

This tract is in reply to the articles of complaint of the men in Lincolnshire, under the heads of chusing counsellors; suppressing religious houses and monasteries; the act of uses; the grant of the fifteenth and of the first fruits. They are called “the rude commons of one shire, and that one of the most brute and beastely of the hole realme, and of least experience to fynde faulte.” It is written as in the person of the king, and concludes,

“ We pray vnto almyghty god, to gyue you grace to doo your duities, to vse yourselves towarde vs lyke trewe and faythefull subiectes, so as we may haue cause to order you thereafter, and rather obedyentely to consent amongst you, to delyuer into thandes of our lieutenant C. persons, to be ordered according to their demerites at our wyl and pleasure, than by your obstinacy and wyfulnes, to put your selves, your lyues, wyues, chyldren, landes, goodes and cattalles, besydes the indignation of god, in thutter aduenture of total distruction and vtter ruine by force and violence of the swerde. *Londini in aedibus Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. cum privilegio.*”

J. H.

ART.

¶ *A Remedy for Sedition, wherin are conteyned many thynges, concernyng the true and loyall obeysance, that commē's owe vnto their prince and soueraygne lorde the kynge. Anno M. D. XXXVI. qto. 26 leaves.*

“ Who so ever (this tract begins,) welle considerewth ith \* hymselfe, the high comodities, that come of good lawes, he wyl, I am right assured, thinke as diuine Plato thought, all those lawes, that are made for the welth and safegarde of man kynde, to be of god, all be it they be constituted by manne : on the other syde, he that wel pondereth the damages, that of necessitie muste folowe, where eyther none be, that can rule, or fewe that wyl obey, shall thynke as I doo, all realmes, regions, cities, and townes, that are not gouerned by lawes, to be forestis of wyld beāstis, and not places habyttable for men. We lacke noo good lawes God be thāked : but what auayle they, whan as Diogenes saith, men that are good, nede them lyttell, and they that be euylle, are neuer the better for them..... A comune welthe is lyke a body, and soo lyke, that it can be resembled to nothyng so conuenient, as vnto that. Nowe, were it not by your faythe, a madde herynge, if the fote shulde say, I wyl wear a cappe with an ouche as the heade dothe ? If the kneess shulde say we woll carie the eyes, an other whyle : if the shulders shulde clayme each of them an eare : if the heles wold nowe go before, and the toes behinde ? This were vndoubted a mad heryng : euery man wold say, the fete, the knees, the shoulders, the heles make vnlawfull requestes, and very madde petitions. But if it were so in dede, if the fote had a cap, the knees eies, the shulders eares, what a monstrous body should this be ? God sende them suche a one, that shal at any time go about to make as euil a comune welth, as this is a body. It is not mete, euery man to do that he thinketh best. . . . . I haue ofte meruailed to see the diligencye that the Jewes vse in bringyng up theyr youthe and ben moch ashamed to se howe neglygent christen men are in so godly a thyng. There is neyther man, woman, nor child of any lawful age, but he, for the moste parte, knoweth the lawes of Moyses : and with vs he is almoste a good curate, that knoweth vi. or vii. of the x. commandementes : amonges the Jewes, there is not one, but he can by some honest occupation, get his liuinge. There be fewe idell, none at all, but suche as be ryche ynoughe, and may liue without labour. There is not one begger amonges them. At the cities of Italy, many places in Ce-

\* Sic.



cilia, many bourges in Germany, haue a great nombre of Jewes  
 in them. I haue ben long amonges them that are in Italy, I  
 neuer harde of a Jewe that was a thefe, neuer that was a mur-  
 derer. No, I neuer harde of a fray betwene them. I am  
 ashamed to saye as I neede must saye; they maye well thynke  
 theyr religion better than ours, if religio<sup>n</sup> be tried by mens  
 lyues. Nowe if Moyses lawe, lerned in youthe, and but car-  
 nally vnderstande, can so steye them, that fewe or none fall  
 into other vice than vsury, whiche also they do thynke permitted  
 by Moyses lawe, so that they vse it not one to an other, as in  
 dede they do not, but a Jewe to a straunger, might not we lerne  
 so moch of Christis law, as were able to kepe vs from rebellion?  
 Maye not poore mens chylde come to the sermons? May they  
 not here preachers? Can they here goddis lawes, ye though they  
 be but easily preached, and not abhorre sedycyon and rebellion?  
 ....Who was lesse beloued in the northe, than my lorde  
 Cardinall, god haue his soule, before he was amonges them?  
 Who better beloued after he had ben there a whyle? We hate  
 oft times, whom we haue good cause to loue. It is a wonder  
 to see howe they were turned, howe of vtter enemyes, they  
 becam his dere frendes. He gaue byshops a right good ensam-  
 ple, how they might wyn mens hartis. There was fewe holy  
 dayes, but he wolde ride v. or vi. myle from his howse, nowe  
 to this paryshe churche, nowe to that, and ther cause one or  
 other of his doctours, to make a sermone vnto the people. He  
 sat amonges them and sayd masse before al the paryshe. He  
 sawe why churches were made. He began to restore them to  
 their ryght and propre vse. If our byshops had done so, we  
 shuld haue sene, that preachyng of the gospell is not the cause  
 of sedition, but rather lacke of preachyng of it. He broughte  
 his dinner with hym, and bad dyuers of the parish to it. He  
 enquired whether there was any debate or grudge betwene any  
 of them, yf there were, after dinner he sente for the parties  
 to the church, and made them at one. Men say wel that do  
 wel. Goddis lawes shal neuer be so set by, as they ought, be-  
 fore they be well knowen. . . . You wil thynke I knowe Lon-  
 don well, that make this offer vnto you: Blyndefelde me,  
 carye me after to what place ye woll, I wyll lyttel fayle, to  
 tel where ye set me, and before whose doore. They that know  
 not my cunnyng, wyll skace beleue me. I praye you, can ye  
 set me in any place, but I may say, and lye lyttell, I am  
 nowe before a tauerne, or an ale howse. Fayle I maye, but  
 farre I can not fayle. . . . We shall haue a better tyme, a  
 worse quarell we can not haue, to spende our bloode in. We  
 woll our enemies laughe not at our distruction. We woll  
 that they be not mery at our calamitie, whiche can not be  
 mery, excepte they see vs sadde. We woll be frendes, God  
 saue Englaunde as it is, if all Englyshe men say so to, I am sure  
 God

God wyl saye amen. *Londini in aedibus Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. cum privilegio.*"

J. H.

¶ *A Lamentation in whiche is shewed what Ruynes and destruction cometh of seditious rebellyon. Anno M. D. XXXVI. qto. 12 leaves.*

"If stvdy" (it commences) "had gotten me as much eloquence, as true and vnfeyned loue of my countrey gyueth me cause to lament: thẽ durst I boldely say, that there is none so wycked, none so vnnaturall, none so farre vnder all the senses of humanitie, but I coude fully perswade hym, nothyng so moche to be eschewed, as sedition, none soo worthy all punysbement, as they whyche trayterously make of one nation two, of them that euen now were frendes sodaynly to be vtter ennemies. But seing min eloquence, whiche I muste nedes graunte to be very smalle, can not so serue me, as I desyre in so weighty a mattier, I wyll see what loue, sorowe, and pitie can do, whiche if they coude as earnestlye worke, as they be greatte in me, I wolde truste to make all honeste stomackes to deteste and abhorre sedicious traytours. . . . These spirituall traytours, that are in harneys ayenste theyr countrey call theymselfe, which haue none other spirite than their father the dyuelle hath inspired into them. If these be spiritual put a coule on Catilin's backe, is not he than a religious mõke, and a good spirituall man? If these be religious and spirituall men, whiche doo all that they can to distroye bothe the lawes of god and of man, to bryng this realme in desolation, why maye not Jacke Cade, Jacke Strawe, Wyll Wawe, Wat Tyler, Jacke Shepherde, Tomme Myllar, and Hob Carter, a barbour sent for, be shorne into religion? If they be spirituall, that consume the day eyther in ydelnes, or in another thynge worse then that, sowynge sede in other mens forowes, whom shall we call carnall? . . . If God be on our syde, the Cobbler hath clouted euylle, he hath putte to moche hempe in his lyngell. God is with the right parte, and cannot leaue it. All traytours God wylling, shall lerne by Lyncolneshire, nothing to be more odious to God and man, than treason. God saue the kynge. *Londini in aedibus Thomae Bertheleti regii impressoris. cum privilegio.*"

J. H.

ART.

¶ *A Declaration, conteynyng the iust causes and con- siderations, of this present warre with the Scottis, wherin also appereth the trewe & right, that the kinges most royall maiesty hath to the souerayntie of Scotlande.* (Col.) Londini in officina Thomas Bertheleti. typis impress. Cum &c. Anno M. D. XLII. qto. 16 leaves.

This and the three preceding articles have each of the titles in a compartment of naked boys in proces- sion; six of them bearing one, preceded by some with musical instruments, with a chief and others following: up the sides boys climbing through vine leaves, and at the top a laureated head in an oval between two sphynxes.

In Holinshed's *Chronicles of England*, edit. 1809, this tract is closely copied. See Vol. III. the latter part of p. 826 to p. 828; and the whole of it is inserted under the head of Scotland, in Vol. V. p. 517—26.

J. H.

¶ *Hypnerotomachia. The Strife of Loue in a Dreame.* At London, Printed for Simon Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop, in S. Paules Church-yard, at Cheape-gate. 1592. qto. 104 leaves.

This is a translation of a large portion of the *Hypnerotomachie Polyphili*, first printed in 1499: see De Bure, No. 3766. A copious account of that work, with some spirited specimens of the wood-cuts, will, we understand, be found in the third volume of Mr. Dibdin's *Catalogue of Lord Spencer's library*. The translation is not mentioned by Herbert.

The initials R. D.\* are subscribed to the dedication, but without any notice that the work had before ap- peared in any other language. At the back of the title- page is the following brief invocation "to the thrise

\* Probably, by the following simile, educated at Cambridge; "When the foote of the phane or image in turning about, did rub and grinde vpon the copper base, fixed vpon the pointe of the obeliske, it gaue such a sound as if the tower bell of Saint John's Colledge in the famous Vniuersitie of Cambridge had bene rung."

honorable

honorable and ever lyving vertues of Syr Phillip Sydney, Knight; and to the right honorable and others whatsoever, who living loved him, and being dead give him his due." On the next page commences the dedication, whereby "to the Right Honourable Robert Deuorax, Earle of Essex and Ewe, Viscount Hereford, and Bourghchier, Lorde Ferrers of Chartley, Bourghchier and Louaine, Maister of the Quenes Maiesties Horse, and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, is wished the perfection of all happinesse and tryumphant felicitie in this life, and in the worlde to come." [And continues] "when I had determined, right honorable, to dedicate this booke to the euer lyuing vertues of that matchlesse knight Syr Phillip Sydney; me thought that I could not finde out a more noble personage then yourselve, and more fit to patronize, shield, and defende my dutie to the deade, then your Honour, whose greatnes is such, and vertues of that power, as who so commendeth them, deserveth not to be accounted a flatterer, but he that doth not the same, may be thought an euill willer.... My humble request is that your Honor may not thinke of me (by the tyle of the booke and some part of the discourse) as if I were amorous, and did speake according to my owne passions, for I being restrained of my liberty, and helde in the graue of obliuion where I still as yet remaine, oppressed with melancholie, and wearied with deeper studies, I was glad to beguile the time with these conceits, anothomising in them the vanitie of this life and vncertaintie of the delights therof, in the dreame of Poliphilus."....

Some Latin verses are entitled, "Anonymi elegia ad Leectorem;" and a leaf with "faultes escaped in the printing."

A specimen from the opening of the first chapter, which contains a description of the sun rising, will be sufficient. There is a head title :

*"Poliphili hypnerotomachia, wherein he sheweth, that all humaine and worldlie things are but a dreame, and but as vanitie itselfe. In the setting forth whereof many things are figured worthie of remembrance."*

The author beginneth his Hypnerotomachia, to "set downe the hower and time when in his sleepe it seemed to him that hee was in a quiet solitarie desart, and vniinhabited plaine,  
and

and from thence afterward how he entered vnadvisedly before he was aware, with great feare, into a darke obscure and vn-frequented wood.

“ *The discription of the morning.*

“ What houre as Phœbus \* issuing foorth, did bewtifie with brightnesse the forhead of Leucothea, † and appearing out of the Ocean waues, not fully shewing his turning wheelles, that had beene hung vp, but speedily with his swift horses Pyrons & Eous, ‡ hastning his course, and giving a tincture to the spiders webbes, among the greene leaues and tender prickles of the vermilion roses, in the pursuite whereof he shewed himselfe most swift & glistening, now vpon the neuer resting and still moouing waues, he crysped vp his ir-radiant heyres.

“ Vppon whose vprising, euen at that instant, the vnhorned moone dismounted hir selfe, losing from hir chariot hir two horses, the one white and the other browne, and drewe to the horrison || different from the hemisphere ¶ from whence she came.

“ And when as the mountaines and hilles were beautifull, and the northeast winds had left of to make barraine with the sharpnesse of their blasts, the tender sprigs to disquiet the moouing reedes, the fenny bulrush, and weake cyprus, to torment the foulding vines, to trouble the bending willowe, and to breake downe the brittle firre bowghes, vnder the hornes of the lasciuious bull, as they do in winter.

“ At that very houre, as the diuers coulered flowers and greene meades, at the comming of the sunne of Hyperion \*\* feare not his burning heate, being bedued and sprinkled with the christalline teares of the sweete morning, when as the halcyons †† vpon the leuell waues of the stil, calme, and quiet flowing seas, do build their nests in sight of the sandie shore, whereas the sorrowful Ero, with scalding sighes did be-

\* Phœbus the sunne. † Leucothea the morning.

‡ Pyr and Eo, the horses of the sunne.

|| Horison, a circle, deuiding the halfe speare of the firmament from the other halfe which we do not see.

¶ Hemisphere is halfe the compasse of the visible heauen.

\*\* Hyperion the sunne.

†† Halcyons are certaine byrds which building near the shore vpon the waues there will be no storme vntill the young be hatched.

hold the dolorous and vngrate departure of hir swimming Leander. \*

“ I lying vpon my bed, an oportune and meet friend to a wearie body, no creature accompanying me in my chamber, besides the attender vppon my body, and vsuall night lights, who after that she had vsed diuers speeches, to the end shee might comfort me, having vnderstood before of me, the originall cause of my hollow and deepe sighes, she indeuored hir best to moderate, if at least she might, that my perturbed and pittifull estate. But when she sawe that I was desirous of sleepe she tooke leaue to depart.

“ Then I being left alone to the high cogitations of loue, hauing passed ouer a long and tedious night without sleepe through my barren fortune and aduerse constellation, altogether vncomforted and sorrowfull, by means of my vntimely and not prosperous loue, weeping, I recounted from point to point, what a thing vnequall loue is: and how fitly one may loue that dooth not loue: and what defence there may bee made against the vnaccustomed, yet dayly assaults of loue: for a naked soule altogether vnarmed, the seditious strife, especially being intestine: a fresh still setting vpon with vnstable and new thoughts.

“ In this sort brought to so miserable an estate, and for a long while plunged in a deepe poole of bitter sorrowes, at length my wandring sences being wearie to feede still vpon vn-sauorie and fayned pleasure, but directly and without deccit, vpon the rare diuine obiect: whose reuerende idea is deeply imprinted within me, and liueth ingrauen in the secret of my heart, from which proceedeth this so great and vncessant a strife, continually renuing my cruell torments without intermission. I begin of the conditions of those miserable louers, who for their mistresses pleasures desire their owne deaths, and in their best delights do think themselues most vn-happie, feeding their framed passions not otherwise then with sithful imaginations. And then as a weary bodye after a sore labour, so I somewhat in outward shew qualified in the payne of my sorrowfull thoughts, and hauing incloystered and shut vp the course of my distilling teares: whose drops had watered my pale cheekes, thorow amorous grieffe, desired some needfull rest.

“ At length my moyst eyes being closed within their bloud

\* Leander, a young man of Abydos, who in swimming over the Hellespont (a narrow sea) by Byzantium (which parteth Europ from Asia) to Sestus, was in the sight of his louer Ero of Sestus drowned, which she seeing, threw hir self down into the sea and died with him.

shotten and reddish liddes, presently betwixt a bitter life and a sweet death, I was in them inuaded and ouercome, with a heauie sleepe, who with my minde and watchfull spirits, were no pertakars of so high an operation. Methought that I was in a large plaine, and champion place, &c."

The translation is not free from some of the exceptional passages of the original, and the concluding chapter contains the triumph of Vertumnus and Pomona.

EU. HOOD.

¶ *The Ephemerides of Phialo, deuided into three bookes. The first, A method which he ought to follow that desireth to rebuke his friend, when he seeth him swarue: without kindling his choler, or hurting himselfe. The seconde, A Canuazado to Courtiers in foure pointes. The thirde. The defence of a Curtexan ouerthrowen. And a short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers. By Step. Gosson, Stud. Oxon. Imprinted at London by Thomas Dawson. Anno. 1586. 12mo. Sig. M. 4. With introduction. 99 leaves.*

Our limits will not now allow such a space as might be expected from the singular rarity of this tract. By the dedication

"To the right noble gentleman, Master Philip Sydney, esquier, Stephan Gosson wisheth health and happinesse." [Concluding:] "the daies workes of Phialo, which spendeth his time in profitable disputation among his freendes, I haue called his Ephemerides, after the manner of the Greekes, humbly requesting your worshippe to vouchsafe them the reading, because you are learned, and to yelde them your patronage, sith they carie some tast of the Vniuersitie. Your worships to commande. S. G.

[Then] "literarum studiosis in Oxoniensi Academia Steph. Gosson. Sal." [In four pages, subscribed] "valet, Londini 5 Kalend. Nouemb. 1579, Stephanus Gosson."

An address "to the reader" is followed by "the Ephemerides of Phialo," divided into three books, as described in the above title. From fo. 81 to the end is "An apologie of the Schoole of Abuse," which might have

have formed a valuable appendix to the late reprint of that work. \*

“ [Gosson defends his attack upon the ancient *poets* for making Jupiter] an abhominable leacher, as wicked a wretche as euer liued [king of the gods : Venus, a notorious strumpet,] as common as a barbar's chayre, [a goddess, and by] making gods of them that were brute beastes, in the likenes of men : diuine goddesses of common harlots : they robbe God of his honour, diminishe his anethoritic, weaken his might, and turne his seate to a stewes.” [Concluding there] “ are many of their schollers so enchanted that, like the superstitious and foolishe Ægyptians, they had rather lose their liues, then the idols of theyr byrdes, their beastes, their *ibes*, their adders, their dogges, their cattes, their serpentes, their crocodiles.

[To the pipers he says :] “ Let them not think I abhorre musique : if they put on their spectacles, or take their eyes in their hands, & looke better in the Schoole of Abuse, they shal finde that with Plutarch I accuse them for bringing their cunning into theaters : y<sup>t</sup> I say, they haue wilfully left, or with ignorance loste, those warlike tunes which were vsed in auncient times, to stirre vp in vs a manly motiõ, and found out new deseant with the dauncers of Sybaris, to rocke vs asleepe in all vngodlinesse . . . . Though I be of Plutarche's opinion, that when we haue done or saide all that wee can, the oldest fashion is euer best, that newe cuttes are the paternes of running heads, strange blockes, the very badges of fonde conceites, yet do I not forbidde our newe found instrumentes, so that we handle them as Dauid did, too prayse God, nor bring them any more into publique theaters, too please wantons. London is so full of vnprofitable pipers and fiders, that a man can no sooner enter a tauerne, but two or three caste of them hang at his heeles, too giue him a daunce before he departe, therefore let mē of grauitie examine the case, and iudge vprightly, whether the sufferance of such idle beggers be not a greuous abuse in a common wealth.

[He tells the players if they] “ take a little more counsell of their pillowe, they shal finde themselues to be the worste, and the daungerousest people in the world. A theefe is a shrewde member in a common wealth, he empties our bagges by force, these ransacke our purses by permission ; he spoileth vs secretly, these rifle vs openly ; hee gettes the vpperhãd by blowes, these by merry iestes ; he suckes our bloud, these our manners ; he woundes our bodie, these our soule ; O God, O men, O heauen, O earth, O tymes, O manners, O miserable dayes. He suffereth for his offence, these stroute without punishment vnder our noses, and lyke vnto a consuming fire

\* In *Lord Somers' Tracts*, Vol. III. p. 552.



are nourished stil with our decay. . . . If Diogenes were now aliue to see the abuses that grow by playes, I belieue hee woulde wishe rather to be Londoner's hounde than his apprentice, because hee rateth his dogge, for wallowing in carrion, but rebukes not his seruaunt for resorting to playes that are rank poison. . . . They muste not thinke that I banishe recreation, because I barre them. . . . there are other good pastimes to be founde, if we be willing to seeke them out. . . . He that thinkes wanton playes a meete recreation for the minde of man, is as farre from the trueth as the foolish Gentiles, which belieue that their gods delight in toyes; and wee which carie our money too players too feede their pride, may be wel compared to the Bath keeper's asse which bringeth him woode too make his fire, and contenteth himself with the smell of the smoke. . . . Our players since I set out the *Schole of Abuse*, haue trauailed to some of mine acquaintance of both Vniuersities, with fayre profers, and greater promises of rewardes, if they woulde take so much paines as to write against mee; at laste, like to Peelopee's suters, which seeing themselves disdained of her, were glad to encroch with some of her maides, when neither of both Vniuersities would heare their plea, they were driuen too flie to a weake hedge, and fight for themselues with a rotten stake. Beggars, you know, must be no choosers, hunger sauceth euery meate: when fishers lay their hookes in haste, frogges will make sauory dishe. It is tolde mee that they haue got one in London to write certaine *Honest excuses*, for so they tearme it, to their dishonest abuses which I reuealed. It is good for him that will falsifie pictures, not too let them see the liuely creatures, that are desirous to view his worke, neither is it conuenient for him too present his excuse to any of those that haue read my Schoole, and behelde those abuses in playing places, least their eyes reprooue him for a lyar. . . . I stay my hande till I see his booke; when I haue perused it, I wil tel you more. Mean while I beseech them to looke to their footing that run ouer shoes in al these vanities, lest they be swallowed without recouery: and wishing to my Schoole, some thriftier scholers, to players an honest occupation, and to their excuser a better minde, I take my leaue. Finis. Stephan Gosson. *Cælo tegitur, qui non habet veram.* Imprinted at London at the Three Cranes in the Vinetree, by Thomas Dawson, 1586."

J. H.

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¶ *A Caueat or Warening for Common Cursetors, vulgarely called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman Esquier, for the utilitie and profit of his natural country. Augmented and enlarged by the*

first Author hereof. Whereunto is added the tale of the second taking of the counterfet crank, with the true report of his behaviour and also his punishment for his so dissembling, most maruelous to the hearer or reader thereof. New Imprinted. Anno 1573. [Wood-cut of two rogues being whipped at the tail of a cart, with the following verses beneath :]

*This cart at his tayle doth draw all about,  
Such pylfering pickers that to it is tyed:  
The whip with his whickes the bloud fetcheth out,  
The Baudes for baudery, and Hores therein ryed.*

[Colophon.] *Imprinted at London by Henry Middleton dwelling in Flete-streat at the signe of the Faucon: and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstones Churchyard. An. 1573. qto. H. iij.*

This appears to be the third edition of a work already described,\* and serves to fix the precise time of the appearance of the first edition by the following passage: "Vppon Alhallonday, in the morning, last Anno Domini 1566, or my boke was halfe printed, I meane the first impression."—I believe the present impression contains an additional wood-cut with the portraits of "a vpright man, Nicolas Blunt; the counterfet cranke Nicolas Genings,"† with the following verses for a description.

“ These two pictures lyuely set out,  
One body and soule, God send him more grace:  
This monstrous dissembler, a cranke all about,  
Vncomly coueting of eche to imbrace,  
Money or wares, as he made his race.  
And sometyme a mariner and a seruing man:  
Or els an artificer, as he would fayne than.  
Such shiftes he vsed, being well tryed,  
Abandoning labour till he was espyed;  
Conding punishment for his dissimulation,  
He surely receyued with much exclamation.”

J. H.

\* See vol. ii. p. 515, and Earle's *Microcosmography*, by Bliss, 1811, p. 246.

† “ His picture remayneth in Brydewell for a monyment.”

¶ *The Belman of London: Bringing to Light the most notorious villanies that are now practised in the kingdome. Profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of households, and all sorts of seruants, to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade. Lege, Perlege, Relege.* [Wood cut of the Bellman in the act of ringing through the street, with a lanthorn and long staff on his shoulder, accompanied with a dog.] *Printed at London for Nathaniel Butter. 1608. qto. I. ij.*

“ The poore Belman of London, to all those that either by office are sworne to punish, or in their own loue to vertue, wish to haue the disorders of a state amended humbly dedicateth these his discoueries:” and we believe there are few of our readers but are sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the discoveries, as the work had many impressions in the lifetime of the author, Thomas Decker, who, according to Oldys’ manuscript notes, “ was full threescore years of age in the year 1638.” It is the first edition\* of the Bellman, the date of which is rather doubtfully noticed by Dr. Nott in his late valuable reprint of the *Gull’s Horn-book*, by the same author.† Decker probably founded the present work upon Harman’s *Caveat*, above noticed, enlarging it with an account of gamblers and others, to whose depredations the polished classes of society are more exposed than to those of pilfering beggars. A single character may suffice,

“ *An angler.*”

“ An angler is a lymb of an vpright-man, as beeing deuiued from him: their apparell in which they walke is cōmonly frieze jerkins and gally slops: in the daytime, they beg from house to house, not so much for reliefe as to spy what lyes fit for their nets, which in the night following they fish for.

\* “ The third impression, with new additions: printed at London, for Nathaniel Butter, 1608.”

† The *Gull’s Horn-book*, or a large portion of it, was probably reprinted, as—*The young Gallant’s Academy; or, directions how he should behaue himself in all places and company. As, 1. In an ordinary. 2. In a play-house. 3. In a Tavern. 4. As he passes along the street all hours of the night. 5. How to avoid Constables Interrogatories. To which is added, the character of a Town-HUFF. Together with the character of a right generous and well-bred gentleman. By S. V. Printed and are to be sold by Perciwall Gilbourne at the George in Chancery lane near Fleet street. Advertisement in Protestant Mercury. Novem. 25-7 1696.*

The rod they angle with is a staffe of fieve or six foote in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole boared quite thorough, into which hole they put an yron hooke, and with the same doe they angle at windowes about midnight, the draught they pluck vp beeing apparell, sheetes, couerlets, or whatsoever their yron hooles can lay hold of: which prize when they haue gotten, they do not presently make sale of it, but after foure or fieve daies, or according as they suspect inquirie will be made after it, doe they bring such goodes to a broker (traded vp for the purpose) who lends vpon them halfe so much money as they be worth, which notwithstanding serues the angler a while for spending money, and enriches him that buyes it for a long time after." J. H.

¶ *Hymnes, or sacred Songs, wherein the right vse of Pöessie may be espied. Be Alexander Hume: Wherevnto are added, the experience of the Author's youth, and certain precepts seruing to the practise of Sanctification. The table followes in the next page.\* Ephes. v. 18. But be ful filled with the Spirit speaking vnto yourselues in Psalmes, and Hymnes, and spirituall songs, singing and making melodie to the Lord in your hearts. Edinburgh, Printed by Robert Walde-graue, Printer to the King's Majestie. 1599. Cum privilegio regio. qto. pp. 66. besides introduction, four leaves.*

The inscription of the dedication wishes: "to the faithfull and vertvovs ladie, Elizabeth Mal-vill, Ladie Cumrie, grace, mercie, and peace, from God the father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ." And concludes with saying: "having composed in my youth a few songes in verse to the glorie of God, seeing the custome of men is to dedicate their workes to their favorites and patrones: shall it not be lawfull to me also, after the maner of men, to present vnto you (a faithfull and be-

\* "At the back of the title: the contents of this booke.—1, The author's recantation.—2, Of God's benefits bestowed vpon man.—3, A description of the day etiuall.—4, Consolation to his sorrowfull soule.—5, Praise for deliuerie of the sick.—6, Of God's omnipotencie.—7, The triumph of the Lord after the maner of men, alluding to the defeat of the Spanish nauie, in the yeare 1588.—8, The humiliation of a sinner.—9, An epistle to Master Gilbert Moncrieff mediciner to his majestie, containing the experience of the author's youth.—10, Christian precepts seruing to the practise of Sanctification." The last are moral sentences in prose.

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loued ladie) a part of my litle labours? And sa meikle the rather, because I know ye delite in poesie yourselve, and as I vnfainedly confes, excelles any of your sex in that art, that euer I hard within this nation. I haue seene your compositiones so copious, so pregnant, so spirituall, that I doubt not but it is the gift of God in you. Finally, because so little a worke as this is, requires a short epistle, I take my leaue, not doubting but my good meaning shall be fauorable accepted. Continue (good ladie and sister) in that godlie course which ye haue begun: let nothing be done vpon ostentation. Loue your husband: haue a modest care of your familie, and let your cheefe care be casten vpon the Lord Jesus, who will recompense vs at his comming. To God therefore the Father, our Lord Jesus Christ, be all praise for euer, Amen. At Logie the 16th of Februarie, 1598. Your brother in the Lord Jesus, Alexander Hume, minister of the Evangell."

The preface is addressed "to the Scottish youth," reprehending the custom of making vain recitals and singing idle songs when they meet in company, of which, as it exhibits a faithful trait of their manners, we shall give an extract from the commencement.

"To the Scottish youth. As it is a thing verie customable vnto thee, O curious youth, greatuly to delite in poesie, ather in playing the parte of a poet thyselve, or by exercising thy spirit in reading and proclaiming the compositions of other men: so it is as common to thy indiscreit age to make a chuse of that naughtie subiect of fleshly and vnlawfull loue. In suche sort that in princes courts, in the houses of greate men, and at the assemblies of yong gentilmen and yong damesels, the chiefe pastime is, to sing prophane sonnets, and vaine ballats of loue, or to rehearse some fabulous faits of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like raueries and such as ather haue the art or vain poetike, of force they must shew themselues cunning followers of the ethnike poets, both in phrase and substance, or else they shall be had in no reputation. Alas for pittie! Is this the right vse of a Christian's talent to incense the burning lustes of licentious persons by such euill examples and allurements? Art thou (O miserable man) well occupied, that day and night busies thy braine to invent these things which may foster the filthie vice and corruption that naturallie is seased in the harts of all men? Was it to this end that thy maker sent thee in the world to be an instrument of wickednes? Or hes he giuen thee such gifts, and viuacitie of spirit, to be exercised in vanitie and pronoking others to vncleannes? Knowes thou not that thou must render account of euerie idle word that procedes out of thy mouthe? And that thy vngodlie conuersation banishes the spirit of God from thee? Suffocats

thy gude giftes, rottis thy conscience, and makis thy God to become ane enemie against thee."

After striving to awaken the reader's attention to a due enquiry of his own state, and a search into the scriptures for miracles, valiant deeds of arms, wise sentences, and heavenly poesy, he concludes

"I haue heere set downe before thee a few spirituall songs, begun in my youth and prosecuted in my wraslings with the world, and the flesh, whereby thou may cleerely see what abundance of good matter is offered, which the most parte of poets foolishlie reiectes, and dedicates their hole studie to things moste vile and contemptible. Farther, I contemne not the moderate and trew commendation of the vertuous and noble actes of good men: nor yet the extolling of liberall sciences: but thous hast notable examples in the French toong set foorth by *Salust* of *Bartas*. Onely thus much haue I written in rude Scottish and bash verses, to prouoke the more skilfull in that art to flee higher, and to encourage the meaner sort to follow. To the effect, that the spirits of men in all their actions may be applyed to the right end, euen to glorifie God, who must euer sanctifie and prosper the interprises of his owne. At Edinburgh the 9th day of December, 1594. Thy louing friend. Alexander Hume."

In 1802 Sibbald published in his *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*\* the epistle to Monterief, which contains several particulars of our author's life; part of the poem on the defeat of the Spanish navy in 1588, which is subscribed the 4th October, 1589; and the third piece "of the day Estiuall" as "Thanks for a Summer day:" but has not preserved the original text in either article. In the biographical prefixure Sibbald suspects Hume to have been "the person who, under the name of *Polwart*, carried on a *flyting* correspondence with *Montgomery*:" author of the beautiful moral allegory of the *Cherrie and Slae*. Upon this conjecture Dr. Leyden (in whose recent death we have to regret the loss of one of the genuine and enthusiastic followers of nature and the muse, †) observes "these must have been composed while he retained the character of a courtier:" nor is it probable from the present work but that Hume, after putting on the gown, was a rigid and exemplary minister. Dr. L. has inserted among the *Scottish Descriptive Poems*‡ the

\* Vol. iii. p. 367.

† See *Gent. Magazine*, vol. LXXXII. p. 409.

‡ P. 195.

one of the Day' Estivall, with preliminary observations and having, as the phraseology of Hume is rather English than Scottish, reduced it to the modern standard. Each editor has given a memoir of Hume, as also has Mr. Irving in the *Lives of the Scottish Poets*.\*

The first of the following specimens follows the preface, and is not mentioned in the table of contents.

*A Sonnet of Loue.*

Not lawfull loue, but lecherie I lacke:  
 Not women wise, but witlesse I disdain:  
 Not constant trueth, but tromperie I detract:  
 Not innocence, but insolence prophaine:  
 Not blessed bands, but secreite working vaine:  
 As Pyramus and Thisbe tuike on hand,  
 As Jason and Medea made their traine,  
 As Dæmophon and foolish Phillis fand,  
 As Hercules at Iolées command,  
 Which like a wife for loue sat downe to spin.  
 And finally all follie I gainstand,  
 Which may allure the heart to shame or sin:  
     Beware with vice, be not the cause of ill,  
     Sine speak, and sport, look, laugh, and loue your fill.

*Of God's Omnipotencie.*

O euerie liuing warldly wight,  
 Awake and dres your selfe with speede;  
 To serue and praise the God of might,  
 From whome all bountie dois proceede:  
 For gif ye drift, and still refuse,  
 The heauens and earth will you accuse.

The brutall beasts but ony stryfe,  
 They willinglie his voice obey:  
 The creatures that bes na life,  
 Sets forth his glorie day by day:  
 The earth, the aire, the sea, and fire,  
 Ar subject all to his impie.

The heauen it is his dwelling place,  
 The earth his littil fute-stule law,  
 His warks are all before his face:  
 Of hearts the secreits he dois knaw.  
 And euerie thing as in a glas,  
 He sets before it cum to pas.

\* Vol. II. p. 297.

The swift and active fierie spreits,  
 The cherubins of substance pure,  
 They walk among the holie streeits,  
 And makes him daylie seruice sure:  
 Yea, at all times they readie stand,  
 To gang and cum at his command.

When Jonah in the sea was cast,  
 By lot, for safetie of the leaue,  
 A mightie quhaill did follow fast,  
 Prepar'd the prophet to receaue ;  
 Quhilk at command did him deuore,  
 Sine brought him safely to the shore.

And as Eliah lurking lay,  
 Lang solitar by Cherith side,  
 The rauens left their common pray,  
 His sustenance for to prouide,  
 As they were charged him to feede,  
 They brought him daylie flesh and bread.

Quha learned Balaam's brutall asse,  
 The angell of the Lord to know ;  
 A foote she forward wald not pas,  
 That way where she him standing saw,  
 Bot spake that maruell was to see,  
 Against hir maister's crneltie.

The roaring lions fiers and fell,  
 Brought vp and baited ay with blood,  
 They spar'd the godly Daniell,  
 Expos'd to them in place of fude :  
 Sa fishes, fous, and rauenous beists,  
 Of God maist high they hald the heists.

The verie deuils dare nocht rebell,  
 Against his Maiestie and might,  
 The spreits vnclane he did expell,  
 Forth of the pure possessed wight,  
 Quha but his priuiledge diuine,  
 Durst na way enter in the swine.

Into the prophets mouthes the spreit  
 Of lies could neuer enter in,  
 Quhile he did licence first intreate,  
 Of God the Lord, for Ahab's sin :  
 Quhilk be that meanes did him entyse,  
 His awin defait till enterprise.

His halie statute to fulfill,  
 And potent power to declaire,  
 The massiue earth reposit still,  
 Suspended in the cessill eire :



And at hir dew appointed houres,  
Brings forth maist pleasant fruits and floures.

Quhat thing is fiercer nor the sea?  
Mair raging nor the awfull deepe,  
Quhilk back retir'd at his decree,  
And dois her bounds and marchis keepe:  
Synne at his charge apart stude by,  
To make his hoste a passage dry.

Without the subtile air but dout,  
Na plaint nor liuing thing may lest:  
Therefore it cleaues the earth about,  
And is in euerie place possest,  
Then as his godlie wisdom wald,  
Decernes the seasons hett and cald.

The brimstane and the burning fire,  
Maist sudenely from heauen fell downe,  
For to consume into this yre,  
Baith Sodome and Gomorrah towne:  
Bot in the fire furnace he,  
Preserved safe the children three.

The mightie winds blaws to and fra,  
From euerie airth be day and night,  
We heare them thudding by vs ga,  
Yet not conceaues them with our sight:  
Bot in a clap the Lord to please,  
Their blasts they quietly appease.

Like flocks of fowls the clouds aboue,  
Furth flies and couers all the sky:  
Againe they suddenly remooue,  
We wat not where nor reason why:  
Bot till obey his holy law,  
They poure out rain, sharpe haile, and snaw.

Behald the fearefull thunder crack,  
And fierie flauchts sa violent,  
Appeares nocht in the cloudis black,  
Quhill be the highest they be sent:  
The harts of men are dasht with feare,  
Sik lights to see, and claps to heare.

The heauen sa high, sa cleare of hiew,  
Declares his power passing weil:  
Sua swift of course ay recent new,  
Revoluing like a turning wheill,  
Nane knowes whercof the globe is made,  
Quhais beautie at na time dois fade.

He made the sun a lampe of light,  
 A woll of heate to shine by day  
 He made the moone to guide the night ;  
 And set the starnis in gud array,  
 Orion, Pleiads, and the Vrse,  
 Obserues their dew preserued course.

O poets, paganes impudent,  
 Quhy worship ye the planets seauen ?  
 The glorie of God be you is spent,  
 On idols and the hoste of heauen,  
 Ye pride your pens mens eares to pleis,  
 With fables and fictitious leis.

Your knowledge is bot ignorance,  
 Your cunning curiositie :  
 I finde your facund eloquence,  
 Replete with febles fantasie :  
 Ye neuer knew the liuely rod,  
 Nor gospell of the Sun of God.

He is aboue *Mercurius*,  
 Aboue *Neptunus* on the sea,  
 The winds they know not *Eolus*,  
 Their is na *Jupiter* but he :  
 And all your gods baith great and small,  
 Are of na force for he is all.

Bot sonnes of light ye know the trueth,  
 Extol the Lord with heart and minde,  
 Remoue all staves and sluggish sleuth,  
 Obey his voice, for he is kinde :  
 That heauen and earth may witnes beare,  
 Ye loue that God which bought you deare.

J. H.

## ¶ Catalogue of Early Scottish Poets, to the End of the Sixteenth Century.

The following catalogue is the result of a few inquiries respecting the writings of the earlier Scottish poets; and is only the outline of a subject, which, if properly executed, would be very interesting to those who are fond of Scottish literature, and form an useful supplement or companion to Warton's History of English Poetry. It is however a task that would require  
 much

much time, and other necessary qualifications, and has been, more than once, attempted, without success.\*

Many other poets, flourished during the same period, with those who are recorded in the following list, yet no remains of their works are known; they are chiefly mentioned by Dunbar, Lyndsay, and Rolland, as, James Afflek; Clerk, of Tranent; David Drummond; Durie, sometime Bishop of Galloway; Etrik; Galbreith; Henry, a Cistercian monk; Heriot; Sir Hew, of Eglintoun; Hutchown of the Awe Ryale; King James V.; Kendal; Kid, *or*, Kyd; Kynlouch; Christian Lindsay; Sir Mungo Lockhart; Quintene, *perhaps* Quintin Schaw; Sir John Ross; Stobs; Alexander Traill.

It is quite unnecessary here to say any thing in commendation of the Scottish poetical writers, either during the above mentioned period, or subsequently; much remains to be done in giving a complete and correct account of several of their works, especially of Dunbar, Drummond, Henrysoun, and Douglass. Any of these, it is likely, would answer, if done on a similar plan with the late edition of Lyndsay, which reflects great credit to its learned editor.

The Bannatyne and Maitland collections† contain the greater part of the smaller pieces of early Scottish poetry. A short account, and list of the contents of these manuscripts, will be found appended to *Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print. But now published from the MS. collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, &c.* By John Pinkerton. Lond. 1786. 2 vols. 8vo.

\* In 1803 with the manuscripts of the library of the late Mr. Ritson, there was sold, as lot 985, “Bibliographia Scotica, anecdotes, biographical and literary, of Scottish Writers, Historians, and Poets, from the earliest account to the nineteenth century, in two Parts, intended for publication.” The lot was purchased by Messrs. Longman and Co. for only forty-three guineas. It is understood to be now in the possession of Mr. G. Chalmers for completion, and we may therefore be certain, that however the publication may be wished, the tardiness will best promote that completion.—To the present article I have attached some slight notes, distinguished by my initial, that our correspondent may not be answerable for their insufficiency.

J. H.

† In reference to these MSS. the abbreviation of B. for Bannatyne, and M. for Maitland, in the following list, have been used.

‡ A valuable account of “the Bannatyne Manuscript is inserted in our present volume, p. 183.

H.

The

The first efforts of printing in Scotland were poetical. The only reliques of this press (which was established in Edinburgh by King James IV. in 1507), preceding the year 1536 are a vol. in 4to. containing Dunbar's Golden Terge, and Lament for the death of the Makkaris, a Gest of Robin Hude, the Knightly Tale of Golagrass and Gawane, with twelve other tracts, all (except one) in verse. Printed by Walter Chepman, and Androu Miller, in 1508. \* And the Aberdeen Breviary, by the same printers, in 1509, and 1510, 2 vols. in sm. 8vo.

The principal, and indeed only collections of Scottish poetry, are *A choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern, by several Hands*, (commonly called Watson's from the printer) in three parts, † Edin. 1706, &c. in 8vo. *The Evergrene, being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the ingenious before 1600* (inaccurately) published by Allan Ramsay, Edin. 1724, 2 vols. in 12mo. (Lord Hailes's elegant Selection of) *Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, Edin. 1770, 8vo. ‡ Pinkerton's Collection, above mentioned, § and J. Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, preceding the Union of the Crowns*. Edin. 1802, 4 vols. 8vo. § D. L. E.

April, 1813.

\* Some thoughts are entertained of reprinting as a fac-simile the whole volume, in a limited edition of 150 copies.

† Part I, first printed, 1706, in 146 pages. II, 1709, contains 117 pages. III. 1711, in 120 pages, having at conclusion "the end of the first volume." The plan was never continued. In 1713 appeared the second edition of part I, which was not a verbal, though a paginary reprint. The following is from a manuscript note by Ritson. "The 2d edition of the *first* part was published in 1713, but without any intentional variation, except that in p. 1, instead of 'King James the *Fifth*,' it has 'King James the *First*,' which is false." H.

‡ See a valuable bibliographical article upon this volume by Mr. Gilchrist in the *Censura Literaria*, Vol. V. p. 238. H.

§ Mr. Pinkerton has also published another work, as *Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions*, 3 vols. 1792, 8vo. H.

§ To the above notices may be added the unfinished volume by the late Mr. Ritson, called *The Caledonian Muse*, wherein the specimens are chronologically arranged, and divided in three parts. It is my intention to attempt a conclusion of the last part, and submit the volume, within a very short period, to the candour of the sons of Caledonia, rather than suffer any relick of the accurate Ritson to be lost. H.

ANDERSON,

ANDERSON, JAMES. Minister of Collace. Ane godly treatis, calit the first and second cumming of Christ, with the tone of the wintersnycht. *Edin.* Robert Smyth, 1595, 16mo.; again, *Edin.* Andro Hart, (date cut off) 12mo.

ARBUTHNOT, ALEXANDER. Principal of King's College, Aberdeen. Five poems in M. MS.

BALNEVIS, HENRY, of Halhill. One Poem in the B. and M. MSS. "Confession of faith, contening how the troubled man should seeke refuge at his God; compiled by Mr. Henry Balnaves of Halhill, and one of the Lords of Session and Counsell of Scotland, being a prisoner within the old pallaice of Roane in the yeare 1584, *Edin.* Th. Vautrollier, 1584, 12mo.

BANNATYNE, GEORGE, (the compiler of Bannatyne MS.) Two Poems, in B. MS.

BARBOUR, JOHN, archdeacon of Aberdeen. Actes and Life of Robert Bruce, composed in 1375. The earliest MS. of which, that is now known, is in the advocates library, *Edin.* written by John Ramsay in 1489. It was first printed, *Edin.* Andro Hart, 1620, 8vo. Various editions have been since published.\*

BELLENDEN, or BALLENTYNE, JOHN, Archdeacon of Murray, died at Rome, 1550. One poem in B. MS. (twice repeated). Vertue and Vice, as a proheme to the Cosmographical part of his translation of Hector Boeace's Cronykis of Scotland, (this translation was finished in 1530.) *Edin.* Thomas Davidson, 1536, again by same, 1540; and, without date, all in folio, b. 1.; also in the B. MS. Proheme to Hector Boeace, hys Cronykis of Scotland, be the translatoure Johne Bellenden. He likewise translated the first five books of Livy "into Scots," with a poetical prologue prefixed to it and still extant in MS.

BLYTHE, JOHN. Poem in the B. MS.

BROUN, WILLIAM. Poem in the B. MS.

BVREL, JOHN. Two poems, printed in (Watson's) collection, Part II, 1709.

BURNE, NICOL. Translated a Latin poem of Beza's for his "Disputation concerning the controvertit headdis of Religion," *Parise*, 1581, 12mo.; also, at end of the same, Ane Admonition to the Antichristian Ministers of the deformit Kirk of Scotland, 1581.

CLAPPERTON. Poem in the M. MS.

CLEKK, JOHN. Three poems in the B. MS. One of these also in the M. MS. and ascribed to Dunbar.

CULROSE. Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culros, younger. Ane godly Dream, compiled at the request of a speciall friend.

\* *The Bruce* was printed from the MS. of 1489, by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols. 1790.

*Edin.* 1603, in 4to.—*Edin.* A. Hart, 1620, in 18mo.—*Aberdene*, E. Raban, 1644, 8vo. &c.

DAVIDSON, THOMAS. The excusation of the Prentar, in five Stanzas, prefixed to Bellenden's translation of Hector Boece.

DAVIDSONE, JOHNE. Ane brief Commendation of vprichtnes, &c. in Inglis meter, *Sanctandrois*, R. Lekpreuik, 1573, 4to. "A Memorial of the Life and Death of two worthy Chritions, Robert Campbel of Kinyeacleugh, and his wife Elizabeth Campbel. In English meter. Edinburgh. Printed by Robert Walde-graue, printer to the king's maiestie, 1595. Cum priuilegio Regali." 22 leaves in 8vo. The dedication is "To his loving sister in Christ, Eliz. Campbel of Kinyeacleugh," and dated "from Edin. the 24th of May, 1595. Your assured friend in Christ, I. D." Besides these two, he is author of some other works.

DOUGLAS, GAWIN, bishop of Dunkeld. Translation of Virgil's *Æneis*, Lond. 1553, 4to.\* and with Glossary (by Thomas Ruddiman), *Edin.* 1710, fol. *Palice of Honour*, Lond. 1553, 4to.—*Edin.* Johne Ros, for Henrie Charteris, 1579, 4to. &c. King Hart, an Allegorycale Poeme, in the M. MS.

DUNBAR, WILLIAM. In point of number, the most extensive writer of the early Scotch poets, as his poems have been reckoned to exceed 100, which are chiefly contained in the B. and M. MSS. The late Mr. Ritson was for a considerable time employed in making a collection of Dunbar's works, which he intended to have published. †

FETHY. Poem in the B. MS. (Mr. Pinkerton, describing the MS., says it is (by Selby.)

FOWLER, WILLIAM, P. (arson) of H. (awicke.) Sonnet prefixed to the *Furies*, by K. James VI. Two MS. vols of his poetry are in the College Library, Edinburgh, which were presented by William Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1627. The first is intituled "The Tarantula of Love," consisting of sonnets in the manner of Petrarch. The other vol. in folio, is a translation of the "Triumps of Petrарke," dedicated to Jean Fleming, Lady Thirlstane, the wife of Chancellor Maitland, dated from Edinburgh, Dec. 17, 1587. "Sonet," signed M. W. F. prefixed to "Essayes of a Prentise," 1584. "Sonet to the onely royal Poet," prefixed to "His Maiesties poetical Exercises," 1591. Epitaph on Mrs. Bows. *Edin.* 1597. He is

\* This volume is noticed by Herbert, p. 356; by Warton, Vol. II. p. 281; and in *Censura Literaria*, Vol. III. p. 286, and Vol. VIII. p. 37. In the *Athenian Mercury* of Oct. 24, 1693, in reply to a question of what books of poetry one that's young should read, there is reference to "Douglas's *Æneads* (if you can get it), the best version that ever was, or ever will be, of that incomparable poem."

† *Select Poems of Wil. Dunbar, part first. From the M. S. of George Bannetyne.* Perth, 1788. Oct.

H.  
likewise

likewise author of *An Answer to John Hamilton*, Edin. 1581, 4to.

FLEMING. Poem in the B. MS. ascribed by Pinkerton to Kennedie.

GLENCAIRN, EARL OF. Ane epistill directed from the holy Heremite of Allareit, to his brethren the Gray Friars, (about 1566) in Knox's History of the Reformation.

H. G. probably Sir Gilbert Hay, chamberlain to K. Charles VII. of France, in 1547. Elegie translatit out of the Frenche, in the M. MS.

HENRY, the MINSTREL. Commonly called Blind Harry. The Actis and Deidis of the Illuster and vailyend Campion Schir William Wallace, knight of Ellerslie. The oldest MS. which is now known, is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, written by John Ramsay, in 1488, who transcribed in the following year, Barbour's Bruce; it was published, *Edin.* 1570, 1594, 1601, 4to.; *Edin.* Andro Hart, n. d. 1611, 4to.; 1620, 12mo.; *Aberdeen*, 1630, 12mo.; *Glasgow*, 1665, 1690, 12mo.; *Edin.* 1673, 12mo. Various editions have since been published.

HENRYSON, or HENDERSON, ROBERT. The Morall Fables of Esope, the Phrygian. Compyled into eloquent and ornamentall Meeter, by Robert Henrisoun, schoole-master of Dunfermling. Newlie revised and corrected. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1621," 8vo. They are chiefly contained in the B. MS.; also in the Harleian collection is the Morall Fabillis of Esope, compyled be Maister Robert Henryson, Scol-maister at Dunfermling, 1571," MSS. Harl. 3865. His other poems are partly in the B. and partly in M. MSS. His Testament of the Faire Creseide, with the Complaynt, was first published with Chaucer's works, 1532, fo.; afterwards, *Edin* 1593, 1611, 4to.

HOLLAND the Howlat, [dated from Ternoway, the seat of the earls of Moray,] supposed to have been written in the year 1453.

HUDSON, ROBERT. Ane uther Epitaph of the said Schir Richard (Maitland) in the M. MS. "Sonet," signed R. H. prefixed to "Essayes of a Prentise," &c. 1584.

HUDSON, THOMAS. The History of Judith, in forme of a Poeme; penned in French by the noble poet G. Salust, Lord of Bartas: Englished by Thomas Hudson, *Edin.* T. Vautroullier, 1584. Svo. Epitaph upon Sir Richard Maitland, 1585, in the M. MS. 8vo. "Sonet," signed T. H. prefixed to "Essayes of a Prentise," &c. 1584.

HUME, ALEXANDER. Hymnes, or Sacred Songes, wherein the right Vse of Poesie may be espied, *Edin.* Rob. Waldegrau, 1599, 4to.\* Besides some other works in prose, he is esteemed to be the author of the Flytting betwixt Montgomery and Polwart. *Edin.* 1629, 4to.; *Glasgow*, 1665, 8vo.

\* See the preceding article. H.

JAMES I. King of Scotland. The following are generally ascribed to him, though much has been both said and written to the contrary. The Kings Quair, MS. in the Bodleian Library, also printed by W. Tytler in his edition of the Remains of James I. *Edin.* 1783, in 8vo. A Song on his Mistress, afterwards his Queen, in M. MS. Christes Kirk on the Green, first published with notes by Bishop Gibson, *Oxford*, 1691, 4to.; \* *Edin.* 1708, 12mo. Peblis to the Play, in the M. MS.

JAMES VI. King of Scotland. The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine art of Poesie. Imprinted at *Edinburgh* by Thomas Vautroullier, 1584, 1585, 4to. His Maiesties Poetical Exercises at vacant houres, *Edinburgh*, printed by Robert Waldegrae [1591], 4to. Sonet, in the M. MS., &c.†

\* "Christ's Kirk on the Green" (says Mr. Park), is given to James the First of Scotland by Ramsay, Tytler, Pinkerton, Ellis, Irving, &c. in contradiction to the assignment of Dempster, Bishops Gibson and Tanner, Watson, Ruddiman, Percy, Warton, Ritson, and Lord Hailes." *Royal and Noble Authors*, Vol. V. p. 19. The last assignment is to James the Fifth, and Ritson has printed it as the production of that monarch in the *Caledonian Muse*. The two ancient Scottish poems, the *Gaberlunzie-Man* and *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, were printed by John Callander, esq. of Craigforth, 1782, as "Poems which tradition ascribes to James the Fifth."

James the Fifth is certainly entitled to notice as a poet, were there no other authority than the lines quoted by Mr. Park as addressed to him by Sir David Lindsay. *Ut sup.* p. 20. H.

† For an accurate account of the productions of James the VIth, see *Royal and N. Authors*, by Park, Vol. I. p. 113. His poetical pieces, written after he became king of the southern men, seem intentionally omitted in the above list; to which may be added the funeral sonnet written upon the Chancellor Maitland, Lord Thirlstane. That distinguished character translated "His Majesties owne Sonnet," upon the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 into Latin verse, and James repaid the obligation with a funeral sonnet, which is undoubtedly one of the happiest efforts of the regal muse. Mr. Park has printed it in his fifth volume, p. 56, observing, that it "appears to have been placed in the aisle of Haddington church, when Monteith published his *Theatre of Mortality* in 1713." It may also be found in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Vol. I. p. 121, in an article "of the poetry of James VI." and again, in Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, Vol. II. p. 223. All the three copies vary, and being anglicised not of equal authority with the following copy extracted from the Harl. MSS. 4043, N<sup>o</sup> 436.

"Ane funerall Sonnet maid be his Ma. upon the decese of Sir Ibone Maitland, Chancellor, [ob. 1595].

"Thow passinger, that spyis with gaizing eyis  
This trophee sad of death's triumphing dairt,  
Consider quhen this outward tumbe thow seis,  
How raire a man leavis hir his earthlie pairt.  
His wisdome and his vprichtnes of hairt,



INGLIS, SIR JAMES. General Satire, a poem in the M. MS., but in the B. MS. attributed to Dunbar. Mackenzie makes him to be the author of the Complaynt of Scotland\*.

JOHNSTOUN, PATRICK. The thre Deid Powis, a poem in the B. MS., but in the M. MS. attributed to Henryson.

KARRE, SIR ROBERT. Psalmes in English verses to the measures of the French and Dutch, in MS. Vide Auctuarium Bibliothecæ Gul. Drummondi. Edin. 1627, in 4to.

KENNEDY, JOHN. Poem in the B. MS. Historie of Calanthrop and Lucilla, a pœtical Romance, *Edin.* John Wreittoun; 1626, 12mo.

KENNEDY, WALTER, (sometimes called ANDREW.) Six poems in the B. and M. MSS.

LICHTOUN. Two poems in the B. MS.

LYNDSAY, SIR DAVID. 1. The Dreame, composed in 1528. 2. The Complaynt, 1529. 3. The Complaynt of the King's Papingo, 1530. 4. Satire on the Three Estaits, 1535. 5. Answer to the King's Flyting, 1536. 6. The Complaynt of Bash the King's Hound, 1536. 7. The Deploration of Queen Magdalene, 1537. 8. The Justing of Watson and Barbour, 1538. 9. The Supplication against Syde Taillis, 1538. 10. Kitties Confession, 1541. 11. The Tragedie of Cardinal Archbishop of St. Androis, David Beaton, 1546. 12. The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, 1550. 13. Ane Dialog of the Miserabil estait of this World, betwix Experience and ane Courteour, 1553. There are also three small poems ascribed to Lyndesay in the B. MS.

The most compleat and accurate edition of Lyndsay's works is that in 3 vols. *Lond.* 1806, 8vo. edited by George Chalmers, esq.

His pietie, his practise of our stait,  
 His quick ingyne, and versed in euerie airt,  
 As equallis all war euer at debait.  
 Then iustlie hes his death brocht furth of lait,  
 A heaue greif in Prince and subiectes, all  
 That vertew lovis and vyce do beare at hait ;  
 Thocht vitious men reioicis of his fall.

Thus for himself most happie dois he dee,  
 Thocht for his prince it most vnhappie be.

JA. REX."

From the poetical exercises there was selected *His Majesties Lepanto, or, Heroicall Song, being part of his Poeticall Exercises at vacant houres. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, and Henry Hooke. 1603. qto. Sig. E. 3.* There is prefixed "The avthovr's preface to the reader."

\* But see the elaborate and valuable dissertation of the late Dr. Leyden before his *Complaynt of Scotland, 1801.*

H.  
 H.  
 The

The following are a list of the early editions.

*Paris* (Rouen) 1558, 4to. and 12mo.; *Lond.* 1566;\* *Edin.* 1568, 1571, 1574; *Lond.* 1575, 1581; *Edin.* 1582, 1588, 1592, 1597, 1604, all in 4to.; *Edin.* 1610, and 1614, 8vo.; *Edin.* 1630, and 1634, 12mo.

The above editions generally contain the whole, except N<sup>o</sup>s 4 and 12.

N<sup>o</sup> 3 was printed at *Lond.* by John Byde, 1538, 4to.

N<sup>o</sup> 1, 2, 3, and 11, separately at *St. Androis* (St. Andrews) by John Skott, 1559, all in 4to.

N<sup>o</sup> 11, at *Lond.* by Day, [1546] 12mo.

N<sup>o</sup> 13, *Lond.* by Thos. Purfoote, 1566, 4to.

N<sup>o</sup> 12, at *Edin.* by H. Charteris, 1594, 4to.; again, by R. Lawson, 1610, 8vo.

N<sup>o</sup> 4, at *Edin.* by Robert Charteris, 1602,† and 1604, 4to.

MAITLAND, JOHN, Lord Thirlstane. Second son of Sir Rd. Maitland. Two Poems in the M. MS.

MAITLAND, SIR RICHARD, of Lethington. 40 Poems in the M. MS.; 26 have been printed by Pinkerton, and one from the B. MS. In Ramsay's Evergreen.

MAITLAND, MARY, third daughter of Sir Richard M. married Alex. Lauder of Hattoun. Poem in the M. MS.

MERSAR. Two Poems in the B. and M. MSS.

MOPFETT, SIR JOHN. Two Poems in the B. MS.

MONTGOMERY; ALEXANDER. A "Sonet" with his initials before the "Essayes of a Prentise," &c. 1584. The *Cherrie and the Slae*, *Edin.* 1597, 4to.; again, newly perfected before the author's death, *Edin.* 1615, 12mo.; many editions have been since printed: it was translated into Latin, and published at *Arct.* 1638, and *Edin.* 1696, both 12mo.‡ Two Poems in the

\* *Cens. Literaria*, Vol. VII. p. 113.

H.

† *Bibl. Wright*, 1787, No. 1357. Lyndsay's Satires, in quarto, *Edin.* 1632, probably a mistake for 1602.

‡ Ritson in the *Caledonian Muse*, already noticed, has reprinted "the *Cherrie and the Slae*" from "the Evergreen," with the following note: "This poem is said to have been written in 1590. Ramsay tells us that his edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrave, the king's printer in 1597, according to a copy corrected by the author himself, the other by Andro Hart, printed 1615, said on the title page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 quatuorzeims, not long before the author's death." Captain Montgomery was not, as is generally supposed, the inventor of this kind of stanza. He only imitated a more ancient piece called *The Banks of Helicon*, which is still extant."

However it seems to have escaped the notice of Ritson that K. James quoted the *Cherrie and the Slae* in the *Reulis and*

*Cawtelis*

the M. MS. Drummond of Hawthoruden, presented to the College Library (along with the rest of his library), a large collection of Montgomery's Poems, ten of which only have been published in Sibbald's Chronicle, Vol. III.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT, sometime Archbishop of Glasgow. Two Poems in the B. MS. along with a version of the first and twenty-third Psalmes.

NAPIER, JOHN. To the various editions of his *Plaine Discovery of the Revelation of St. John* (first printed at Edinburgh, 1593, in 4to, where the fifth and last edition was likewise printed in 1645), is prefixed *An Address to Antichrist* of 24 lines, under this title,

“ The book this bill sends to the beast  
Craving amendment now in heast,”

with a poetical version of certain notable prophecies, extract out of the bookes of Sibylla.”

NORNALL, ROBERT. *His Mirroure of ane Christian*, (in verse), *Edin.* R. Lekpreuik, 156t, 4to.

NORVAL. Poem in the B. MS.

ROLLAND, JOHN. *Ane Treatise callit the Court of Venus*, devidit into four Buikes, *Edin.* Johnne Ros, 1575, 4to. *The Sevin Seages*, translatit out of *Prois* into *Scottis meiter*, *Edin.* pr. by J. Ros, for Henrie Charteris, 1578, 4to. ; again, *Edin.* by the heirs of Andro Hart, 1631, 8vo.

ROWL. There appear to have been two writers of this

*Carvelis of Scottis Poesie*, 1584. In describing the verse that may be used in love matters, he says, “ also all kyndis of cuttit and brokin verse, quhair of new formes are daylie inuentit according to the poetis pleasour, as

“ Quha wald haue tyrde to heir that tone,  
Quhilk birds corroborat ay abone  
Through schouting of the larkis ?  
They sprang sa heich into the skyes  
Quhill Cupide walknis with the cryis  
Of Naturis chapell clarkis.  
Then leauing all the heauins aboue  
He lichted on the eard,  
Lo how that lytill god of lone,  
Before me then appeard.  
So myld lyke                    With bow thre quarters skant  
And chyld lyk  
So moylie                    He lukit lyke a sant.”  
And coylie

This is the sixth stanza in the poem, and as it was well known that Montgomery's “ poetical talents procured him the patronage of his Sovereign,” it was perhaps one of the pieces communicated, in manuscript, which obtained him that notice. See Irving's *Lives*, Vol. II. p. 185.

name, but it is uncertain to which the poem in the B. and M. MSS. belongs.

SCHAW, QUINTIN. Poem in the B. MS.

SCOT, ALEXANDER. Thirty-three Poems in the B. MS., one of which is also found in the M. MS.

SELBY. Poem in the B. MS.

SEMPLE, or SEMPILL, ROBERT. Three Poems in the B. MS. besides four others, printed at Edin. in 1570, 71, 72, and 73, in folio. He is likewise supposed to be the author of *Philotus*, Edin. R. Charteris, 1603; again, Edin. 1612, 4to.; 1682, 12mo.; reprinted by Pinkerton, 1792.\*

STUART, or STEWART. There appear to have been several poets of this name about the middle of the 16th century. In

\* There were reprinted in July last a few copies of the poem called *The Siege of the castel of Edinburgh. Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik, Anno M. D. lxxij.* It is subscribed "Quod Sempill;" and in justice to the ingenious young bookseller who has edited it, and who obliged me with a copy, I shall give the conclusion of his preface, relative to the author.

"Spotswood mentions the "Masters of Ruthven and Semple" as being among the hostages entered in *Barwick*, as pledges for the fulfilment of the articles agreed to between the Regent and the English, respecting the siege. That the above mentioned persons were the *Lords Ruthven and Semple* there can be little doubt, nor is it likely that any but persons of rank would be given as hostages on such an occasion? We learn by the two following verses that the author was not present at the siege:

Bot Hume wes first that our the walis wan,  
As I heir say I wes not thair my sell.

And there is every appearance of his being at *Berwick* when he wrote the poem, from the two first lines:

Buschmēt of Beruik mak zow for the gait,  
To ring zour drumis and rank zour me of weir, &c.

These circumstances would seem to identify Lord Semple as the author of the following poem: his other printed works are as follow:—The Regentis Tragedie (17 nine-line stanzas), Quod Robert Sempil, Lekpreuik, 1570. In the Duke of Roxburghe's collection of Ballads, Vol. III.—The Bischopis Lyfe and Testament, Quod Sempil (four leaves). Striuling, 1571.—My Lord Methvenis Tragedie (24 nine line stanzas), Quod Sempil. Sanct Androis, 1572.—*Philotus*, a play, is also supposed to have been written by him, besides several small pieces published by Ramsay in his *Evergreen*, remarkable for nothing but their obscenity. From his printed works it may be observed, that after the year 1570, he drops his christian name, and signs himself merely *Sempil*. As his father died some time in the year 1570, he succeeded to his titles, which were confirmed by charter, December 15, 1572. (See Douglas's Peerage, new edition), and this satisfactorily explains the above circumstance."

H.

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the B. and M. MSS. several of their poems are to be found. Prefixed to the Confession of Faith, Edin. R. Lekpreuk, 1565, in 8vo. is a Sonnet (14 lines), "William Stewart to the Church of Scotland."

STEWART, J. of Baldyneis. A vol. of his Poems in folio, which had been presented by the author to King James VI., was purchased for the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, 1812.\*

\* It is a small folio, in old gilt binding, with the initials of King James on the sides, to whom it was presented; and is written in a very neat and distinct manner. From the following note, in the beginning, by John, Earl of Roxburghe, it appears to have been for a considerable time in that family. "Roxburghe. King James (VI. of Scotland), y<sup>e</sup> first brought this booke with him out of Scotland." Its title is "Ane Abregement of Roland Furious. Translatit out of Ariost. Together with sum Rapsodies of the Author's Zouthfull Braine. And last, Ane schersing out of trow felicitie. Composit in Scotis Meitir be J. Stewart of Baldyneis." After 28 lines. "To the rycht, hich, and michtie prence, James the Sext, Kyng of Scotland." The Induction, Direction, Dedication, Sonnet, and Invocation, follows the "Abregement" of "Ariost," upon 100 pages. Then the "Rapsodies of the Authors Zouthfull Braine," containing 66 Sonnets, &c. upon 80 pages. "To his majestie with presentatio of this Volume. Sonnet," 14 lines—"Ane schersing out of trow felicitie" on 97 pages, and the volume concludes with

"His fairweill to the Musis:

"Fairweill my toynses trembling strings,  
Fairweill the source quhair poems springs,  
Fairweill brycht purpoure Peaz fair,  
And all thy sisters sueit that sings,  
On pleasand pernass mont preclair:

Fairweill my Versis Varpit wrang,  
Fairweill the harpe quhairon I sang,  
Fairweill my Muse that meed me ment,  
Fairweill for I have hawe serwed zow lang,  
Quhill both my brains ar bruist and blont.

Go scherse sum pregnant spreit perfyte,  
Quho in your douceur dois delyt  
And neither nycht, Nor day, Vill spair,  
For to declair sum dew Indyt  
In Vorship of zow *Nymphis fair*.

Bot sum dois dalie dolor drië  
For till obtain *The laurell trie*  
And thocht ane Branche thairof thay pull  
Most meschant mouth of *Momus fle*  
Of sum Reprotché Vill ay be full.

STELL, DAVID. Two Poems in the B. MS. He is supposed by Pinkerton to be the author of 'The thrie tales of the thrie priests of Peblis; containyng many notabill examples and sentences, *Edin. Rob. Charteris, 1603, bl. l. 4to. Sibbald, however, ascribes it to Rolland.*

THOMAS, of Erceldoune, The Rhymer. *Sir Tristrem, a metrical romance, was first published, 1804, 8vo. edited by Walter Scott, Esq.*

W. M. subscribed to a sonnet before the *Essayes of a Prentise, &c. 1584.*

WATSON, ALLAN. Poem in the B. MS.

WEDDERBURN. Three Poems in the B. MS. He is generally allowed to be the author of 'Ane Compendious Buik of Godly and Spiritual Sanges, collectit out of sundrye partes of the Scripture, with sundrye other Ballates changeit out of prophaine languis in godly Sangis for avoyding of Sin and Harlotry, *Edin. about 1597, 12mo. With augmentation of syndrye gude and godly Ballates not contenet in the first edition. Edin. Rob. Smith, 1600. By Andro Hart, 1621, 12mo. A specimen of the last published by Lord Hailes, Edin. 1765, 8vo. And the whole republished by J. Gr. Dalyell, Esq. with the Scottish Poems of the 16th cent. Edin. 1801, 2 vols. 12mo.*

Quhan *lustie Venus* Veill did dance  
 Befoir the *Gods* this churle be chance  
 Vas present than to hir Mishap  
 Quod he quhan all did hir awance  
 Hir Sandals dois ower loudlie clap.

I dout no thing to find also  
 This curshit Catiwe for my fo,  
 In finding fault vith this or that,  
 Bot zite I cair him nocht ane stro  
 My *King* vill veill protect my plat.

Quhois sacred thespian Science rair  
 Be batht in source *Castalia fair*,  
 Arrouse sall all my Roustie ryme  
 And vith *Pegasian* spring preclair  
 Cleine cleinge the same from ewirie cryme.

For as *Bellerophon* so Stout  
 From *Lycia* dang the monsters out,  
 And brocht curst Chimere to aue end,  
 Ewen so *his grace* I do nocht dout  
 Sall *Thersits flame*, and me defend.

J. S.

This volume appears to have been written after 1573, as there are two Sonnets to King James, on New Years Day, 1572 and 1573.

D. L. E.

WYNTOWN,

WYNTOWN, ANDREW. Chronykil. That part which relates to Scotland was published in 1795, 2 vols. 8vo. edited by Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Pherson. D. L. E.\*

¶ *A true reportarie of the most triumphant, and royal accomplishment of the Baptisme of the most excellent, right high, and mightie Prince, Frederik Henry; By the grace of God, Prince of Scotland. Solemnized the 30 day of August. 1594. Printed by R. Walde-graue, Printer to the K. Maiestie. Cum Priuilegio Regali. qto. 15 leaves,*

The "exercises that wer to be vsed for decoration of that solemnitie, were to be deuided both in feild pastimes, with martiall and heroicall exploites, and in houshold, with rare shewes and singular inventions.

"The feild to be vsed at two seuerall dayes: the first to be of three turks, three christian knights of Malta, three Amazones, and three Mores. But by reason of the absence, or at the least, the vncertain presence of the three last gentlemen, who should haue sustained these personages, it was thought good that the number of that mask shuld consist of nyne actors, nyne pages, and nyne Lackies, which comming from

\* The same correspondent has furnished us with the following Latin verses by an unknown writer, taken from a fly-leaf to *Gul. Lambardi de priscis Anglorum legibus liber. Lond. 1568, 4to.*

"*Ad Auctorem,*

"*Vis veteres leges, et vis ab origine prima  
Discere quos ritus Anglica terra tulit?  
Vltima Saxigenum vis noscere tempora Regum,  
et quæ principio normaque lexque fuit?  
Hæc lege quæ clara Lambardus luce reponit  
è pigro excutiens scripta vetusta situ.  
Dilituere diu veterum hæc monumenta virorum,  
Saxonico quondam cognita sola sono;  
Et nisi pervigilis Lambardi cura fuisset,  
Vsque sub obscura nube iaceret opus.  
Quæ nunc culta vides docto Latioque nitore  
Lambardi dedlt hæc ingeniosa manus;  
Ingeniosa manus mens et præstantior illa,  
desudant patriæ commoda quanta tuæ.  
Quod patriæ prosis quod sic sis utilis ergo  
Laus tua, Lambarde, est, et labor ille tuus."*

T. V.  
sundry

sundry parts and at diuers times together with the diuersitie of their apparell, should bring some noueltie to the behoulders.

“The place most expedient for this action was the valey, nere the Castel, which being prepared for that purpose both with earier and scaffold, after the comming of the Queene’s Maiestie with her honorable and gallant Ladies, together with the honorable Ambassadors, the field beeing beset by the braue Yonkers of Edinburgh with their hagbutes, during the whole time of that pastyme.

“Then three Christians entered the fiede with sound of trumpet, who were the King’s Maiesty, the Eril of Marr, and Thomas Erskine, (gentleman of his maiesties chalmer) who made vp this number. A little after followed, three apparellled lyke Turkes, verie gorgeously attyred; and these were the Duke of Lennox, the Lord Home, and Sir Robert Ker of Cesfurde, knight. Last of all came in three amazones, in womens attyre, verie sumptuouslie clad, and these were the Lord of Lendores, the laird of Barclewch, and the Abbote of Holierood house. So all these persons beeing present and at their entrie making their reverence to the Queene’s Maiesty, Ambassadors and Ladies, having their pages ryding vpon their led horse, and on their left armes bearing their maisters imprese or deuce. . . . And euerie Lackie carying in his hand his Maister’s launce. They began their pastyme by running at the ring and gloue: The laws whereof were these.

“First, that all the persons of this pastime, compeare masked, and in such order as the come into the field, so to run out all their courses. Secondlie, that none vse anie other ring, but that which is put vp: and vse no other launce, but that which they haue brought for themselves. Thirdlie, hee that twice touches the ring, or stirres it, winneth as much as if he caried away the ring. Fourthlie, he that lets his launce fall out of his hand is depriued of all the rest of his courses. Fiftlie, that euerie one run with loose raines, and with as much speed as his horse hath. Sixtlie, that none after his race in vptaking of his horse lay his launce vpon his shoulder, vnder the pain of losse of that which he hath done in his course. Seuintlie, hee that carieth not his launce vnder his arme, looseth his course. Eightlie, that none vntil his three courses be ended, change his horse, if hee bee not hurt, or vpon some other consideration moued to change him. These laws being seen and approued by the actors, the Queene’s Maiestie, signified vnto them, that he who did run best should haue for his rewarde, a faire and rich ring of diamonds: and hee also, who on that same side had best fortune in running he should be acknowledged with another as fair as the first. The prooffe hereof being made the victorie fel to the Duke of Lennox, who bring-



ing it to his side & partie, had the praise and prise adidged to himself. Thus the first daye's pastime was ended, with great contentment to the beholders, and commendation of the persons enterprisers."

On the second day the baptismal ceremony was performed, and about eight of the clock at night the banquet commenced in the great hall. "After a while, hauing well refreshed themselves with the first seruice, which was very sumptuous, there came into the sight of them all, a Black-Moore, drawing (as it seemed to the beholders) a triumphall chariot (and before it, the melodious noyse of trumpets and howboyes) which chariot entered the hall, the motion of the whole frame (which was twelne foote long, and seuen foot broad) was so artificial within it selfe, that it appeared to be drawen in, onely by the strength of a Moore, which was very richly attyred, his traces were great chaines of pure gold. Vpon this chariot was finely and artificially deuised; a sumptuous couered table, decked with all sortes of exquisite delicates and dainties, of patisserie, frutages, and confectiions. About the table were placed six gallant dames, who represented a silent comedie, three of them clothed in argentynè saten, and three in crimson saten: all these six garments were enriched with toggle and tinsal of pure gold and siluer euery one of them hauing a crowne or garland on their heades very richly decked with fethers pearles and jewells vpon their loose haire in *antica forma*. . . . This chariot which should haue bene drawen in by a *lyon*, (but because his presence might haue brought some feare to the neerest, or that the sight of the lights and torches might haue commoued his tamenes) it was thought meet that the Moore should supply that roome; and so, he in outwarde shewe preassed to draw that forward, which by a secret convoy was brought to the prince's table, and the whole desert, was deliuered by Ceres, Focunditie, Faith, Concord, Liberalitie, and Perseverance, [whom the six dames personated] to the erles, lords, and barons, that were sewers.

"Presently after the returning of the chariot entered a most sumpteous artificiall and wel proportioned ship: the length of her keele was 18 foot, and her bredth 8 foote: from her bottoome to her highest flagege, was 40 foot: the sea shee stode vpon, was 24 foot long, with bredth convenient: her motion was so artificially deuised within herself, that none could perceiue what brought her in. The sea vnder her, was lively counterfeit, with all colours. . . . Her ordinance was 36 peeces of brasse, brauely mounted and her anchors siluer gilt. . . . Her mariners were in number six appavelled all in changeable Spanish taffataes, and her pilote in cloth of gold, he alone stood at the helme, who only moued and gouerned the whole frame both the ship and her burden very artificially. The mu-  
sitions

sitions within the same were 14 all apparelled in taffataes of his Maiesties collors, besides Arion with his harp. Being thus prepared at the sound of trumpets she approached, and at the next sound of Triton's wilk, trumpe together with the master's whistle shee made sayle till shee came to the table, discharging the ordinance in her sterne by the way. [This was the king's invention. There were delivered to the sewers] all sortes of fishes: as hearinges, whytings, flookes, oysters, buckies, lam-pets, partans, lapsters, crabs, spout-fish, clammes, with other infinit things made of suger, and most liuely represented in their owne shape. And whiles the ship was unloading, Arion sitting vpon the galley-nose, which resembled the form of a dolphin fish, played vpon his harp: then began her musike in green holyne howboyes in five partes. After that followed violls with voices in plaine counter pointe. . . . After which ensued a stil noyse of recorders and flutes; and for the fourth a generall consort of the best instruments. So this Enterlude, drawing neere to an end, in the verie last courses was discovered this sentence likewise. *Submissus adorat oceanus*, inferring that the ocean sea, by offering the shapes of her treasure humblie adored and honoured the sitters. And when in this time, all the banquet was done, after thanks being giuen; there was sung with most delicate dulce voices and sweet harmonie in 7 partes, the 128 psalme, with 14 voices. And that being done, at the sound of Triton's wilk trumpet and the pilote's whistle she wayed anchor, made saile and with noise of howboyes and trumpets retyred, and then discharged the rest of her ordinance to the great admiration of the beholders. After all which pastime and sport with merry and loyfull repast, the King and Queenes Maiesties, after other offices of honour and respect, the place being prepared for the reuels and the persons appointed for the same, discharging themselves sufficiently."

J. H.

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¶ *An excellent Epitaffe of syr Thomas Wyat, with two other compendious dytties, wherein are touchyd, and set furth the state of mannes lyfe.*

This poetical quarto tract, without date, consists of only four leaves. The above is a head-title of Sig. A. i. over the portrait of Sir Thomas Wyat, in a circle, as also given in the *Nenia*. The Epitaph follows.

"Wyat

" Wyat resteth here, that quicke could neuer rest,  
 Whose heuently gyfies, encreased by dysdayne,  
 And vertue sanke the deper in his brest,  
 Suche profyte he of enuy could optayne.  
 A head, where wysdom mysteries dyd frame  
 Whose hammers beat styll in that lyuely-brayne,  
 As on a styth, where some worke of Fame  
 Was dayly wrought, to turne to Brytayu's gaine.  
 A vysage sterne and mylde, where both dyd groo,  
 Vyce to contempne, in vertues to reioyce,  
 Amyd great stormes, whome grace assured soo,  
 To lyue vprighte and simple at fortune's choyse.  
 A hand, that taught what might be saide in rime,  
 That reffe Chaucer the glorye of his wytte,  
 A marke, the whiche (vnperfied for tyme)  
 Some may approche but neuer none shall hyt.  
 A tonge, that serued in foraine realmes his king,  
 Whose curtoise talke, to vertu dyd enflame,  
 Eche noble harte a worthy guyde to brynge  
 Our Englysshe youth, by trauayle vnto fame.  
 An eye, whose iudgement no affect coulde blind,  
 Frenedes to allure, and foes to reconcyle,  
 Whose pearcyng looke dyd represent a mynde,  
 With vertue fraught, reposed, voyde of gyle.  
 A harte, where dredé yet neuer so imprest,  
 To hide the thought yt. might the trouth auauance.  
 In neyther fortune lyfte, nor so repress,  
 To swell in welth, nor yelde vnto mischaunce.  
 A valiaunt corps, where force and beautye met,  
 Happy, alas, to happy but for foos,  
 Lyued, and ran the race that nature set,  
 Of manhode's shape, where she the mold did loos.  
 But to the heuens that symple soule is fleed,  
 Which leste with such as conet Christe to knowe,  
 Witnes of faith that neuer shalbe deade,  
 Sent for our welth, but not receiued so.  
 Thus for our gylt, this iewell haue we lost,  
 The earth his bones, the heuen possesse his goost."

Then follow "The Myrroure or Glasse of Fortune,"  
 in nine octave stanzas, and "A compendious dittie,  
 wherin is touched the state of mā's lyfe," in 110 lines,  
 thus concluding:

" The iuste men shall lyue by theyr good belefe  
 And shall haue a place where can be no grefe.

But

But gladnesse and myrth that none can amende,  
 Vnspeakable ioyes, whiche neuer shall ende.  
 With pleasures that passe all that we haue sought,  
 Felicities such as cannot be thought.  
 Whiche place they shall haue, that his wyll intendes,  
 With lyfe euerlastyng, and thus my tale endes.

*Vixit post funera uirtus.*

Imprynted at London by Iohn Herforde for Roberts Joye."

J.H.

¶ *The Commendation of Cokes, and Cock-fighting. Wherein is shewed, that Cocke-fighting was before the comming of Christ. London, printed for Henrie Tomes, and are to be sold at his shop ouer against Graies Inne gate in Holburne. 1607. qto. 15 leaves.*

By the dedication "to the right worshipfull Sir Henrie Bedingfield in the countie of Norfolke knight, George Wilson wisheth in this world, health, wealth, and prosperitie: and in the world to come, eternall felicitie."

A short epistle "to the reader whosoever." This treatise is divided into six chapters, and commences as follows with the creation:

"It is written in the first chapter of the first booke of Moses, called Genesis: that God gaue vnto man soueraigntie, rule, and diminio ouer the fishes in the sea, ouer the fowles of the air; and ouer euery living thing that he had made: and behold, it was exceeding good, and was appointed vnto man for to doe him homage and to serue him in all places, and times, in his seuerall and necessary vses, and not onely for clothing and sustenance for his bodie; but also for recreation and pastime, to delight his minde: as with cocke-fighting, hawking, hunting, and such like. For honest recreation is not prohibited by the word of God: but rather tollerated and allowed."

In the fourth chapter the writer observes: "another thing now commeth into my minde, which I noted in the disputation betweene Maister Barues and Stephen Gardiner, Maister Barues preaching in London at Paule's crosse, compared himselfe to a cocke of the game, and Stephen Gardiner to another: but (quoth he) Stephen hath no spurres, signifying thereby, that (in his opinion) Gardiner was not so well armed at all points, to endanger and offend his aduersarie as himselfe was."

Of the superiority of the cock over the phoenix and of the diversion over hawking, he thus discourses in the second chapter. "The phoenix is much prized of many, but not more praised of all then the cocke is, for the one is not so worthy of commendations for her rarenesse and chastitie (which commeth of necessity, because there is no more of that kind) as the other is for his courage and constancie, who (though he hath great societie) will rather die, then derogate from any of his company. Master Michaell Drayton, an excellent poet, now living in London, in a booke of his called England's Heroicall Epistles, speaking of the phoenix, saith thus.

The Arabian bird that neuer is but one,  
Is onely chast because she is alone;  
But had our mother nature made them two,  
They would haue done as doves and sparrowes doe.

Now what doth she doe, but by his billing beget others, or the sparrow, (but as the cocke doth) by treading, ingender, breede, and increase his own kind. And had the phoenix a pheere to doe so with, she would (in short time) grow to this passe, to be neither so chast, nor so rare as she now is. Joue's armour bearer, the eagle, is every way greater, but no way so good as the cocke is: for though he be the king of birds, and therefore feared of all, yet he is a greedy and a deuouring cormorant that prayes vpon them, and therefore beloued of none. Our faulkons and other swift winged hawkes will sore hie, and sometimes delight vs a little: but the pleasure and pastime which they make vs is nothing in comparison of that which our cockes yeeld vs. And yet hawking is a sport of many great personages, and braue spirited gentlemen, much vsed, and mightily accounted of, and to speake as I thinke: it is a thing that deserneth both to be loued, and commended: yet cockes afford vs farre more pleasure, than hawkes can, though hawkes be ten times more chargeable, and troublesome, and require ten times more attendance than our cockes doe\*."

Of the building of the cock-pit at Whitehall, he says,

"Our late prince of famous memorie king Henrie the eight, did take such pleasure and wonderfull delight in the cocks of the game, that he caused a most sumptuous, and stately cock-pit to be erected in Westminster, wherein his maiestie might disport himselfe with cocke-fighting, among

\* In another place is an allusion to the "squeaking castrell or a scuruie hobbie."

his most noble and louing subjects, who in like manner did affect that pastime so well, and conceiued so good an opinion of it, not onely because the king was so addicted to it, but also in regard of the great valor and incomparable courage that the cockes shewed in their battels; the which did inflame their hearts, that they caused cocke-pits to be made in many citties, boroughes, and townes throughout the realme. To which cock-pits resorted both dukes, earles, lords, knights, gentlemen, and yeomen, there to recreate and delight themselves with cocke-fighting."

In the last chapter he relates that there was "no longer agoe, than the 4th day of May, 1602, at a cocke-fighting in the citie of Norwich aforesayd a cocke called Tarleton (who was so intituled, because he alwayes came to the fight like a drummer, making a thundering noyse with his winges) which cocke fought many battels, with mighty and fierce aduersaries . . . Many more commendations than I have rehearsed may be given unto them, and many farre more excellent things might be spoken of them, both in regard of their nature, nurture, vertues, qualities, and courage, than either I have expressed, or am any way able to expresse sufficiently: wherefore I am resolved to leane that Herculeane taske for some more blessed brain to take in hand: and onely content my selfe with that which I haue already done, not doubting but that in time this illiterate and imperfect embrion will intimate and allure some of Appolloes sacred heires, some at Thamisis sweet singing swans, some heauen inspired soule enchanting poet, to carrole forth at full, in high and heart pleasing strains, their dere and well deserved praises: which thing I would be most glad of; and will hartily pray for.

J. H.

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¶ *A Search for Money, or The lamentable complaint for the losse of the wandring Knight, Mounsieur l'Argent. Or, Come along with me, I know thou louest money. Dedicated to all those that lack money. Frange nucis tegmen, si cupis esse nucem. By William Rowley. Imprinted at London for Joseph Hunt, and are to be solde at Newgate Market, neere Christ Church gate. 1609. qto, 18 leaues.*

The author, by his epistle dedicatory, wishes "to his entire and deare-esteemed friend, Maister Thomas Hobbs, health on earth, temporall and higher happinesse eternall. . . . Money, [he says] whose best part is but earth, whose too much worshipt greatnesse, in my iudgment, is but a bare-legd passage through  
many

many acres of briers, for a handfull of rushes on the other side, (being found not worth halfe the toile) but vse his companie as I do, and that's as I weare my gloues some-time on, some-time of, and many times leefe them quite, take this, to refuse it: the next search I make (God willing) shall bee for wisdom, and then, if you will go along with me, wee'll pace together: till then, farewell. Yours, William Rowley."

Dedication:—"To all those that lack money. Gentlemen, for so much you may be that want money, and more they cannot bee that haue it, (bee that your comfort,) yee are indeede the onelic *Mæcenasses* and patrons of poesie, but for your weake purses there are alwaies ioyned willing hearts, and, if not deedes, at the least goodwordes: (*Simile simili gaudet*) I ioye, *most respected benefactors*, in your fellowshippe, for from me yee are like to receiue nothing but good words, will yee now vndertake an equall trauell with me (I know not yet whitber) and let the destiniies (if they will) reward our paines. I know the walkes in Paules are stale to yee, yee could tell extemporally, I am sure, how many paces t'were betweene the quire and the west dore, or, like a *Suffolke* man, answer at the second question, dead sure: there hath beene (many of yee) scene measuring the longitude and latitude of More-fields any time this two yeares and vpwards; all but in the hard season of the great frost, and then yee slid away the time vpon the Thames; yee haue bene either eare or-eye witnesses, or both, to many madde voiajes made of late yeares, both by sea and land, as the trauell to Rome with the returne in certaine daies, the wild morrise to Norrige, the fellowes going backward to Barwick, another hopping from Yorke to London, and the transforming of the top of Paules into a stable, to these and many more, ad one more, what oddes with him now that will bring yee to the place where your lost and long wisht friend Mounsier Money is within two houres? me thinkes yee smile now? but you would laugh if it were so indeede, you thinke it not possible now, you having searcht so diligentlie and are yet without him, but pluck vp a good hart, hire but this hackney and (*vita pro vita*) hee will bring yee to the place for the prise of a peek of oates, tis no great charge, along with him but pace him not too fast for feare of stumbling, if yee dislike this voiage, returne to my stable againe, if I horse yee not for better profit, turne from a *Gentile* to a *Jew*, and spit at me, there has beene time and labor (a litle of both) to bring him to this small growth. *Vale: frustra nihil*. Your ioynt friend in estate. William Rowley."

This trifle is the production of William Rowley the dramatic writer, and now first known. It has a vein  
of

of low humour similar to that which diversifies the pages of Decker and other contemporary pamphleteers. In the privy search for the wandering knight, Monsieur Money, they pass a lane near a ditch in the city, which from the description may be applied to Rosemary lane, as close upon Tower ditch.

“ Being now in the cittie we concluded, *sit fas aut nefas*, to end our enquirie there ere wee past it, and at the instant, as wee were againe entring, wee spied a streete on the left hand (the verie hand that hell stands on,) all adorned like a most famous infamous ward rope, for there were executed and hung, some by the necke, some by the heeles, many innocent garments, whose first owners themselves were hung (most of them) on the other side of the cittie, and now the garments (for their maisters crime) suffered the second place of paine, and were there tortur’d to bee purged in the ayre of some itusections that yet either run or crept vpon them: we did immagine that our lost mounsier had been there at the receipt thereof, but sure he would not lodge nor abide amongst such a tribe of Jewish brokers, yet hauing opportunity to aske, for then met vs one that had newly ransomed a long executed snte, and had of purpose chose it to see if it could conduct him the same way the former owner was gone. (For indeed he meant to weare it to the prooffe.) Of him we askt who might bee the patron and furnisher of this large wardrope, he answered vs that the furnisher of that placé was as mad a hangman as any was about the towne; nay, there was none like him, his name was *Don Carnifexius Crackonecko Dericko*, a rare fellow (for there was none such), and it was doubted whether he were a magician or no, for he vsed to ride in the ayre of *Pacolei’s* wooden horse, marrie hee was a clowne in one thing, he neuer ridde with bridle, but a base halter alwaies, and that was to shew hee could raine his mare without a bit, and a mare it was by approbation, for shee casts many colts, and that was with his vnmercifull backing of her so neere her teeming time, nay (saies hee), hee is a very Alexander, for none but himselfe dares mount his Bucephalus, but it is in dauinger of death ere hee comes to the grond, nay, his own seruant (by credible report) that had well broke and often managed her, for offering to get vppe the wrong way, was throwne and broke his necke.”

J. H.



Caxton's *Cato Magus*, 1483.

"Here begynneth the prologue or prohemye of the booke callyd Caton, whiche booke hath ben translated in to Englysshe by Mayster Benet Burgh, late Archedeken of Colchestre and hie chanon of saint stephens at Westmestre, which ful craftly hath made it in balade ryal for the erudiccion of my lord Bousher, sone & heyr at that tyme to my lord the erle of Estsex. And because of late cam to my hand a booke of the said Caton in Frensshe, whiche reherceth many a fayr lernynge and notable ensamples, I haue translated it oute of frensshe in to Englysshe, as al along here after shalle appiere, whiche I presente vnto the Cyte of London."

*Colophon.*

"Here fynyssheth this present booke whiche is sayd or called Cathon translated oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe by William Caxton in thabbay of Westmynstre the yere of oure lord MCCCC lxxxiii. And the fyrst yere of the regne of kynge Rychard the thyrde the xxiii day of december."

On the reverse of the first leaf of the Proheme, at the end of that part which is copied by Mr. Dibdin (I. 198), Caxton records that Poggius the Florentine "*held Cathon glossed for the best book in his library.*" He thus goes on

"Thenne syth that he that was so noble a clerke helde this booke for the best, doubtles, hit must folowe that this is a noble booke, and a vertuouus, and suche one that a man may eschewe alle vyces and ensiewe vertue. Thenne to thende that this sayd booke may prouffyte vnto the herars of it, I byseche Almyghty god that I may achēue and accomplysshe it vnto his laude and glorye. And to therudiccion and lernynge of them that ben yghoraūt that they maye thereby prouffyte and be the better. And I requyre and byseche alle suche that fynde faute or error, that of theyr charyte they correcte and amende hit. And I shalle hertely praye for them to Almyghty god, that he rewarde them.

In this smal lytyl booke is conteyned a short and prouffitable doctrine for all maner of peple, the whiche is taken and composed vpon the said booke of Cathon with some addicions and auctoritees of holy doctours & prophetes. And also many Historyes & ensamples autentyke of holy faders & auncient Cronycles trewe & approuned. Item this lytell booke shalle be deuyded in two partyes pryncipal. The fyrst pattye pryncipal is the proheme whiche begynneth *Cum animaduertentem.*

animaduenterem. And endureth unto Itaque deo supplica-  
 The second partye pryncipal is the trayttee and alle the maner  
 of this present book, whiche begynneth Itaque deo supplica,  
 an endureth vnto the ende of the sayd lytel booke. Item this  
 second partye pryncipal is deuyled in two partyes, the first is  
 in prose, and the second in verse, the fyrst partye whiche is  
 in prose begynneth Itaque deo supplica. And endureth unto  
 Si deus est animus, the which contayneth lvi commaundements.  
 Item the seconde partye whiche is in verse, is subdyuyded in to  
 foure partyes. The fyrst begynneth at Si deus est animus,  
 & endureth unto Telluris si forte, the whiche conteyneth  
 fourty commaundements. The second partye begynneth at  
 Telluris si forte, & endureth vnto, Hoc quicunque velis,  
 whiche conteyneth xxxv commaundements. The third partye  
 hoc quicunque, & endureth to Securam quicunque, whiche  
 conteyneth xxvi commaundements, the fourthe partye be-  
 gynneth at Securam, and endureth vnto thende of the book.  
 And conteyneth lvj commaundements. And soo this present  
 lytel booke conteyneth in somme two honderd xiiij commaunde-  
 ments, as wel in prose as in verse. But to thende that thy-  
 storyes and examples that ben conteyned in this lytel book  
 may be lyghly founden, And also for to knowe vpon what  
 commaundementes they ben adiusted and alledged, they shall  
 be sette and entyled by maner of Rubrysshe in the commaunde-  
 ment vponwhiche eche shalle be conteyned and alledged. iij

Then on the reverse of this leaf commences the  
 table, which continues through the two following  
 leaves.

I select the following specimen from the body of the  
 work, (b. vij) because it contains a story sufficiently  
 whimsical.

“ *Meretricem fuge.*

How oughtest to flee the comyn & folysshe wymmen  
 t and the bawdes and theyr decepcions. For they ben more  
 subtyl than the deuyll. Item thou oughtest to holde the  
 by thy wyf yf thou be maryed. Saynt Crisostom sayth that he  
 is a fole whiche leueth his good and true wyf and holdeth  
 other comyn wymmen in his felawshyp. Peter alphons re-  
 hereeth in his book, that in spayne wythin the cyte of hys-  
 palensy was a moche fayre and a good bourgeys wyf and wel  
 beloued of her husband. It happed that a yonge clerke was  
 enamoured of hyr, and many tymes prayed & requyred hir of  
 loue, but for no thyng she wold neuer consente to hit. Thenne  
 whan the clerke sawe that he was refused he enterd in to  
 suche a malencolye, that better he semed to be deed, thenne on  
 lyue, but nyghe his hows dwellyd a maquerel or bawde whiche  
 had grete acqueyntaunce wyth the sayd bourgeyse. And  
 whan

when the sayd bawde knewe that the sayd clerke was in suche  
 poynte, she came for to speke wyth hym and dimaunded of  
 hym what he eyled and why he was in so grete malencolye  
 and comforted hym and dyd so moche that she knewe al his  
 fayte. And in dede the clarke made bargayn with the sayd  
 olde bawde for to fynde the meanes that he myght haue his  
 plesure of the sayd bourgeys wyf and for to fulfyll his wylle  
 and his entencion. This olde bawde had a lytell catte whiche  
 she named pasquette the which she kepte wythout any mete  
 or drynke the space of thre dayes, and after she gauē to the  
 catte a lytel fleshe with right stronge mustard, and after she  
 wente for to speke wyth the sayd bourgeys wyf and ledde with  
 hir her lytel catte, but bycause that she had eten the sayd  
 mustard she dyd none other but wepte euer. And thenne the  
 good wyf demaunded of the bawde why her catte wepte and  
 syghed so sore. And she syghyng and wepyng answerd,  
 Helas my lady, my catte whiche ye see and I haue cause  
 ynough for to wepe, Wherfore sayd the wyf I praye you that  
 ye wyl telle to me the cause. Helas sayd the olde bawde, my  
 lady I dar not telle hit to you. Neuerthelesse the bourgeys  
 wyf prayed hyr so moche, that she tolde hit to hir, sayeng  
 madame syth hit pleseth to you, I shal telle hit to you, this  
 catte whiche ye now see here is myn owne doughter, the  
 whiche by the wylle and plesure of god hath ben transfourmed  
 in to a catte bycause that a yonge man loued hit, but neuer  
 for no thyng she wold not accorde for to doo his plesure and  
 wylle. Wherfore the goddes were wroth and torned hir  
 in to a catte as ye may see. And therefore she wepeth thus  
 contynuelly, & when she wepeth I can not holde me but  
 that I must wepe. How sayd the bourgeys wyf ye say wonder,  
 is hit trouthe that ye say, the whiche sware that hit was veray  
 trouthe Helas sayd the bourgeys wyf whiche beleuyd lightly,  
 knowest thou not suche a yonge clerke. Yes my lady I  
 knowe hym ful wel, Certeynly sayd the bourgeys wyf he hath  
 prayed me of loue, and hath offered to me many grete yestes,  
 but neuer for no thyng I ne wold consente ne graunte hys  
 plesure, wherfore as I suppose he is in grete thought and  
 malencolye, and therefore yf hit were sothe that thou sayest, I  
 shold be torned in to a catte as thy doughter is, yf the goddes  
 ben wrothe with me, Certeynly sayd the bawde yf ye holde  
 thus longe the sayd clerke in that payne and languor, ye are  
 in grete parelle for to be transformed from your fayre fourme,  
 in to the lykenesse, and fourme of a catte and ye shal therefore  
 wepe al the tyme of your lyf, wherfore my dere lady, I  
 counceyl you, or the goddes be wrothe vpon you, that ye doo  
 after the wylle of the sayd clerke, For yf ye were torned in to  
 a lityl catte ye shold be dyshonourd & ye shold be cause of  
 the shame and dyshonoure perpetuell of your lynage, Thus

the sayd bourgeys wyf whiche doubted the furour and wrath of the goddes and the shame & dyshonour bothe of hir self and of her parentes, byleuyng the wordes of the forsayd olde bawde, consented wythin her herte to doo the wylle and plesure of the sayd clerke, And thenne with grete sygheng and malencolyes, for doubtte that wors shold come to hit, sayd to the sayd olde woman that she wold goo toward the sayd clerke and that she shold telle to hym that he wold come for to speke with hir, and that of hyr he shold haue his plesure, Thenne was the olde bawde ioyeful and gladd, and after wente to the sayd clerke & said to hym that he shold make good chere, and that Incontynente he shold goo toward the bourgeys wyf & that of hir he shold haue al that shold please to hym, The whiche clerke wente Incontynent thyder and payed the bawde as he had promysed to hyr, And thus he had hys wylle of the sayd bourgeys wyf." \*

I will give another specimen, more in the general manner of the book, from the reverse of sign. G. iij.

*"Cum tibi diuicie superant in fine senectæ  
Munificus facito, viuas non parcus amicus."*

How oughtest to be lyberalle and large at the ende of  
t thy dayes vnto thy frende, and noo nygarde, that is to wete when thou hast wherof and that thy rychesses are ouermoche, and more than to thyn estate nedeth for to be holden, For thou oughtest to gyue and to departe some to thy parentes and frendes, & to do therwith almesses to the poure membyrs of Jhesu cryst, Saynt ambrose sayth that yf thou gyuest not mete & drynke to hym that deyeth for hngre yf thou hast wherof, thou thyself sleest and puttest hym to dethe and arte cause of hys dethe."

From a copy in the library at Lee near Canterbury.

¶ *Old Meg of Herefordshire, for a Mayd-Marian: and Hereford Towne for a Morris-daunce; or Twelue Morris-Dancers in Herefordshire, of twelue hundred yeares old. Grata Senectus homini parilis Iuuentæ. London, Printed for Iohn Budge, and are to be sold at his shop, at the great South doore of Paules. 1609. 4to. 10 leaves. b. l.*

[Dedicated] "To that renowned Ox-leach, old Hall, Taborer of Herefordshire, and to his most inuincible Weather-beaten Nutbrowne Taber, being already old and sound, three-score yeares and vppward.

\* The incidents of this story only slightly vary from those of the *Lay of Dame Sirith*, ante p. 193.

"To

“ To thee (old Hall) that for thy age and art mightest haue cured an oxe that was eaten at Saint Quintin's, that for thy warlike musicke mightest haue strucke vp at Bullen, when great Drummes wore broken heades, thy little continuall taber had beene enough to haue put spirit into all the souldiers. Now Twiere-pipe that famous Southrẽ Taberer with the Cowleyan windpipe, who for whuling hath beene famous through the Globe of the world, did euer gaine such renoune and credite by his pipe and Tabor, as thou (old Hall) by striking vp to these twelue hundred yeares moris dauncers : \* nor art thou alone (sweet Hall) a most exquisite Taber-man, but an excellent Oxe-leach, and canst pleasure thy neighbours. The people of Herefordshire are beholding to thee, thou giuest the men light hearts by thy pype, and the women light heeles by thy Taber. O wonderfull pyper, O admirable Taber-man, make vse of thy worth, euen after death, that art so famously worthy in thy life, both for thy age, skill, and thy vnbruized Taber, who these threescore yeares has kept her maydenhead sound and vncrackt, and neither lost her first voyce, or her fashion : once for the countreyes pleasure imitate that Bohemian Zisca, who at his death gaue his souldiers a strict commaund, to flea his skin off, and couer a Drum with it, that

\* Brand, among his notes on the Morris Dancers (see *Observations on ancient Popular Antiquities*, qto. 1813, Vol. II. p. 208,) has the following account of another, by eight persons. “ A few years ago, a May Game, or Morris dance, was performed by the following eight men in Herefordshire, whose ages, computed together, amounted to 800 years : J. Corley, aged 109 ; Thomas Buckley, 106 ; John Snow, 101 : John Edey, 104 ; George Bailey, 106 ; Joseph Medbury, 100 ; John Medbury, 95 ; Joseph Pidgeon, 79.” Though neither of these ancients are named in the above tract, it is probable the dance took place at no great distance of time from that period, and is the “ May game, or Morris-dance, consisting of eight men,” mentioned by Lord Bacon, as happening “ a few yeares since in the Countie of Hereford.” See *History Naturall and Experimentall of Life and Death*, 1638. The same story is also commented on in the following extract from *Vinetum Britannicum : or a treatise of Cider*, by J. Worlidge, Gent. 1691. “ The constant use of this liquor (Cider) either simple or diluted, hath been found by long experience to avail much to health and long life ; preserving the drinkers of it in their full strength and vigour even to very old age ; witness that famous history in my Lord Bacon's *History of Life and Death*, of eight men that but a little before his time danced a Morris-dance, whose age, computed together, made eight hundred years ; for what some wanted of one hundred years, others exceeded. These were reported to be tenants of one mannour, belonging to the Earl of Essex at that time, and to be constant Cider-drinkers. And divers other presidents of the like nature, Herefordshire, Glocestershire, &c. can furnish you withall.” p. 23.

aliue & dead, he might sound like a terror in the cares of his enemies: so thou sweete Hereford Hall, bequeath in thy last will, thy velom-spotted skin, to couer Tabors: at the sound of which to set all the shires a dauncing.

“ Old Meg of Herefordshire for a Mayd-Marian, and Here-towne for a Morris daunce. The courts of kings for stately measures, the citie for light heeles, and nimble footing: Westerne men for gambouls: Middlesex\* men for tricks aboute ground: Essex men for the Hey: Lancashire for Horne-pypes: Worcestershire for Bag-pypes: but Herefordshire for a Morris-daunce, puts downe not onely all Kent, but verie neare (if one had line enough to measure it) three quarters of Christendome. Neuer had Saint Sepulchre's a truer ring of bells: neuer did any silke-weauer keepe brauer time with the knocke of the heele: never had the dauncing horse a better tread of the toe: neuer could Beuerley Faire giue money to a more sound taborer, nor euer had Robin Hood a more dett Mayd-Marian.

“ If your eares itch after this old (but yet no stale) wonder, let them itch no more (for why should any man's ears itch longer then is reason) you shall haue them tickled presently with the neb of my pen; vnderstand therefore (if at least you haue so much spare wit left you, as to vnderstand) that in the merriest moneth of the yeare, which last did take his leaue of vs, and in that moneth, as some report, lords went a maying, the wombe of the Spring being great with child of pleasure, brought forth (iust about that time) a number of knights, esquiers and gallants (of the best sort) from many partes of the land † to meete at a horse-race neere Hereford, in Herefordshire.

\* Middlesex could not then claim the pre-eminence afterwards obtained in possessing the tallest May-pole “ in all our land.” It was erected in the Strand opposite May-pole alley, now the scite of Newcastle street, and in a poem dated 1634, said to have rivalled “ the lofty spire of Clarken-well.” However, the cockneys do not appear to have become such proficients in the games as to exclude the itinerant morris-dancers. Hence, in the tract of *Coach and Sedan, pleasantly disputing for place and precedence, the Brewers Cart being Moderator*, 1636, it is said, “ talking in this manner, unexpected, there comes by a Morrice-dance of countrey-fellows; away goes Powell [a waterman] and takes the Maide-Marian, and the foole along to a taverne; the promiscuous bystanders left us to follow the Morrice Dancers.” The scene of this dispute was *Jack-an-apes* lane, which, I believe, led from Little Lincolns' Inn Fields, into Chancery Lane.

† In *Poor Robin's Intelligence*, “ from St. Mark's day till the morrow after Milk Maid's holiday,” 1676, is the following description of the same period, in the metropolis.—“ London and Westminster, May 1. This day there is nothing but pomp and jollity all

shire. [At this race, some wit, riper than the rest, and probably the author, raised expectation of a more lively meeting in 1609. He] vnderooke to bring a hobbie-horse to the race that should out-runne all the nags which were to come thither and to hold out in a longer then any would be there.

“ The circle of time running round. . . . Innes were lodgings for lords: Baucis and Philæmon’s house (had it stood there) would haue bene taken vp for a knight. The streetes swarmed with people, the people staring and joyfully welcomming whole brauies of gallants, who came brauely flocking on horseback like so many lustie aduenturers. Bath made her waters to boile vp and swell like a spring-tide with the ouerflowing of her owne teares, which fell from her eies through grieffe, to see her dearest guests leaue her for the loue of a horse-race at Hereford. \* . . . .

“ What man would not wonder to see fire strucke out of yce? to see dead ashes kindled againe, and to yeelde fire? to see saples trees in the depth of winter laden with mellow apples, and to see those apples, when they are pluckt and cut, to grow againe. This wonder was as great, the accomplishment of it as strange.

“ Age is no bodie (in trials of the bodie) when youth is in place, it giues the other the bucklers: it stands and giues aime and is content to see youth act, whiles age sits but as a spectator, because the one does but studie and play ouer the parts, which the other hath discharged in this great and troublesome theater. . . . To set out the sceane with mirth, as well as with wonder, the state of the whole act, was put into a Morris-

all the town over: those that have the richest coaches and liveries in Hide-park, and they that have the finest cloaths in Grays-Inn-walks, are this day in a very happy condition. But woe be to the hawthorn bushes, that are full of blossoms, they are condemned (like a gentleman in a fray) to be rifled of their gay attire by every mechanick. The play-houses in Moorfields, and the bear-gardens on both sides of the water, are to be thronged with journeymen and apprentices, for whose entertainment they are providing all kinds of fooleries suitable to their capacities; lyons, bears, bulls, dogs, apes, monkeys, baboons, and prize-players (the most ridiculous beasts of all) are this day exposed to the censure of every two-penny spectator, where he that is wounded is esteemed a bungler, and he that is not passes for a cheat.”

\* The number was at least two or three hundred, and of the better rank. The names are given of Lord Herbert of Ragland; Sir Thom. Somerset; Cha. Somerset; Count Arundel’s 2 sons; Sir Edw. Swift; Sir Thom. Mildemay; Sir Rob. Yaxley; Sir Ro. Carey; Sir John Philpot; Sir Ed. Lewes; Sir Fr. Lacon; Sir James Scudamore; Sir Thom. Cornwall; Sir Ro. Bodenham; Sir Thom. Russell; Sir Bascaruite; Sir Th. Conisby; and Sir Geo. Chute.

dance.

daunce. To furnish which fully and rarely, a bill of names able to impannell three or 4 Juries was giuen and read, but only 18 were sworne and had the charge deliuered to them. Those vpon whose heades the *vous auex* was set, being these, that in the next ranke double their fyles, viz.

“ *The Morris, and all the Officers attending vpon it.*

“ The running horses being too light of foote for vs to follow, be content I pray to stay with vs, and to march along with our Infanterie of Hereford, which thus brauely came on.

“ Two Musitions were appoynted (like the Drum maior and Drum minor, to strike vp, and to give the alarum :) the one of them was a Squire borne, and all his sons squires in their cradles. The instrument he tickled was a trebble violim, vpon which he played any old lesson that could be called for : the diuision hee made on the strings being more pleasing then the Diapason. In skill he out-shines blind *Moone of London*, and hath out-played more fidders, then now sneake vp and downe into all the tauerns there. They may all call him their father, or (if you reckon the yeares rightly which are scored vpon his head) the Musition’s grandsire, for this tuneable Squire is one hundred and eight yeares old. \*

“ Next to Arion (and cheeke by ioule with him in estimation) went old Orpheus, (as a man might, being deceiued, haue taken him) but that hee wanted Orpheus lute. This was old Hall of Hereford ; † the wayts of three metropolitane cities, make not more musicke then he can with his pipe and tabor, if at least his head be hard-brac’d with nappie ale. . . . The wood of this olde Hall’s Tabor should haue bene made a paille to carie water in at the begining of king Edward the sixt’s raigne: but Hall (being wise because hee was euen then reasonably well strucken in yeares) saued it from going to the water, and conuerted it in those days to a Tabor. So that his Tabor hath made batchelers and lasses daunce round about the May-poll, three-score sommers one after another in order, and is yet not worme-eaten. And noble Hall himselfe hath stode (like an oake) in all stormes, by the space of four-score and seuentene winters, and is not yet falling to the ground.

“ The marshales of the field were foure: these had no great stomacke to daunce in the Morris, but took vpon them the office of whiffers, ‡

\* Squire of Hereford, a Musition. 108. *Margin.*

† Harrie Rudge the Taborer. *Mar.*

‡ In an advertisement of a Mock procession, relative to Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, in 1680, there are “ six whiffers in caps, like pioneers, to make a way.”



[These were 1. Thomas Price, of Clodacke, upon whose cheeks age had written 105 years. 2. Thomas Andros, of Begger Weston; he carried upon his back 108 years. 3. William Edwards, of Bodenham, of 108 years, with the comfort of a young wife, and his age honoured with a child of six years old. 4. John Sanders, of Walford, an iron-worker, of 102 years.]

“Doe you not long to see how y<sup>e</sup>. Morris-dancers bestir their legs; lift vp your eyes, leape vp behind their heads that stand before you, or else get vpon stalls, for I heare their bells, and behold here they come.

“Of twelue in the whole teeme, the foreman was James Tomkins, of Lengerren, a gentleman by birth; neither loued of fortune, nor hated of her, for he was neuer so poore as to be pittied, nor euer so rich as to be enuied: when he had bin a dweller in the world fourscore and eightene yeares, he married a wife of two and fiftie yeares old; she brought him a child that's now eight yeares old (liuing) the father himselfe hauing now the glasse of his life running to fill vp the full number of one hundred and six yeares.

“After him comes lustily dauncing John Willis, of Dormington, a bone-setter: he had gotten such skill by placing other mens bones in order, when they were strucke out of ioynt, that he would neuer suffer his owne to be displaced, and by that meanes was so lustie at legges now, that albeit he carried about him the full weight of one hundred yeares, yet he was not seen to lye behind his fellowes, but went foote by foote with the foremost. His dauncing was fit to his yeares and his purpose in being one of the Morris, was both honest and charitable, for he bestowed his person vpon them, with intent to be readie at hand if any dislocation should be wrought vpon any ioynt in his old companions, by fetching loftie trickes, which, by all meanes possible, they were sworne to auoide.

“Roome for little Dick Phillips, of Middleton; how nimbly he shakes his heeles; wel danc'd, old heart of oake; and yet as little as he seemes, his courage is as big as the hobbie-horses, for the fruits of his youth (gathered long agon) are not yet withered. His eldest sonne is at this present four score yeares of age, and his second sonne, may now reckon three score: at our Lady day last he made vp the yeares of his life iust one hundred and two.

“Now falls into his right place William Waiton, of Marden, with a hundred and two yeares at his heeles, and that you may know he neuer swore in his life, he was an old fisher, and of a cleane man, an excellent fowler, the first yeare of King Henrie the eight.

“Here slips in William Mosse, who, contrarie to his name, had no mosse at his heeles; little can he say of himselfe, and

I as little of him, but that he beares the age of a hundred and sixe.

“ Now cast your eyes vpon Thomas Winney, of Holmer, an honest subsidie man, dwelling close by the towne; he dances with a hundred yeares about him wheresoeuer he goes, if the church-yard and crampe take him not before Midsommer.

“ But how like you John Lace, of Madley, a taylor, and an excellent name for it. In his youth he was a hosier, and a special good codpiece maker, being borne before the discension betweene *cloath breeches* and *veluet breeches*,\* he carries foure score and seuenteen sommers about him, and faine would borrow three yeares of James Tomkins, to make him a hundred; and James may very well spare them, and yet leaue three toward the intrest.

“ But what say you to John Carelesse? You let him passe by you and seeme as carelesse as he, a man of fourescore and sixteene at Midsommer next; he hath beene a dweller in Homlacie three score yeares and two, and knowne to be a tall man, till now he begins to be crooked; but for a bodie and a beard he becomes any Morris in Christendome.

“ At the heeles of him follows his fellow William Maio, of Egelton, an old souldier, and now a lustie laborer and a tall man; fortie yeares since being grievously wounded, he carried his liuer and his lights home halfe a mile, and you may still put your finger into them but for a thin skin ouer them; and for all these stormes he arriues at fourescore and seenteene, and dances merrily.

“ But looke you who here comes, John Hunt, the Hobby-horse, wanting but three of an hundred, 'twere time for him to forget himselfe, and sing, *but O, nothing but O*, the Hobby-horse is forgotten: † the maide-marrian following him, offers to lend him seuen yeares more, but if he woulde take vp ten in the hundred his company are able to lend them.

“ But now giue way for the Maide-Marrian, old Meg Goodwin, the famous wench of Erdisland, of who Maister Weauer, of Burton, that was fourescore and ten yeares old, was wont to say, she was twentie yeares elder then he, and he dyed ten yeares since. This old Meg was at Prince Arthur's death at Ludlow, and had her part in the dole: she was three-

\* Probably an allusion to R. Greene's tract under that name.

† *But O, nothing but O, the Hobby-horse is forgotten.* Probably the burthen of some ballad, sufficiently in repute at the time to have made the line almost proverbial. In the last of three songs, mentioning the Morris-dance, and given in our first volume, at p. 343, 347—8, we have “the hobby-horse was quite forgot.” The sentence is nearly the same as that used in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in part repeated in *Hamlet*. Undoubtedly all were derived from the same authority.

score yeares (she saith) a maide, and twentie yeares otherwise; that's what you will, and since hath beene thought fit to be a Maide-Marrian.

“ Welcome John Mando; he was borne at Cradly, a very good two hand-sword man, of the age of an hundred at blacke monday last, and serues in place of Morgan Deede, who climes to that age within foure yeares, here present dwelling in the towne, but he has a great desire to keepe his bed, and be spared. . . .

“ But will you know what fashion was obserued amongst the Musitians, and what habits the dauncers tooke vpon them; here take a view of both. The musitians and the twelue dancers, had long coates of the old fashion, hie sleeues gathered at the elbowes, and hanging sleeues behind: the stuffe red buffin, stript with white, girdles with white, stockings white, and redde roses to their shoes: the one sixe a white Jewes cap with a jewell, and a long red feather: the other a scarlet Jewes cap with a jewell, and a white feather: so the Hobbi-horse, and so the Maid-Marrion was attired in colours: the Wislers had long staues, white and red. And after the daunce was ended, diuerse courtiers that won wagers at the race, tooke those colours and wore them in their hats.

“ *The speech spoken before the Morris.*

“ Ye seruants of our mightie king,  
 That came from court one hundred mile,  
 To see our race, and sport this spring:  
 Ye are welcome, that is our country stile,  
 And much good doe you, we are sorie  
 That Hereford hath no better for yee.  
 A horse, a cocke, trainsents, a bull,  
 Primero, gleeke, hazard, mumchance:  
 These sports through time are growne so dull,  
 As good to see a morris dance:  
 Which sport was promised in iest,  
 But payd as truly as the rest.  
 A race (quoth you) behold a race,  
 No race of horses but of men:  
 Men borne not ten miles from this place,  
 Whose courses outrun hundreds ten:  
 A thousand yeares on ten mens backs,  
 And onc supplies what other lacks.

“ *The Lenuoy.*

“ This is the Lenuoy (you may gather)  
 Gentlemen, Yeomen, Groomes, and Pages,  
 Lets pray Prince Henrie, and his father,  
 May outline all these ten mens ages;

And

And he that mocks this application,  
Is but a knaue past reformation.

“ This speech spoken, old Hall strucke vp, and the Morris-dauncers fell to footing, whilst the whiflers in their office, made roome for the hobby horse.

“ And howe doe you like this Morris-daunce of Herefordshire? Are they not braue olde youths? Haue they not the right footing? the true tread? comely lifeting vp of one legge, and actiue bestowing of the other? Kempes morice to Norwich was no more to this then a galliard on a common stage, at the end of an old dead comedie, is to a caranto daunced on the ropes. . . .

“ How many tailors that skipping from their shoppe-boards on Saterday nights, lay waite onlie for weddings on the Sunday following, wasting their capers many times on filthie rotten mutton, and dauncing out their working-day gettings on holi-day spendings: how many of these, I say, would be able to set vp a morris at those yeares which Hereford here doth reckon? The great grand-fathers, fathers, of threescore such nimble footed linnen-armourers will neuer be able to put into the needle of life a threed so long, so strong, and so round: no, they eat away their dayes too fast, and drink vp their nights in surfeits: hee that can draw out the wire of his age (in these licentious cockney-endes of the worlde) to fortie yeares, is an olde man, and giues vp his cloake for riding on a Hobby-horse, or for playing any youthfull tricks besides.

“ A taylor at fortie yeares is glad to trust to his yard, and walkes leaning vpon that. A fencer at thirtie (by reason of his knocking) takes any foyle to be a staffe to his age. A waterman at fiftie yeares falles from water to drinking of ale, onely to keepe life and soule together. A vintner at threescore has legges no bigger then a crane, they are so wasted with running. But here is a doozen of yonkers, that haue hearts of oak at fourescore yeares: backes of steele at fourescore and ten, ribbes of yron at a hundred, bodies sound as belles, and healthfull (according to the Russian prouerbe) as an oxe when they are traouelling downe the hill, to make that one hundred and twentie.

“ These shewed in their dauncing, and moouing vp and downe, as if Mawlborne hilles, in the verie depth of winter, when all their heades are covered (in steade of white woollie cappes) with snow, had shooke and daunced at some earthquake. . . .

“ Alas! what doe I see? Hold Taborer, stand Hobby-horse, Morris-dauncers lend vs your hands, behold one of the nimble-legged old gallants, is by chance falne down, and is either so heauy, so weary, so vnactiue of himselfe, or else fiue of his fellowes are of such little strength, that all their armes are put  
vnder.

under him (as leauers) to lift him vp, yet the good olde boyes cannot set him on his feete. Let him not lie for shame, you that haue (all this while) seene him daunce, and though hee bee a little out of his part, in the verie last act of all, yet hisse at nothing, but rather (because it is begd for God's sake.) *Summi Jouis causa plaudite. Finis.*" \*

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To the above amusing detail of the characters and manner of the English Morris dance, as performed two centuries ago, the popularity of the subject may allow me to add, as a supplement, some account of the May-games, as exhibited in the neighbourhood of Longcombe, Oxfordshire, about 1774; which, though modern, is worthy preservation.

The May-games were, at that period, planned by the sons of wealthy farmers, who undertook the burthen of the expense in case the want of success should leave any undefrayed. Some convenient spot, near the middle of the village, where the use of a barn could be obtained, was fixt upon, and with a green sufficiently contiguous, where the bower and May-pole could be erected. The intended festival was then announced by the Morris-dancers upon Maunday-Thursday, (if that day fell conveniently,) who made a rotary visit to the halls of the neighbouring gentry, where they usually obtained a seasonable contribution. It was also made known upon the market days at all the adjacent towns.

The May-pole, and a thrave of boughs, to form the bower, were occasionally purchased, but more commonly obtained as a donation. The first, when erected, had the top adorned with a garland of flowers, and the latter being arched over, was made sufficiently capacious for the country-dances.

In the barn, or, as named for the occasion, the Lord's mansion, there were placed several barrels of ale, brewed for the purpose, with cakes newly baked, (for a daily supply of which some neighbouring oven was engaged) and a large quantity of ribbons. The sale of these articles usually exonerated the promoters of the games from any loss.

In chusing the Lord and Lady of the May, care was taken to select a smart active and handsome man, as well as a lively pretty woman, the daughter of some respectable farmer, and to whom it often proved the prelude of obtaining a husband. It is doubtful whether the Lord derived any pecuniary advantage from the revenue that supported his state, though the Lady was allowed daily new shoes and twenty yards of ribbon, and, at the end of the sports, complimented with a guinea.

\* The above tract is now reprinting.

In procession the Lady carried a bouquet, which was called her mace, and herself and Lord held each the end of a ribbon, as did their attendants, called my Lord's footman and my Lady's maid, part of whose province was to sell ribbons. The maid also carried a mace, which might be named the mace of mischief, as, to tickle the noses of her admirers, the flowers were often mischievously enwoven with pins as well as briar.

Another attendant, whose province gave life to the show, was called the Squire. His dress was a fanciful compound of those genuine Mimes, the Harlequin, Clown, and Scaramouch. He was furnished with a weapon to prevent the crowd incommoding his Lord and Lady in their progresses. It consisted of a short stick, having at one end a narrow round sand-bag, sewed in tan leather; at the other, the dried tail of a calf. From the last, the incorrigible, on whom the weight of the sand-bag had repeatedly fallen without effect, seldom ventured to provoke a second stripe. The Squire was noted for his loquacity, and was expected to have a wise or foolish speech ready upon every occasion; for by the laughter his nonsense occasioned, was commonly decided his ability to support the character.

Early upon May morning the Lord and Lady, with their attendants, waited by the May-pole for visitors,\* whom they preceded in due form, their Squire and two servants leading the way, first to the bower and then to the mansion. Here the company were shewn the curiosities, viz. a flail, hung over a beam, as my Lord's organ; the portrait of a lion for my Lady's lap-dog, and that of an owl for her parrot. The regulations and forfeits of the mansion were also communicated, and finally, the party invited to partake of the refreshments. That being done, the duty of the Lord and Lady ceased, and they returned, with their attendants, to their former station, to wait other visitors. If while they were engaged, as it frequently happened, there arrived a set of Morris dancers, often with all the good folks of their village in company, the whole halted at a distance until the cavalcade could be preceded in due state to the mansion.

No inconsiderable portion of good humour and mirth arose from the non-payment of the forfeits. To call either of the above named curiosities by any other appellation than that as-

\* It appears, by the following lines of a song, in Playford's *Choice Songs and Ayres*, 1673, that the visitors formerly made presents on that occasion :

“ About the May-pole we dance all a-round,  
And with garlands of pinks and roses are crown'd ;  
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay  
To the gay Lad and bright Lady o' th' May.”

signed to it, incurred a fine of sixpence; and he that refused to pay was forced to ride my Lord's horse. This was a wooden machine, about four feet high, borne upon poles, and having the head of a horse with a bridle. Upon this my Lady first mounted, sideways, holding the rein; then the delinquent was placed behind her, and both carried by two men round the May-pole. A fine was often wilfully incurred, as during the ride it became the duty of the swain to salute my Lady; and whether he was a bashful or a gay gallant, the elevation and the deed always proved a subject of merriment for the spectators.

To these festivals the Morris-dancers came in sets far and near. Those from a distance, commonly on horseback, with the manes and heads of the horses decorated with flowers, &c. They usually wore a shirt closely pleated, buckskins, or white linen breeches, cotton stockings, and pumps. Six bells, fixed upon the outside of each leg, the whole dress tastefully adorned with ribbons and white handkerchiefs, or napkins, to use in dancing. In procession, first came the fool, next the piper, and then the dancers; of whom twelve seem to have been the customary number. It was not uncommon for persons to attend them, whose only task was the care of their cloaths.

There were also the dancers of the Bedlam-Morris. They did not wear bells, and were distinguished by high peaked caps (such as are worn by clowns in pantomimes) adorned with ribbons. Each carried a stick about two feet long, which they used with various gestulation during the dance, and, at intervals, struck them against each other. A clown and piper attended them.

The greatest number of Morris dancers, in that part of England, always assembled in the Whitsun-week at Dover Hill, near the vale of Evesham, in the neighbourhood of Campden, Weston, and Longmaston. There were many booths erected, with various rural sports and gymnastic exercises.\*

At the village of Finstock, near Charlbury, Oxfordshire, the Morris is held by prescription, with a right of common, of a considerable extent, by the forest of Whichwood. The young men and maidens claim the right of procuring from the forest as much materials for the bower, as, with the May-pole, they can draw away, always preserving leather harness for that purpose, and when the sports are ended the bower and May-pole are sold, and the money expended in malt, from which is brewed ale for the ensuing year. At Woodstock and Long-

\* Dover-hill was probably named after the founder; and the sports, above alluded to, a continuation of the Cotswold games.

combe those articles are usually obtained by the donation of the Duke of Marlborough.

“ In conclusion,” said my informant, “ I may assert that in forty years I have never seen so much innocent mirth, pleasure, and happiness, enjoyed by numbers, as in those meetings. Early in the day the fiddle was heard in the bower, the young were ready, and happy in their mates, and the dance continued, almost without stopping, until the evening, for when some wished to rest there were others crowding near and waiting the opportunity to join the merry throng. The old folks, gaily dressed, were always cheerful, and seemed to have left their little ailments at home. I have heard the May-games censured even by those who partook of them, but who fortunately never saw the vice of a populous city. If there was occasionally a little to reprehend, there never was much to condemn; and it does not follow that recreation must create idleness and vice, because it suspends, for a while, the labour of the poor.”

J. H.

¶ *Planetomachia: or the first parte of the generall opposition of the seuen Planets; wherein is Astronomically described their essence, nature, and influence: Diuersly discovering in their pleasaunt and Tragicall histories the inward affections of the mindes, and painting them out in such perfect colours, as youth may perceiue what fond fancies their flourishing yeares doe foster: and age clerely see what doting desires their withered heares doe affoorde. Conteyning also a brieffe Apologie of the sacred and misticall Science of Astronomie: By Robert Greene, Master of Arts and student in Phisicke. 1585. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the great North doore of S. Paules, at the signe of the Byble. 1585. qto. \**

Dedicated to Lord Robert Dudley, Earle of Leicester, Baron of Denbigh, &c. concluding, “ right honorable, I haue mixed melancholie with musicke, and tempered the brawles of the planets with pleasaunt though tragical histories; which if

\* Introduction six leaves. Signatures A, B. twice, C to H regular, all in fours; I 3; then C. D. E. of four each and F. 2. In all 59 leaves.

your



your Honour shall accept, my trauell shall be so requited, as if I had obtained most rich treasures. And thus hoping your Honor will pardon my rashnesse, and thinke of my mind more than of my matter, I commit your Honour to the Almightye. Your Honor's in all duetifull seruice to commaund, Robert Greene."

Advertisement. "To the Gentlemen Readers, health. I present here (Gentlemen) vnto your wonted courtesies, a ciuill conflict betweene the seuen planets: not discouering in this pamphlet any straunge or myraculous newes of the opposition or aspect of the starres, but onely shewing their nature and essence, and what proper qualities their celestiall configuration and influence doth infuse into humane bodies: so that their proper dispositions once knowne, it shall bee easie by their outward affects to iudge what planet is chiefly predominant in his naturall constitution: but that I might not be to tedious to young mindes, I have interlaced my Astronomicall discourse with pleasant tragedies, that your profitable haruest may be gleaned together with delightfull paines. And thus committing my selfe and my labours to your courtesie, I most hartely and humbly bid you farewell. Yours to vse, Robert Greene."

Commendatory verses follow. In Latin, by P. H. *Armiger*; English, by Henry Gale, Master of Artes, and George Meares, Gentleman. Then a brief Apology of the sacred science of Astronomy, and a friendly dialogue, in Latin, between the Author and Francis Hand, Master of Arts, each in eight pages.

The *Planetomachia* is a conversation full of taunts and "biting quips," at a meeting of the fabulous deities, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury and Luna. Venus decyphers Saturn's malignant disposition with a tragical tale, who depicts her disordinate and lawless inclinations in a similar relation. And Jupiter makes a like description of the baneful influence of Mars. Sol, having been appointed moderator in the controversy, stays Mars in reply, the night having cast a dusky mantle over the sky, adjourning the sacred parliament, until Aurora appeared again, and until then directing "all to remaine as friends, without any quarrelous dissentions. Finis. Robert Greene."

J. H.

¶ *A Strange Horse-Race. At the end of which, comes in the Catch-pols Masque. And after that the Bankrouts Banquet: which done, the Diuell, falling sicke, makes his last Will and Testament, this present yeare. 1613. Aliquid latet, quod non patet. Written by Thomas Dekker. London, Printed for Ioseph Hunt, and are to bee sold at his shop in Bedlem, neere Moore-field Gate. 1613. qto. Sig. G. ij.*

Dedicated "to the very worthy, iudicious, and vnderstanding gentleman, Thomas Walthal, Esquire. If I put into your hands [says the author] a homely piece of worke (neither so good as you deserue, nor so rich as I do wish it) I must entreat you to blame the vanitie of our times, which are so phantasticall, that they couet suffes, rather slight, to feede the eye with shew, then substantiall for enduring. Let the fashion be French, it is no matter what the cloth be. I haue therefore not (with the sturgeon) swomme against the streame, but followed the humourous tides of this age, and (like Democritus) haue falne a laughing at the world, sithence it does nothing but mocke it selfe. . . . Beare with the hard-fauournesse of the title. The value of a diamond is not lessened by the roughnesse when it is vncut. It can bee no shame to gather a violet, growing close to the ground. Had I better you should enjoy it, such as it is, if you entertaine, I shall rest. Most affectionately deuoted yours, Thomas Dekker."

Then the following advertisement addressed "Not to the Readers: but to the Vnderstanders. He that writes had need to haue the art of a skilfull cooke, for there must be those *condimenta* (seasonings) in his pen, which the other caries on his tongue: a thousand palats must bee pleased with a thousand sawces: and one hundred lines must content fise hundred dispositions. A hard taske: one sayes, it is too harsh: another, too supple: another, too triuiall: another, too serious. The first reades, and mewes: the second reades, and railles: the third reades, and rackes me: the fourth reades, and rends me. He is tyed to a stake like a beare to bee baited, that comes into Paule's Church-yard to bee read. So that bare readers (I meane not threed-bare) are not *Lectores*, but *Lictores*, they whip bookes, as Dionysius did boyes, whereas to *vnderstanders*, our *libri*, which we bring forth, are our *Liberi* (the children of our braine) and at such hands are as gently intreated as at their parents: at the others, not. The titles of bookes are like painted chimnies in great countrey-houses, make a shew a far off and catch trauellers eyes; but coming nere them, neither cast they smoke, nor hath the house the heart to make you drinke. The title of this booke is like

like a jester's face, set (howsoever he drawes it) to beget mirth: but his ends are hid to himselfe, and those are to get money. Within is more then without; you shall not finde the kinnell, vnlesse you both cracke and open the shell. Aliquid latet, quod non patet. Digge vnder the right tree, and it is ten to one but you take vp gold: for in this (as in all other my former *Nocturnis lucubrationibus*) I haue stroue to feed the mind, as well as the body: If one leafe makes you laugh, the next settles your countenance. Tart meates go easily downe, being strewd with sugar: as musicke in tauerns makes that wine go downe merily till it confound vs, which (if the fidders were not there) would hardly be tasted. So for the sake of the sawce which I haue tempered for this dish, you may (perhaps) eate the meat which otherwise you would not touch. The maine of my building is a *moral labyrinth*; a weake thred guides you in and out: I will shew you how to enter and how to passe through, and open all the roomes, and all the priuate walke, that when you come to them you may know where you are: and these they be—Yet I will not; I know it is more pleasure to finde out the conceitfull deceits of a paire of tarriers, then to haue them discovered. That pleasure be yours, the tarriers are mine. Farewell."

"The Contents of this booke. A strange horse-race. Chariot races. Foot-races. The Sunnes race. The Moones race. Races of winds and water. Races of the Elements. Races of Vertues and Vices. A masque of Catch-pols. Who are Catch-pols. The Diuel's falling sicke. His Will and Legacies. His Recouery. His dam brought to bed with two children. Their Nursing. A banquet of Bankrouts. The comfit-makers inuectiue against bankrouts."

J.H.

¶ *The Shepheard's Holiday.* Fo. pp. 43. MS.

[Dedicated] To the Vertuous

{ The Lady Kemp  
{ Mrs. Thornton.

" NOBLE FRIENDS.

" He that is so well acquainted with your hountie in the plentie of your tables may blush to make an eclogue your entertainment; especially, to invite to it. Rusticitie and plaine fare, though they seeme not the suiteable wellcome for ladies, are yet sometimes pleasant by the rule of contraries. Your apprehensions being of the acuter pallate, he concein'd it fitt to present you, as with no curious, no vulgar cates; the private commendation, or rather the testimonial in his absence of the

respects, he owes you: which he seemed confident, your ingenious dispositions would not unacceptable receive; being both no lesse able to judge of the ingenuitie and intention of the author, than prudent to have deusted its outward dresse, and discovered the meaning of the poeme, without his setting a hand to the morall. But being moued with a kind of excesse of civillitie to waite vpon your vnderstandings rather than to seeme to instruct you, he hath thought it no vncomelie vndertaking to prefixe the ensuing key or clavis to this pastorall, or eclogue, which might heretofore haue passt for a masque, had it not bene for vizards.

“**THE MORALL.** In Dactylon, which is Digitus, a finger, please to receive direction to the whole discourse, as the key to the cabinet, or observation of times and humours. Wherein, taking the habit of a palmer (who is a religious travailer) vnder that vmbrage of gravitie he is the fitter to discover dispositions. He liues<sup>1</sup> with old Geron, and is pretended Geron's heyre; signifieng, that observation is the pretended Geron's heyre; Areton (which is vertue) that travailes, liues abroad and is active, is the proper inheritour of the goods of time. That he is the genius of those plaines signifies the intelligence of affaires which conduceth to observation.

“Dalon, is Titio, a fire-brand, that is fired at one end, denoting conjugall loue, and as a brand is lasting, shewes constancie of affection. A brand is to sett other fuell on fire, burning not well alone. Conjugall affection, in like manner, kindleth each other's chast flame. That they keep the feast some time after the marriage is the sobrietie of their affection, as well as continuance. The feast is the happinesse of each other's enjoyment. The best lambe of their flocke is a religious example. Dalon is wisdom.

“Beta is the second letter of the Greeke alphabet. The alphabet deciphers a familie. Alpha is Paterfamilias, the lord and master; Beta is the lady, mistris, or dame of the house; the other vowells are the children; the rest of the consonants are the servants; and as these joyned make proper and distinct significations, so the other severallie employed in oeconomicall vse, or household affaires, conduce to generall action and benefitt. In Beta you may read the vnderstanding, or, if you please to vndraw the curtaine, you may behold lone, modestie, and obedience, and the proper pourtraict of a wife, who seekes knowledge from wisdom, as the husband. The shepheards bower is the shadow of sober pleasure and contentment.

“Bilkin is the character of temperance, moderation, discretion and judgement, who vnder the shepheards life commendes innocence of life and retirement from the world. That Bilkin and Vida with Dalon and Beta sitt as moderators shewes that  
Dalon's

Dalon's wisdom and knowledge, Beta's love and modestie, Vida's experience and Bilkin's discretion are all conducent to the faire decision of controversie, which cannot be ended, till they go to Pega's fountaine which is the roote of the cause, and the clear evidence of truth.

Vida is experience.

Vota intimates virginity; innocence in single life, devotion and contemplation, delighting in freedom and avoiding marriage, as the commixture with the cares of the world. It signifies also liberty and a desire to command. Shee is lost in lover's maze, that is, amused amidst the passions of the mind. The lover's maze represents the world, wherein there are varieties of paths, of temptations and turnings. Eccho is flattery. Shee findes her company by a song, which is, that consideration does reduce her to herselfe againe but not without divine grace. Her garland is bordred with primrose signifying timorousnes; briars-rose, modestie; skye-colour'd virgin's bower, serenity; violets, gracefullnes of looke and sweet-report; jacinth's, steadines or constancie, which prevents levity and wantonnes; ros-solis, beautie, youth, comelines; golden-flower-gentles, curtesie and warines, resisting temptations; Scarlet-Ione Siluer-pinne, comelie adornment and convenient portion.

Lipsona signifies chaste desire; inclines to a married life and defendes lawfull subjection. It is derived from the figure Liptote, which is the shortnes of expression according to greatnes of matter, and Sonus a sound; which is the nature of chaste desire; that its modestie is difficult of speech to deliuer the largenes of its apprehensions and the merit of its subject. Her garland of marriage is bordered with marigolds, that is, duty and obedience. The ground is made of pinks, that is, modestie w<sup>ch</sup>. appears in blushes. It is made of mother of time, good huswifrie. Much-good specifies vertue. Moneywort a proper portion and reasonable maintenance. All heale is meekenes. Angelica, charity. Rose-willow, continencie. Roses, love and pietie, which live in the fragrancie of their perfumes, and are said to be a medicine for all things. Iris, as named of its various colours from the rainbow, denotes the covenant of matrimonie; the mindfullnes whereof doth helpe the convulsion of disorderlie passions, and strengthens, or confirms resolution w<sup>ch</sup>. is the sinewes of the mind. Asphodills conjugall love w<sup>ch</sup>. allayes the inflammation of their breasts, and by its assistance or application cures the paine in the side which it heales and helps each others infirmities. Gold of Pleasure contentment. Gardiner's delight cheerfullnes, and eglantine confidence.

“ Tompkin shewes youth and naturall affection and inclination, too much led away with worldlie humane desires, and in-

temperate passions: in whom you may read such excesses of loue.

“ Jaclin mentioneth humour and pleasance of witt, a despiser of loue.

“ Sylvans are rusticke neighbourhood, that frolicke it at solemnities.

“ Geron is age, or time.

“ Pega shadowes out trueth. As springs rise from vnder ground so trueth, though some time in obscuritie, at last appareth as cleare as those springs, flowing continuallie. Pega appeares by invocation, and the light of trueth is obtained from the Divine hand by prayer. Pega is a fountaine; shee is a virgin for her puritie, yet married to Cumathalas a triton of the seas.

“ *χύμα* is Vnda, a waue. *θαλάσσης* is Mare, the sea. Shee is married to a waue of the sea, that is, subject to be tossed and tumbled vp and downe the wide ocean of errour and sea of the world.

“ Cumathalas is a favourite to Ops, because the earth receives the waters into her bosome through her many cavernes. Cumathalas warmes her with embraces, both in respect of the saltnes of the water, comming first from sea, and that troubles seeme to make trueth appeare the more liuelie.

“ By this time, ladies, I haue led you a long walke; 'tis time to rest you, and for me to kisse your hands with my best wishes; and with most cordiall thanks to render you acknowledgement for all your noble favours, to

Your most obliged Friend,

June 1,  
1651.

and humble Servant,

WM. DENNE.”

This little moral mask is divided into six scenes, and is written in rhyme. Neither the name of the author, nor title of his piece, occur in the *Biographia Dramatica*; and the manuscript copy, in my possession, appears to have been that presented to his patronesses. The characters are already described, and the story, which is of very simple construction, may be gathered from the following lines:

“ On these plaines,  
Old customes liue as well as youthfull swaines.  
Customes are rules that lines of life do draw,  
Which, 'mongst vs Shepheards stand instead of law.  
The feast of rites vpon this ide of May,  
Our living bookes ordaine a holyday:  
Whereon the couple youngest, and last wed,  
At Shepheards bower the garnisht cloath shall spread.

And

And on the turfie table with the best  
 Of lambs in all their flocke shall heyne the feast.  
 Which neighb'ring swaines, and lasses of next place  
 Shall present, with due ceremonies grace.  
 'Mongst which two youths, two maids, of equall yeares  
 To th' bride and bridegroom, chosen by their peeres,  
 Shall 'bout a question by their songs contend:  
 Two moderators are the cause to end,  
 Of each sexe one. One youth, one maid maintaine,  
 While these two like do crosse the same againe.  
 Each virgin brings a garland of device,  
 Which were the bower on poplar ribband tyes.  
 To highest worth, as moderator see,  
 Are given these garland signes of victorie.  
 But if their equall merits so divide,  
 That neither moderator can decide:  
 Then in procession to the holy grone,  
 At Pega's fount they seek for what they st'rone.  
 Where, rites perform'd, the Nymph invokt does show,  
 Who best deserues, as they desire to know."

J. H.

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¶ *The Fortunate Farewell to the most forward and noble Earle of Essex, one of the honorable privie Counsel, Earle high Marshal of England, Master of the horse, Master of the ordinance, Knight of the garter, & Lord Lieutenant general of all the Queene's Maiesties forces in Ireland. Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord Harry Seamer, second sonne to the last Duke of Sommerset. Written by Thomas Churchyard, Esquire. Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant, for William Wood at the west doore of Powles. 1599. 4to. 4 leaves.*

At the back of the title is the dedication, whereby, "to the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer, Thomas Churchyard wisheth continuance of vertue, blessednesse of minde, and wished felicitie." Continuing, "in all duty—(my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Sommerset (vncke to the renowned impe of grace noble King Edward the sixt) fauoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in requital whereof euer since I haue honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordship in sea seruices forward  
 and

and ready in all honorable manner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approched neere our countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found \* of your noble progenie, though vnable therefore finding myselfe vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I tooke occasion of the departure of a most woorthy Earle towards the seruie in Ireland, so made a present to your Lordship of his happy Farewell as I hope: and trust to lue and see his wished welcome home." † It is subscribed "your L. in all at commandement, Thomas Churchyard." ‡

This address forms a poem of twelve stanzas. It commences:

*"The happy Farewell to the fortunate and forward most noble Earle of Essex.*

" Now Scipio sails, to Affrick far from hoem, §  
 The Lord of hoests, and battels he his gied,  
 Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,  
 On Irish seas, ELIZA's ships shall ried,  
 A warliek band, of worthy knights I hoep,  
 Aer arm'd for fight, a bloody brunt to bied,  
 With rebels shall, boeth might and manhoed coep,  
 Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried:  
 Right maeks wrong blush, and troeth bids falshed fly,  
 The sword is drawn, TYROEN's dispatch draws ny.  
 A traitor must be taught to know his king,  
 When Mars shal march, with shining sword in hand,  
 A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,  
 Will run about the shraep and daer not stand,  
 When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe,  
 So false TYROEN, may faint when he would fight  
 Though now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe,  
 Traitors wants hart, and often taeks the flight:

\* This word is supplied on conjecture from the last two letters nd; the page being curtailed by some inattentive binder.

† In 1599 he also published "the welcome home of the Erle of Essex," reprinted in the *Progresses*, Vol. II.

‡ There has lately been printed at Oxford *Bibliographical Miscellanies, being a selection of curious pieces, in verse and prose*: containing a metrical life of Churchyard. The very limited impression of this volume has probably before now placed it out of the power of the intelligent reader to obtain a copy.

§ Churchyard appears to have indulged occasionally in a fantastic and indefensible orthography.



When rebels see, they aer surprised by troeth  
Pack hence in haest, away the rebels goeth."

The following picture may be applied as forming a faint outline of the destruction that sweeps at the heels of the present marander of the continent. \*

" Fostred from faith, and fear of God or man,  
Vnlernd or taught, of any graces good,  
Nurst vp in vice, whear falsehed first began,  
Mercyles boern, still sheading giltles blood,  
Libertiens lewd, that all good order haets,  
Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe.  
Cruell as kiets, despising all estaets,  
Dinlishly bent, boeth carrish, stern and wilde :  
Their whool deuice, is roet of mischeeues all,  
That seeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.

Will God permit, such monsters to beare sway,  
His iustice haets, the steps of tyrants still,  
Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance every day,  
Which God doth scourge, by his own blessed will,  
He planteth force, to fling down feeble strength,  
Men of much worth, to weaken things of noight,  
Whoes cloked craft, shall suer be seen at length,  
When vnto light, dark dealings shall be broght :  
Sweet ciuill lords, shall sawsy fellows meet  
Who must ask grace, on knees at honor's feet."

He concludes :

" Farewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains, and the rest,  
Who goes with you, taeks threefold thankfull pain,  
Who sets you forth, is ten times treble blest,  
Who serues you well, reaps glory for their gain,  
Who dies shall liue, in faem among the best,  
Who liues shall loek, and laugh theas broils to scorn.  
All honest hart, doth ciuill warr detest,  
And curse the time, that ear TYROEN was born :  
We hoep good hap, waits on the fleet that goes,  
And God's great help, shall clean destroy our foes."

J. H.

\* This was prepared for the press in November 1812. A little space has elapsed for the affairs of states; scarcely the solar year completed, and the all-wise Omniscient has decreed "to fling down feeble strength."

## ¶ Policronicon.

A copy of the Policronicon, printed by Wynken de Worde, having the title, is rarely discovered. The only one I have ever seen is before me; it formerly belonged to William Booth, of Witton, near Birmingham, the correspondent of the learned Dugdale, and now enriches the valuable collection of my friend Mr. Phelps. The word "Policronicon," is in gothic letters, above an inch long, printed in black, over a wood-cut, six inches and three quarters long, by four and a half wide. The subject, a group of religious characters, having crosiers, &c. attending to hear the scripture expounded by a person on an elevated seat, before a desk and book, a cardinal's hat lying on the ground, and a lion sejant, in the middle of the assembly. In an upper compartment is a meagre landscape, in perspective, with a castle on a distant eminence to the left, and to the right the entrance and part of a convent or church.

At the back of the title is a poem in five stanzas, entitled "An Introductone Anno dn̄i M.cccc lxxxv." See *Dibdin's Ames, Vol. II. p. 50.*

The whole volume is printed in double columns, and the "Prohemye" commences with a a ii, and ends in the first column on the reverse of a a iii. The table of contents begins with a a iiiii. and at the bottom of the second column of h h v \* is "Explicit Tabula vltimi libri."

The work commences with signature a i, "and the leues be-marked in the hede," with Roman capitals. The following colophon ends with the second column upon the reverse of fol. CCC xlvi. sig. X vii.

¶ And here I make an ende of thys lytyll werke as nyghe as I can fynde after the fourme of the werke tofore made by Ranulph monke of Chestre. And where as there is fawte. I beseche theym that shall rede it to correct it. For yf I cowde haue founde moo stories. I wolde haue sette in it moo. But the

\* Signature a a has eight leaves, all the following signatures, to the end of the table, only six each. The remainder of the volume is in eights, the first alphabet being small letter, and the concluding alphabet capitals.

substance that I can fynde, and knowe I haue shortly sette them in this boke. To the entente that suche thynges as haue ben done sith the deth or ende of the sayd boke of Polycronycon sholde be hadde in remembraunce. And not put in oblyuyon ne forgetyng. Prayenge all theym that shall see this symple werke to pardon me of my symple wrytynge. ¶ Ended the thyrteenth day of Apryll the tenth yere of the regne of kyng Harry the seuenth. And of the Incarnacyon of our lord: M. CCCC. lxxxv. ¶ Enprynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn Theworde."

Another edition of this work was printed at the Southwark press by a foreigner, named Peter Treveris, and to the same fortunate friend I am indebted for the loan of, what is equally uncommon, a perfect copy. It was printed in 1527, and the title-page forms three compartments. First, a wood-cut, in three divisions, with the portrait of the king, central between the royal and city arms, each in circles, and the cross and dagges of the last in red, and the whole upon a dark ground, with a large royal crown above in the middle. Second, "Polycronycon," printed in red, with large gothic letters. Third, a wood-cut, about six inches wide, by five inches high. The subject a spirited representation of St. George killing the Dragon, with "Savncte Georgici," on the borders of the trappings of the horse; and the tongue of the monster, the two crosses upon the shield, and embroidery of the trappings, and the mark of John Reyne, the publisher, (as engraved by Ames) at the bottom of the page, all in red. At the back of the title the introductory lines, already noticed. Then follow the prohemy, table and work. This reprint is nearly paginary, the signatures and folios being precisely the same as in the volume above described. The only variation appears the introduction of a few wood-cuts; the first, an English king, in armour, occurs at the head of "Sequitur liber quintus," on the recto of fol. lxxxii, and on the reverse, which is blank in De Worde's edition, a representation of a battle.\* The passage above quoted, is given at the end, without the date: "pardonne me of

\* See fac similies of that and other of the wood-cuts in *Dibdin's Preliminary Disquisition* before *Ames*, Vol. I. p. xii-xv. Where also some of the capitals used by Treveris are engraved in Plate III.

my symple wrytynge. ¶ Finis. Vltimi libri." The colophon is upon a distinct leaf, central of an elegant and spirited border,\* and as follows. "¶ Imprinted in Southwerke, by my, Peter Treueris, at y<sup>e</sup>. expence of John<sup>r</sup> Reynes, boke seller, at the sygne of saynt George, in Poules chyrchyarde. ¶ The yere of our lorde god M. CCCC. &. xxvii. the xvi. daye of Maye:" On the second page the wood-cuts of the title repeated.

W. de Worde's edition of the Polycronicon, is a reprint of that by Caxton in 1482. The Prohemye is all copied from Caxton, except in the promise of the continuation of the history for the last 138 years, which De Worde has not performed. We shall give the Prohemye entire from De Worde, knowing how frequently the copies are deficient in that particular.

*“ Prohemye.*

“ Grete thankynges laude and honour we merytoryously ben bounde to yelde and offre vnto wryters of hystories whiche gretely haue prouffyted our mortall lyfe, that shewe vnto the reders and heerers by the ensamples of thynges passed, what thyng is to be desyred, and what is to be eschewed. For those thynges whiche our progenytours by the taste of bytternesse and experyment of grete Jeopardyes haue enseygned, admonested, and enformed vs excluded fro suche perylles, to knowe what is prouffyttable to oure life, and acceptable, and what is vnprouffyttable and to be refused. He is and euer hath ben reputed the wysest, whiche by the experyence of the aduerse fortune hath beholden and seen the noble Cytees, maners, and varyaunt condycions of the people of many dyuerse Regyons. For in hym is presupposed the loore of wysedome and polycye, by the experyment of Jeopardyes and perylles whiche haue growen of folye in dyuerse partyes and contrees. Yet he is more fortunate, and maye be reputed as wyse, yf he gyue at-

\* Having war trophies and ornaments up the sides; at the bottom, the conclusion of a boar hunt by boys, having spears and hounds, loose and in leash; at the top, a triumph exhibiting a female on a four wheel carriage with the dead animal before her, and the boys in procession, the leader blowing a bugle. As several of these urchins have wings, the story may be founded on that of Adonis, in a fanciful attempt of making the Loves slay the animal that killed him, and the triumph of Venus upon the victor.

tendaunce withoute tastynge of the stormes of aduersyte that may by the redyng of hystories conteynynge dyuerse customes, condicions, lawes, and actes of sondry nacyns come vnto the knowleche and vnderstandyng of the same wysedome and polycye. In whiche hystories so wryten in large and aoured volumes, he syttyng in his chamber or studye maye rede, knowe, and vnderstonde the polytyke and noble actes of alle the worlde as of one Cyte. And the conflyctes errors, troubles, and vexacions done in the sayd vnyuersalle worlde. In suche wyse as he hadde ben and seen them in the propre places where as they were done. For certayne it is a greete fortune vnto a man that can be reformed by other and straunge mennes hurtes and scathes. And by the same to knowe, what is requysyte and prouffitable for his lyfe. And eschewe suche errores and Inconuenytes, by whiche other men haue ben hurte and loste theyr felycyte. ¶ Therefore the counseylls of auneynt and whyte heered men, in whome olde age hath engendred wysedome, ben gretely preysed of yonger men. And yet hystories so moche more excelle them. As the dyturnynte or lengthe of tyme Includeth moo ensamples of thynges and laudable actes then the age of one man may suffyse to see. ¶ Hystories ought not oonly to be Jued moost prouffitable to yonge men, whiche by the lecture, redyng, and vnderstandyng make them semblable and equale to men of gretter age, and to olde men, to whome longe lyfe hath mynystred experymentes of dynerse thynges, but also thystories able and make ryght pryuate men dygne and worthy to haue the gouernaunce of Empyres and noble Royammes, hystories meoue and withdrawe Emperours and kynges fro vycyous Tyrannye. Fro vecordyous sleuthe vnto Tryumphe and victorye in pyssaunt bataylles. Hystories also haue meoued right noble knyghtes to deserue eternall laude, whiche foloweth them for theyr vycoryous merytes. And cause them more valyantly to entre in Jeopardyes of bataylles for the defence and tucyon of theyr countree, and publyke wele. Hystorye also affrayeth cruell Tyrautes for drede of Infamy & shame Infynyte, by cause of the detestable actes of suche cruell persones ben oftymes planted and registryed in Cronycles vnto theyr perpetuell obprobrye and dyungacion of theyr Infamye. As the Actes of Nero and suche other. ¶ Truly many of hie and couragious men of grete emprise, desyringe theyr fame to be perpetually conserved by lyberall monumentes, which ben the permanente recordes of euery vertuous and noble Acte, haue buylded and edefyed Ryall and noble Cytees. And for the conseruacion of the wele publycke haue mynystred and establyshed discrete and prouffitable lawes. ¶ And thus the pryncypall laude, and cause of delectable and amyable thynges, in whiche

mannes

mannes felycyte stondest and resteth ought and maye well be attributed to hystories, whiche worde hystorie maye be descryued thus. ¶ Hystorie is a perpetuall conseruatryce of those thynges, that haue be done before this presente tyme, and also a cotydyan wytnesse of byenfayttes, of malefaytes, grete Actes and Tryumphall vycories of all maner people. And also yf the terryble feyned Fables of Poetes haue moche styred & meoued men to pyte, and conseruyge of Justyce. How moche more is to be supposed, that hystorie assertryce of vertye as moder of alle Phylosophye, meouynge our maners to vertue, refourmeth and reconcyled ner honde all those men, whiche through the Jusfyrmyte of our mortall nature hath ledde the moost parte of theyr lyfe to Ocyosyte and mysperded theyr tyme passed right soone out of Remembraunce. Of whiche lyfe and deth is egall oblyuion. The fruytes of vertue ben Immortall, specyally whanne they ben wrapped in the benefyce of hystories. ¶ Thenne it muste folowe, that it is moost fayr to men mortall to suffre labours and payne, for glorie and faine Immortalle. Hercules whan he lyued suffred greete labours and perylles wylfully puttyng hymselfe in many terryble and ferdfull Jeopardyes to obteyne of all people the benefaytes of Immortall laude and renomme. ¶ We rede of other noble men, some lordes and some other of lower estates reputed as goodes in dyuerse regyons, the whose famous Actes, and excellent vertues oonly hystorie hath preserued fro perysshynge in eternall memorye. Other monymentes dystributed in dyuaise chaunges, endured but for a short tyme or season. But the vertue of hystorie dyffused and spredde by the vnyuersall worlde hath tyme, which consumeth all other thynges as conseruatryce & kepar of her werke. ¶ Ferthermore Eloquence is soo precyous and noble, that almost noo thyng can be founden more precyous than it. By Eloquence the Grekes ben preferred in contynuell honour to fore the rude Barbares. Oratours and lerned clerkes in lyke wyse excelle vlnerned and brutysshe people. Syth this Eloquence is suche that causeth men amonge them selfe some to excelle other, after the qualyte of the vertue and Eloquence be seyn to be of valewe. For some we Juge to be good men dygne of laude, whiche shewe to vs the waye of vertue. And other haue taken an other waye for tenflamme more the courages of men by fables of poesye than to prouffyte. And by the lawes and Instytutes more to punysshie than to teche. Soo that of these thynges the vtlyte is myxte with harme. For some sothly techeth to lye. But hystorie representynge the thynges lyke vnto the wordes, embraceth all vtlyte and prouffyte. It sheweth honeste, and maketh vices detestable. It enhaunceth noble men and depresseth wycked men and foolcs. Also thynges that hystorie

de: cryneth

descryueth by experyence, moche proufyten vnto a ryghtfull lyfe. ¶ Thenne syth hystorye is so precyous and also proufytable. I haue delybered to wryte two bookes notable, re-tenyng in them many notable hystories, as the lyues, myracles, passyons, and dethe of dyuerse holy sayntes, whiche shall be comprysed by thayde and suffraunce of almyghty god in one of them, whiche is named *Legenda aurea*, that is the golden *Legende*. And that other booke is named *Polycronycon* in whiche booke ben comprysed bryefly many wonderfull hystories. Fyrste the descrypcyon of the vnyuersal worlde, as well in length as in brede with the deuysions of countrees, Royammes and Empyres, the noble Cytees, hye Mountayns, famous Ryuers, merueylles and wondres, and also the hystoryall Actes and wonderfull dedes syth the fyrste makynge of heuen and erthe vnto the begynnyng of kyng Henry the seuenthe the .x. yere of his regne, and vnto the yere of our lorde a. M. CCCC. lxxxv. As by thayde of almyghty god shall folowe all a longe, after the composynge and gaderynge of dan Ranulphe monke of Chestre fyrste auctour of this booke, and afterwarde Englysshed by one Trevisa vycarye of Barkley, whiche atte requeste of one Syr Thomas lorde Barkley translated this sayd booke, the Byble, \* and Barthylmew de proprietatibus reru † out of Latyn in to Englysshe. And now at this tyme symply emprynted newe and sette in forme by me Wynkyn de woorde and a lytyll embelysshed fro tholde makynge, and also haue added suche storyes as I coude fynde fro the ende that the sayd Ranulphe fynysshed his booke whiche was the yere of our lorde. M. CCC. and .lvii. vnto the yere of the same .M. CCCC. lxxxv. whiche ben an hondred and. xxxviii. yere. Whiche worke I haue fynysshed vnder the noble proteccyon of my moost drad naturell and souerayne lorde and moost crysten kyng, kyng Henry the seuenth humbly besechyng his moost noble grace to pardone me yf ony thyng therinne be sayd of Ignoraunce, or otherwyse than it ought to be. And also requyryng all other to amende where as ther is defaute, wherin he or they maye deserue thanke and meryte. And I shall praye for them that soo doo. For I knowleche myn Ignoraunce and also symplenes. And yf ther be thyng that maye please or proufyte ony man I am gladd that I haue achede it. And folowynge this my prohemye I shall sette a Table shortely touched of the moost parte of this hooke. And where the sayde Auctour hath all his werke in seuen bookes. I haue sette that whiche I haue added to after parte, and haue marked

\* "The Byble," omitted by Trevisis, and favours the presumption that Trevisa did not translate that work. See note in *Dibdin's Ames*, Vol. I. p. 141—3.

† Vide the present Vol. p. 107—10.

It the laste booke, and haue made chapytres acordyng to the other werke. Of whiche accomplysshynge I thanke almyghty god. To whome be gyuen honour, laude, and glorye, in secula seculor̄. Amen. ¶ Explicit Prohemium. ¶ Deo gracias."

J. H.

¶ [Colophon.] *Explicit (Nova legenda anglie.) Impressa londonias: in domo Winandi de Worde: commorantis ad signum solis: in vico nuncupato (the flete strete). Anno dñi M. CCCC xvi. xxvii. die Februarii. ¶ Itaque omnes historie hic collecte: merito dicuntur noue: quia licet quedam etiam reperiuntur apud plures: non tamen ita emendate et correcte sicut in hoc volumen continentur.*

This volume contains about 170 legends, or lives of Saints, and, according to Ames, is called *Capgrave's lives of the Saints*.\* The Prologue ends thus:

"Et quia maior pars sanctorum in hac presenti legenda jam noueter impressa contentorum fuerunt de ista patria que nunc anglia vocatur: aut cum vocabatur britannia vel postquam nomen anglie sortita est in ea nati vel conversati. Et quia similiter predictae terre hibernie scotie et wallie: de iure subici debent et obediens esse tenentur huic regno anglie. Presens volumen istud (ut videtur) non incongrue vocari potest (Nova legenda anglie)."

The following passage on the subject of early English Poetry, has escaped the notice of the bibliographers. The running title is

"*De Servo Dei Godrico et heremita.*

"Scotorum Rex David exercitum in Angliam ducens: regionem rapiuis et incendiis devastavit. Venientes igitur quidam irruunt in ecclesiam godrici cuncta diripiunt: oblatas cum vino comedunt et bibunt: et virum dei grauissime cesum: capillis virga intorta decollare proponunt. Cumque mortem paratus expectans: cernicem libenter extenderet: quidam potens ne perimeretur de manibus eorum eum eripuit.

\* See Dibdin's Ames, Vol. II. p. 209.



Dicebant enim ei ubi est thesaurus tuus? Ille autem eis non respondit: sed conuersus ad crucem ait Domine ihesu tu scis quia non est michi thesaurus in terra: nisi tu deus et dominus meus. Unde indignati eum amplius verberabant. Unus autem eorum citra tertium miliare recedendo in insaniam versus: linguam suam propriis dentibus comedit: et in lacum se precipitavit. Alius furens in veri flumine se demersit et perit: nec aliquis qui sancto iniurias intulerat: ad castrum nouum uiuus peruenit: sed diuersi casibus interiere diuersis. A latronibus frequenter godricus iniurias vincula: verberaque sustinuit patienter: et illis recedentibus si quid forte remanserat currens post eos obsecrabat: ut etiam illud auferrent. Respiciens godricus ad altare beate Marie vidit duas virgines ad duo cornua altaris stantes. Erat autem illis species pulcherrima: et vestes niueo candore splendentibus: et ipse diu se inuicem contemplantes. Godricus admirans et stupefactus intremuit: et mox tanto repletus est gaudio: ut pene sibi videretur a terreni pondere corporis liberatus: et tacens sepius in eas oculos conuertebat. Stante una stabat et altera: gradiente una gradi-bat altera. Ad godricum denique accesserunt: et stantes aliquandiu tacuerunt. Tunc illa que a dextris erat: eum taliter est affata. Numquid me godrice cognoscis? Et ille Domina hoc nemo potest: nisi cui tu volueris reuelare. Bene inquit illa dixisti: quia mater christi sum: et per me ipsius gratiam obtinebis. Ista est apostolorum apostola maria magdalena. Nos tibi patrocinabimur: et solatium in omni tribulatione prestabimus. Ille pedibus virginis aduolutus: tibi me inquit domina mea committo ut me perpetuo custodire digneris. Tunc utraque manus super caput illius apposuit et cesariem complanantes domum odore dulcifluo repleverunt Post hec dei genitrix canticum coram illo quasi coram puero discente canticum cecinit et ipsum cantare docuit. Ipse vero post eam frequenter cecinit et memorie firmiter commendauit. Erat autem rithmice in anglico compositum: quod hoc modo in latinum transferri potest. Sancta maria virgo mater ihesu christi nazareni admitte protege adiuua tuum godricum: suscipe adduc cito tecum in dei regnum. Precepit ut quoties temptationi succumbere formidaret: hoc se cantico solaretur, Quando inquit sic me inuocabis: meum senties instanter auxilium. Et signum crucis capiti eius impressit et altera idem fecit: et ipso cernente in alta conscendunt: odorem incomparabilem relinquentes. Vestes earum tante subtilitatis erant: quod hominis tactum sustinere non possent. Erant enim sicut pellicula que intra oui testam continetur. Fol. CLXI."

¶ *An Excellent Poeme, vpon the longing of a blessed heart: which loathing the world, doth long to be with Christ. With an Addition vpon the definition of loue. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. Cupio dissolui, & esse cum Christo. Imprinted at London, for Iohn Browne, and Iohn Deane. 1601. qto. 24 leaves.*

Dedicated to "the fauourer of all good studies, and Louer of all vertues, the Lord North," and a short address "to the reader." A Sonnet, subscribed "H. T. Gent." speaks of two hopeful twins, which "a Rauisht soule, and longing Spirit sends:" the first has been described by Mr. Park,\* and the present poem forms the conclusion. Eighteen lines in English, entitled, "Ad Librum," conclude the introductory matter. "Breton's Longing," describes the worldly Prince, counsellor, souldier, &c. and their counter-parts acting under heavenly grace. The following is a specimen of both characters.

" The worldly Scholler loues a world of bookes,  
And spends his life in many an idle line:  
Meane while his heart, to heauen but little lookes.  
Nor loues to thinke vpon a thought diuine:  
These thoughtes of ours (alas) so lowe encline,  
We seeke to know, what nature can effect:  
But vnto God, haue small, or no respect.

The Poet, with his fictions, and his fancies,  
Pleaseth himselfe with humourous inuentions:  
Which we'll considered, are a kinde of franzies,  
That carie little truth in their intentions:  
While wit and reason, falling at contentions,  
Make wisdome finde that follies strong illusion,  
Bringes wit and senses wholly to confusion. . . .

The Scholler that beginnes with Christ his crosse,  
And seekes good speede, but in the Holy Ghost,  
Findes by his booke that siluer is but drosse,  
And all his labour, in his studie lost,  
Where faith, of mercy, cannot sweetly boast,  
And loue doth long for any other blisse,  
Then, what in God, and in his graces is.

\* *Censura Literaria*, Vol. IX. p. 160.

And such a Poet as the Psalmist was,  
 Who had no minde but on his Maister's loue :  
 Whose Muses did the world in musique passe,  
 That onely soong but of the soules behoooue,  
 In giuing glorie to the God aboue,  
 Would all worldes fictions wholly laye aside,  
 And onely long but with the Lord to bide."

This poem, extending to seventy-two stanzas, is followed by another of twenty-seven stanzas, entitled "What is Loue." Then follows, "Solus in toto laudandus Deus," in sixteen sextains, english, and an uentitled conclusion in seven more.

J. H.

¶ *Parnassus Biceps, or Seuerall choice pieces of Poetry : composed by the best Wits that were in both the Universities before their Dissolution. With an Epistle in the behalfe of those now doubly secluded and sequestred Members, by one who himselve is none. London, printed for George Eversden at the signe of the Maidenhead in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1656. 12mo. pp. 163.*

The dedication says "to the Ingenuous Reader: Sir, these leaves present you with some few drops of that ocean of wit, which flowed from those two breasts of this nation, the two Universities; and doth now (the sluices being pul'd up) overflow the whole land: or rather like those springs of Paradiſe, doth water and enrich the whole world; whilst the fountains themselves are dried up, and that Twin-paradiſe become deſart. For then were these verses composed, when Oxford and Camebridge were Vniversities, and a colledge learned then a town hall; when the buttery and kitchin could speak latine, though not preach; and the very irrational turnspits had so much knowing modesty, as not to dare to come into a chappel, or to mount any pulpits but their own. Then were these poems writ, when peace and plenty were the best patriots, and Mæcenasses to great wits; then we could sit and make verses under our own fig-trees, and be inspired from the juice of our own vines: then, when it was held no sin for the same man to be both a poet and a prophet; and to draw predictions no lesse from his verse then his text. [The writer, after advocating the cause of the secluded and sequestered members in a lively strain of irony, concludes] And thus far, ingenuous

reader, suffer him to be a poet in his prediction, though not in his verse; who desires to be known so far to thee, as that he is a friend to persecuted truth and peace, and thy most affectionate christian servant, Ab. Wright.\*

This miscellaneous collection of University Poems is compiled from the productions of the editor; Bishop Corbett; Ben Jonson; Mayne; Sir Henry Wotton; Cartwright; Dr. Wyld; Strode; L'Estrange;† Alexander Brome; and Cleveland. Among the pieces which I have not traced to their respective authors, is the following

“ *On the Bible.* ”

“ Behold this little volume here enrol'd,  
 'Tis the Almighty's present to the world.  
 Hearken, earth, earth: each senselesse thing can hear  
 His Maker's thunder, though it want an eare.  
 God's word is senior to his work; nay rather  
 If rightly weigh'd, the world may call it Father.  
 God spake, 'twas done: this great foundation  
 Was but the Maker's exhalation,  
 Breath'd out in speaking. The least work of man  
 Is better then his word; but if we scan  
 God's word aright, his works far short doe fall:  
 The word is God, the works are creatures all.  
 The sundry peeces of this generall frame,  
 Are dimmer letters, all which spell the same  
 Eternall word. But these cannot expresse  
 His greatnesse with such easie readinesse,  
 And therefore yeeld. For heaven shall pass away,  
 The sun, the moon, the stars, shall all obey  
 To light one generall boon-fire; but his word,  
 His builder up, his all-destroying sword,  
 Yet still survives; no jot of that can dye;  
 Each tittle measures immortality.  
 Once more this mighty word his people greets,  
 Thus lapp'd and thus swath'd up in paper sheets.  
 Read here God's image with a zealous eye,  
 The legible and written Deity.”

J. H.

\* For his life see Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. II. Col. 843. Wood has omitted to notice some English verses, subscribed, “ Ab. Wright Art, Bac. Coll. Joan,” among the complimentary writers of the *Flos Britannicus veris novissimi Filiola Carolo & Mariæ nata xvii Martii Anno M.DC.xxxvi. Oxoniæ, &c. qto.*

† “ The liberty and requiem of an Imprisoned Loyalist:” probably the first time of its being printed.

¶ *Mars, his Triumph, or the description of an Exercise performed the xviii of October, 1638, in Merchant-Taylors Hall, by certain Gentlemen of the Artillery Garden, London. London, printed by J. L. for Ralph Mab, 1639. qto. 28 leaves.*

(Dedicated) “ to the right worshipfull Alderman, Thomas Soame, one of the collonels of the city and president of the Artillery Garden, London. As also to Captain John Ven, vice-president, Mr. William Manby, treasurer. And all other the worthy captains of the city, and gentlemen of the court of assistants.—Much honour'd Sir, and right worthy souldiers, the Grecians were the first that out of variety of action and long experience of warre, reduced the knowledge of arms into an art; giving precepts for the ordering of arms, and the embattelling of armies. The Romanes, who were their successours in time, so were they also of their precepts, breeding and inuring their youth to hardship, the use of armes, and the studies of the art military. So that, by their countenance and practise therein, they not onely became powerfull and terrible to others, but, in a word, reigned as sole monarchs of this mundane glory. . . . Neglect of discipline, and the art military have been always the forerunners of destruction both to province and people. I might be infinite in examples of this nature, but then I should make my porch larger then my house. Therefore, let Rome's remissenesse be a warning to posterity; who, as it had a slow gradation in its arise by virtue, so had it degrees of falling, by neglecting discipline and art military, suffering itself to be crushed and overtrodden by every barbarous nation. This, as it reflects upon us a necessity, so it demonstrates of how necessary consequence the practice of arms is; inducing and inviting all generous spirits to endeavour the attainment of this military skill. To acquire the which the Grecians had their tactick masters, the Romanes their tribunes, and other inferiour tutors, which taught them in Campus Martius, and we our academies and military schooles of war, witnes our artillery garden with the military and martiall grounds, wherein the choice and best affected citizens (and gentry) are practiced and taught the rudiments of our militia. In times of peace so fitting them, that they may be able to stand in the day of battell, to God's glory, their own honours, and their countrey's good. (Subscribed) yours Will. Barriff.”

“ Mars his triumph. The number of gentlemen employed in this exercise were fourscore, that is to say, eighteen with morions, swords, and targets, which encountred 9 against 9.

Secondly, 22 Saracens, that is to say, a captain, lieutenant, ensigne, one sergeant, pipe, a kettle-drum, and 16 select Sarracens.\* Thirdly, 40 of the moderne armes, a captain, lieutenant, ensigne, 2 sergeants, 1 phife, and 2 drummes, 16 muskettiers in buffe coats, and beaver morians, and 16 pikemen, compleatly armed in white corslets, whole pikes, and morians."

It is impossible to follow these little bands through their various evolutions, postures, and motions performed, to amuse the "nobility, aldermen, and gentry," with more dramatic effect than usually attends such exhibitions and of sufficient interest for our author to describe them minutely, adding the posture tunes. In the battle the Christians overcome the Saracens, and, being conquered, "the Turks found so good quarter and kind usage, that now they are all turned Christians, leaving that course of life, and are now either merchants or shopkeepers for the most part. Finis. Imprimatur Tho. Wykes. Aug. 28, 1639."

J. H.

- ¶ 1. *The History of Philosophy.* By Thomas Stanley. Vol. I. 1655. Fol. II. 1656. Fol. III. 1660. Fol. All reprinted 1687. Fol. Again, 1700, and again, in 1743, in one vol. 4to.
2. *Æschylus.* By the same. Lond. 1664. Fol.
3. *Poems.* By the same. 1651. 8vo. †

\* "Their musick was a turky drumme and a hideous noise-making pipe, made of a buffola's horn: the one half the Saracens were armed with short Barbary guns and cymiters, the other half with steel targets and cymiters on their thighs: some of the chiefest of them had broad turky daggers at their girdles, and all of them habited after the Persian and Turconian maner.—The captain and lieutenant marched with large pole-axes in their hands, cymeters on their thighs, battle axes hanging on their armes, and broad daggers at their girdles."

† These are

1. Poems by Thomas Stanley, Esq.

Quæ mea culpa tamen, nisi si lucisse vocari

Culpa potest: nisi culpa potest, et amasse, vocans.

Printed in the year 1651, pp. 80.

2. Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, Kisses by Secundus, Cupid Crucified by Ausonius. Venus, Vigils, Incerto Authore. Printed in the year 1651, pp. 260. At p. 79 begin Notes with the new title

These works are introduced for the purpose of rectifying a mistake which runs through all the biographers from Wood and Chauncey to the present time regarding the descent of Stanley, the ingenious author.

Wood calls this Thomas Stanley the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, of *Cumberlow*, in Hertfordshire. Chauncey says that this Cumberlow was sold by William Goodman, (the son of William Goodman, who purchased it 2 Edw. VI.) "to Thomas Stanley, Esq. *Citizen and Scrivener*, of London, from whom it descended to Thomas Stanley, Esq." to which last Thomas whom he makes a knight, Chauncey goes on to attribute all the literary works abovementioned; and adds, that he married Dorothy, daughter and coheir of Sir James Union of Flower in Northamptonshire, Bart. and that he had issue, Thomas, who, with his mother Dorothy, sold Cumberlow to Joseph Edmonds, Esq.

But that this family of Stanley of *Cumberlow* must not be identified with that of the poet, I think the following pedigree from the Visitation Book of Essex, 1634, will satisfactorily prove.

*“ Extract from Essex Visitation, 1634.*

“ Thomas Stanley, *natural* son to Edward Earl of Derby, had issue

“ James Stanley, of London, who lies buried at Ensham Abbey, near Oxford, and was father of

“ Sir Thomas Stanley, of *Laytonstone*, in *Essex*, Kt. who married, *first*, Mary, daughter of Sir Roger Apulton, of South Benflet, in Essex, Kt. and Bart. by whom he had three sons, who all died without issue. He married, *secondly*, Mary, \* daughter of Sir William Hammond, of St. Albans,

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title of *Excitations*. At p. 165, another title, Sylvia's Park, by Theophyle. Acanthus Complaint, by Tristan. Oronta, by Preti. Echo, by Marino. Love's Embassy, by Boscan. The Solitude, by Gongora.

3. Aurora Ismenia and the Prince, by Don Juan Perez de Montalvan. Oronta the Cyprian Virgin: by Signior Girolamo Preti. Tout vient a point qui peut attendre. Translated by Thomas Stanley, Esq. The second edition with additions. Lond. printed by W. Wilson for Humphrey Moseley at the signe of Prince's Armes in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1650, 8vo. pp. 87.

\* This marriage took place at Bishop's Bourne in Kent. See *Genealogical Notes*, Gent. Mag. 1796.

near Dover, in Kent, and had issue, (besides, two younger children, Eliz. and Steward,)

“ Thomas Stanley, Esq. aged about nine years in 1634.”\*

This last Thomas was indisputably the poet, and author of the other learned works here enumerated. He dedicates his “ Lives of the Philosophers,” to his dear and much esteemed uncle, *John Marsham, Esq.* afterwards Sir John Marsham, Knt. and Bart. the very learned Chronologist, who married Elizabeth, another daughter of the abovementioned Sir William Hammond, as may be seen in *Collins's Peerage*, (new edit. Vol. V. title *Earl of Romney*.)

Thomas Stanley died 12 April, 1678, and was buried in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields. The learned Dr. William Wotton, (who married a Hammond of the St. Albans family) wrote an eulogium on our author, which was published at the end of *Scævola Sammarthanus's Elogia Gallorum*.

Our author has a poem addressed “ To Mr. W. Hammond,” beginning,

“ Thou best of friendship, knowledge and of art,  
The charm of whose lov'd name preserves my heart  
From female vanities, (thy name, which there  
Till Time dissolves the fabric, I must wear ! ”)

He left a son, Thomas Stanley, educated like himself at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, who, when very young, translated into English *Claud. Ælianus's Various Histories*, printed at Lond. 1665, 8vo. and dedicated it to his aunt, the Lady Newton, wife of Sir Henry Puckering Newton, Knt. and Bart. to whom his father had dedicated his *Æschylus*,

Stanley's poems have more merit than most of those which have of late been revived. Extracts have been given in the *Censura Literaria*, Vol. IX. The following is a translation from Marino.

“ *Echo.*

“ In a solitary grove,  
The sad witness of his love,  
Poor Siringo (vainly who  
Did Licoris long pursue)

\* Harl. MSS. 1083, 1137-



Here his weary steps restrain'd ;  
 And so sweetly he complain'd,  
 That the water, and the air,  
 Wept, and sigh'd, his plaints to hear.  
 Silvio overheard his speech,  
 And engrav'd it on a Beech.

Nymph, said he, a nymph thou wert,  
 Now a naked voice thou art ;  
 Who words follow'st, though thy hast  
 Onely can o'rtake the last :  
 Thou, who with this murmuring source,  
 Birds, and beasts, maintain'st discourse,  
 To these rugged cliffs confin'd ;  
 Thou, ah, none but thou ! art kind :  
 Who, in pitty of my mone,  
 Often dost forget thine own.

Oracle of rural loves !  
 Speaking shade ! soul of the groves !  
 Who, through each deserted place,  
 Dost thy savage lover trace ;  
 Aery spirit ! wand'ring noise !  
 Unseen image of the voice !  
 Wilde inhabitant that dwels,  
 In inhospitable cells !  
 If thou canst thy passion share,  
 Hear, and pitty my despair.

To the sad complaints I send,  
 From thy hollow grot attend ;  
 But my grief when I have told,  
 To no other ear unfold,  
 If thy own unhappy fate,  
 Teach thee pitty to my state ;  
 Carefully this secret lock,  
 In the caverns of that rock ;  
 And let its rude breast become,  
 To my woes, and thee, a tomb.

Not that I fear to complain  
 Of my wrongs, and her disdain ;  
 But, I would not, at their story,  
 The unpitying heavens should glory ;  
 Nor that this unhappy noise,  
 Should disturb another's joyes.  
 Come then, to this dismal shade,  
 Never by the sun betraid,  
 We together will retire,  
 And our griefs alone expire.

Thou

Thou our destinies wilt fide,  
 If compar'd, alike unkinde.  
 Equal beauty crowns both them  
 Who our amorous suits contemn.  
 Thou to empty air didst turn,  
 I in sighs dissolving mourn :  
 Thou retir'st from humane sight,  
 Courting loneness, flying light ;  
 I the deserts seeking, shun  
 Equally, the world, and sun.

Hither often comes my coy  
 Fair one, like thy cruel boy,  
 And in this brook's fluid glass,  
 With delight surveys her face ;  
 But if she, like him, to none  
 Save herself must kindness own,  
 Why my heart will she not view,  
 Where her form Love's pencil drew ;  
 And if pleas'd with that she be,  
 Love herself in loving me ?

If my sorrows, thus displaid,  
 Thy compassion may perswade ;  
 Quit these beasts, and forests wilde,  
 To seek one then these less mildè ;  
 Leave thy dwelling in this stone,  
 To find out a living one ;  
 On thy wing my soft sighs bear,  
 Breath them gently in her ear ;  
 That she thus may learn to prove  
 Grief, though ignorant of love.

Or when day's bright star the fields  
 With meridian lustre guilds,  
 If she seek out this retreat ;  
 To defend her from the heat ;  
 And upon this smooth bank ly,  
 Teaching the birds harmony :  
 Or discourse with thee ; o'rcome  
 With her voice, oh, be not dumb ;  
 Tell her what my grief affords  
 In entire, not broken words.

Tell her, thou, that to my woe  
 Both companion art, and foe ;  
 The deep plaints my sorrows vent,  
 In this hapless languishment ;  
 Say, how often I to thee  
 Have accus'd her cruelty ;

Taught thee her lov'd name t' invoke,  
 Carv'd it upon every oak ;  
 Trees Licoris only bear  
 To the eye, rocks to the ear.

Nymph, if thou wilt relieve me,  
 Thousand garlands I will give thee ;  
 Juno shall prove harsh no more,  
 And thy humane vail restore :  
 Heaven thy speech return, appeas'd,  
 To thy arms thy lover pleas'd ;  
 And this cave, which hath so long  
 Been acquainted with thy wrong ;  
 Shall a faithful witness be  
 Of the love 'twixt him and thee.

Fool, who vainly doth deceive thee !  
 Or of reason thus bereave thee ?  
 Why dost thou thy sad estate  
 To the sportive streams relate ?  
 Comfort who, or pitty finds,  
 In dumb rock, or in deaf winds ?  
 And, thou aid of all my grief,  
 Where I onely found relief ;  
 My last accents who dost ease,  
 Art as silent now, as these.

Cruel nymph ! to rob my joyes  
 Voice itself is without noyse ;  
 She, who did some speech retain,  
 Her own sorrows to complain ;  
 Now in silence drowns her grief,  
 Lest she should give mine relief.  
 Wanton daughter of the air !  
 Who regard'st not my despair,  
 Know, I can grieve inward too,  
 And be dumb as well as you."

¶ ΔΑΦΝΙΣ ΠΟΛΥΣΤΕΦΑΝΟΣ. *An Eclog, treating of  
 Crownes, and of Garlandes, and to whom of right  
 they appertaine. Addressed and consecrated to the  
 King's Maiestie. By G. B. knight. Quod maxi-  
 mum, et optimum esse dicitur, oportet esse unum ex  
 Arist. Top. l. 7. At London Printed by G. Eld for  
 Thomas Adams, 1605. 4to. Sign. G. 4.*

This

This poem of Sir George Buc is dedicated to King James, in honour of whose descent from the regal race of England this genealogical garland is composed. It is a dialogue between Damætas and Silenus, the former "having been long a woodman, and having observed the natures and properties of many trees, being now desirous to learn from the latter "the peculiar majestic matter in the *Genest*."

" *Stanza 1. (Damætas.)*

" Of all the trees in heavenly Sylvan's guard,  
 Wherewith the worthiest brows were crown'd of yore,  
 There is but one, or few, (O reverend Bard)  
 Amid whose virtue's maze I would require  
 A line of any learned wizard's lore.  
 The plant of *Genest* chiefly I admire,  
 Whose humble highness makes me oft surmise  
 That lowly steps be ladders to the skies.

2.

For well I wist tho' *Genest* doth not dwell  
 In proudest soil, nor tops of mountains high,  
 She shews by this that she foreseeeth well  
 The perils which do all extremes impend,  
 Th' aspiring Pine whose top doth threat the sky,  
 Divine revenge doth headlongs oft down send,  
 When this is safe upon her humble hill,  
 Nor thrall to any proud superior's will." &c. &c.

¶ *The Queene of Nauarres Tales. Containing Verie pleasant Discourses of fortunate Louers. Now newly translated out of French into English. London, printed by V. S. for John Oxenbridge, and are to be solde at his shop in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the Parot. 1597. qto. Sig. M. 4.*

The preface is uncommonly spirited and humourous. It is addressed to "his assured good friend J. O. stationer," and was not written by the translator of the tales, as he says: "you hauing manie times beene in hand with me about a booke intituled, *The Queene of Nauarre's Tales*; which (as you say), you haue caused to be translated out of French, at your proper charges,

on mind to print it, and you haue seuerall times bin in hand with me to write you a preface." The selection is a partial one, and only extends to fifteen of the novels.

1. The Woman of Alancon. Day 1. Nov. 1.
2. The chaste Death of the Muliteer's Wife. Day 1. Nov. 2.  
In the Palace of Pleasure, vol. i. p. 377. ed. 1813.
3. The King of Naples. Do. Nov. 3. Ib. p. 380.
4. The Gentleman and the Princess of Flanders. Ditto.  
No. 4. Ib. p. 386.
5. The Waterman's Wife. Do. No. 5.
6. The Subtle Wife. Do. No. 6,
7. The Marchant of Paris. Do. Nov. 7.
8. The Married Man that made himself a Cuckold. Do.  
Nov. 8.
9. The Amorous Gentleman. Do. Nov. 9. P. of P. vol. i.  
p. 455.
10. The Duke of Florence. Day 2. Nov. 2. Ib. p. 423.
11. The Gentlewoman of Milan. Day 2. Nov. 4.
12. The Lady disdained by her Husband. Day 2. Nov. 5.
13. Gentlewoman of Milan. Day 2. Nov. 6.
14. The Country-man's Wife and Curate. Day 3. Nov. 9.
15. The Fragilitie of Man. Day 3. Nov. 10.
16. The Merry Conceited Bricklayer. This story is only in  
part engrafted upon one in the Heptameron.
17. Mahomet and Hyere. Not in the Heptameron.

From this rare volume I have selected No. 15 as forming a conclusion to the investigation in the ninth volume of the *Censura Literaria*. As to the probable origin of the story of the tragedy of the MYSTERIOUS MOTHER, there cannot be a doubt of Lord Orford's knowledge of the novel by the Queen of Navarre, though in the Postscript he has, for some reason, attempted to give the story of the play a more exceptionable origin, as carrying with it a more solemn appearance of truth.

"The Fifteenth Nouell. The strange fragilitie of man,\* that to couer his horrour falleth from euil to worse.---In the time of king Lewes the Twelfth, one of the house of Ambois, nephew to the legate of France named George, being legate in Auignon, had in the country of Languedoc a Lady, whose name I wil not rehearse for her kinred's sake, that had better than foure thousand crownes yearely reueneue: she being very yong was a widow, and had but one child, being a sonne; and for grieffe she had for the losse of her husband, as also for the loue of her sonne, deter.mined not to marry againe, And to auoyde all oc-

\* Sic.

casions would not vse the company of any other than religious persons, thinking that sinne causeth temptations, whereby the yong widow gaue her selfe only to diuine seruice, wholly forsaking worldly company, in such manner that she made conscience to goe to any wedding, or to heare the organs play within the church. When her sonne was seuen yeares olde, shee chose a man of zealous life to be his schoolemaster, by whose good meanes he might be brought vp in godlinesse. When her sonne entred into his fifteenth yeare, Nature which of itselfe is a secret schoolemaister, finding him too delicately nourished, and full of idlenesse, taught him another lesson, than his maister vsed to do, for that he beganne to beholde and respect thinges that seemed faire; and among the rest a gentlewoman that lodged in his mother's chamber, wherof no man euer doubted, for that they no more respected him, than a yong infant; no other thing being spoken of in the whole house but godlinesse. This yong gentleman began secretly to seek vnto the maid that told it to her mistris, who loued and esteemed her sonne so much, that she suspected the maid to tell it her, onely to make her hate him; but she was so importunate with her mistris, that shee said vnto her, I wil know if it be true, and assure yourselfe I wil correct him if I finde it to be so: but if you tell me an vntruth, I wil make you feele the price thereof. And to finde the trueth she willed her to appoint her sonne to come about midnight to lie with her in a bed neere vnto the doore of the chamber where the maid lay. The maid obeyed her mistresse, and when night came the Gentlewoman laide hirself in her maide's bed, determining if it were true, to correct her sonne so well, that neuer after he should desire to lie with maide againe. And in thought and displeasure her sonne came to bed vnto her. She, although she saw him lie downe, would not yet beleeuue he would commit any dishonest act, but stayed to speake with him, vntil she perceiued some signes of bad desire: but not being persuaded with so small a signe, that he would proceed further, was so long patient and so fraile of nature, that she conuerted her choller into a most abhominable pleasure, forgetting the name of mother: and euen as water that by force is holden in, when it issueth forth, maketh more noyse than that which runneth his ordinary course, so this poore lady turned her glory into the restraint she gaue vnto her body. And when she proceeded to decline from the first degree of honestie, she found herself sodainly caried and borne vnto the last; and the said night became with child by him, whom she sought to keepe from getting others with childe. The same was no sooner committed, but the remorse of conscience, brought her into so great torment, that the repentaunce neuer left her during her whole life, which at the first was so sharp, that she rose out of the bed  
from

from her sonne, that knew no other but it had bin the maid, and went into a closet and calling her good determination vnto mind, and the wicked execution thereof, she passed al the night in weeping and lamenting all alone: but in stead of acknowledging of the impossibilitie of our flesh, that without God's help, cannot but sinne, desiring by her selfe, and by her teares to satisfie her fault past, and by hir wisdom to auoyde the euill to come, she laide the excuse of her sinne vpon the occasion, and vpon the weakenes of flesh and blood, whereunto there is no remedy but only by the grace of God; she thought to do that, whereby in time to come she might not fal into the like inconuenience; and as though there were but one kinde of sinne to damne man, she deuised all the meanes she could to auoyde the same. But the roote of pride which externall sinne should heale, increased in her heart, in such maner, that by auoyding one mischiefe she fel into diuers others: for the next morning as soone as it was day, she sent for her sonne's schoole maister and said vnto him: Now my son begioneth to wax great, it is time to send him abroade. I haue a kinsman that dwelleth beyond the mountains with Monsis the great maister du Chammont, that will be very glad to haue him in his company, wherefore I pray you bring him thither; and to thend I be not griued with his departure, let him not come to take his leaue of me. And saying so, she gaue him money to beare his charges for the voyage: and the same morning caused the yong gentleman to depart, that was very glad at nothing else than after the inioying the pleasure of his loue, to goe vnto the wars. The lady continued long time in great melancholy and distresse; and had it not bin for the feare of God, she had often wished the end of the vnfortunate fruit she bare within her body. In the end she fained to be sicke, that vnder that pretence she might couer her imperfection; and being ready to be deliuered, remembring that there was no man in the world in whom she so much trusted, as a bastard brother of her's, whom she intertained and did him much good, she sent for him, and shewing him her hard fortune (but made him not acquainted that it was by her sonue) desired him to help her, and to saue her honour, which he did: and not long before she should lie down, he gaue her counsell to change the air, and to go to his house, where she might sooner recouer her health than in her owne. She went thither but with small traine, and there she found a midwife ready for her, that by night not knowing her, brought her to bed of a fayre daughter: the gentleman deliuered it vnto a nurse, and caused it to be nursed for his owne. The Lady hauing stayed there a moneth, went home vnto her owne house, where after that she liued more strictly than euer she did, both in fasting and discipline. But when her sonne became great, perceiuing no warre to be in

Italie, he sent to desire his mother that he might come see her: shee fearing to fall into the euill from whence she had escaped, would not permit him, till in thend he was so importunate with her, that she had no reason to deoy him. Neuerthelesse she sent him word, that he should neuer come vnto her, if he were not married to a wife that he loued wel; and that he should not respect her riches, so she were honest, and it should suffice. In the meane time her bastard brother perceiuing the daughter whereof he had the charge, to waxe great, and very faire, thought to place her in some house farre off, where shee should not be knowne; and by the mother's counsell, gaue her vnto the Queene of Nauarre.\* This daughter, named Katherine, grew to the age of twelue or thirteene yeres, and became so faire and honest, that the Q. of Nauarre bare her good affection, and desired much to mary her richly. But by reason she was poore, she found herselfe to haue suters great store, but none that would bee her husband. Vpon a day it happened that the gentleman that was her vnknowne father, returning from the other side of the Alpes, went vnto the Queene of Nauarre's house, where he had no sooner espied the mayd, but he became amorous of her, and bicause he had licence of his mother to mary one that liked him, he tooke no care but onely to haue a wife that pleased his fantasie, and knowing her to be such, asked her in mariage of the Queen, that most willingly consented as knowing the gentleman to be rich, and with his riches both faire and honest. The mariage being finished, the gentleman wrot vnto his mother, that from thencefoorth she neede not refuse him her house, for seeing he brought with him as faire a wife as any could be found. The gentlewoman that enquired with what house he had matched himselfe, found hee had married their owne daughter, wherwith she was in such despaire, that [s]he presently thought to die, perceiuing that the more she sought to hinder her grieffe, the more she was the means to increase the same. Whereupon not knowing what to doe, she went vnto the Legate being at Auignion, to whom she confessed the greatnes of her sinne, asking his counsell what she should doe therein. The Legat to satisfie her desire, sent for certaine deuines, to whom he vttered the matter not naming the persons, and found by their counsel, that the Gentlewoman ought not to make it knowne vnto her children, for that for their parts considering their ignorance, they had not sinned, but that she during her life ought to do penance without making any shew thereof. Which done, the poore woman returned home, where not long after ariued her sonne and her daughter

\* The air of truth with which the royal authoress contrived to give spirit to her narrations affords the pleasing hope that this unfortunate story was the coinage of her own fancy, and has since only become popular from its singularity.



in lawe that loued so wel, that neuer husband nor wife loued in better sort, for she was both his daughter, sister, and wife, and he too her father, brother and husband; in which great amity they continued long: and the poore gentlewoman in ber extreme penance, that neuer sawe them merry, but shee withdrew herselfe to weepe."

J. H.

¶ *M. Derings workes. More at large then euer hath heere-to-fore been printed in one volume. London, printed by Edward Griffin for Edward Blount. 1614.*

The Contents enumerated at the back of the title are, A sermon preached before the Queen, another at the Tower, 27 lectures or readings upon Hebrews; Certain godly letters; A brief and necessary catechism; godly private prayers; and also certain godly speeches. Then follow an address to the Christian Reader and a new title page, of A Briefe and necessarie Catechisme or Instruction, very needfull to be knowne of all Housholders: whereby they may teach and instruct their family in such poynts of Christian Religion as is most meate, with prayers to the same adioyning. Psalme 34. 11. Come Children, hearken vnto mee, I will teach you the feare of the Lord. London. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1614. At the back of the title commences a prefatory address, from which the following extract of the beginning is selected as a literary curiosity, being dated in 1572.

*“ To the Reader.*

“ It shal not be necessary for mee (most louing brethren) to shew any causes for mine owne excuse, why I haue attempted the setting forth of this little catechisme, as though I had rashly aduentured aboue that was meet, to set forth any thing to bee common by my priuate aduice: or, as though I had presumed aboue mine ability, to become so general a teacher, hauing myselfe so meane vnderstanding. For in these daies in which there is so great licenciousnes of printing bookes, as indeed it maketh vs al the worse, who can blame it that hath any tast or sauour of goodnesse, be it neuer so simple, if it had no other fruit? Yet this is great and plentiful; that

in reading it, we should keep our eies from much godlesse and childish vanity, that hath now blotted so many papers. We see it al, & we mourn for grieffe, so many as in spirit and truth do loue the Lord: what multitude of bookes, ful of all sin and abominations, haue now filled the world! Nothing so childish, nothing so vaine, nothing so wanton, nothing so idle, which is not both boldly printed & plausibly taken, so that herin we haue fulfilled the wickednes of our forefathers, and buertaken them in their sins: They had their spiritual inchantments, in which they were bewitched, Beuis of Hampton, Guy of Warwick, Arthur of the round table, Huon of Burdaux, Oliuer of the Castle, the foure sons of Aymon, and a great many other of such childish folly. And yet more vanity then these, the witlesse deuices of Gargantua, Howle glasse, Esope, Robin-hood, Adam bell, Frier Rush, the fooles of Gotham, & a thousand such other. And yet of al the residue, the most drunken imaginations, with which they so defiled their festiual & high Holidiaes, their legendary, their saints liues, their tales of Robin good fellow, & many other spirits, which Sathan had made, hel had printed, & were warranted to sale vnder the Pope's priuiledge, to kindle in mens harts the sparks of superstition, that at last it might flame out into the fire of purgatory. These were in the former daies, the subtile sleights of Sathan to occupy Christian wits in heathen fantasies. And we as men that cannot learn wisdom by any example to keep ourselues fro<sup>m</sup> harm, but as though the wickednes of our forefathers were not yet ful, we wil make vp their measure, & set vp shrines to the word of God, and the writings of al his saints, which our fore fathers had cast out of al honor, that their owne dreames and illusions might be had in price. To this purpose (I trow) wee haue multiplied for our selues so many newe delights, that we might iustifie the idolatrous superstitio<sup>n</sup> of the elder world. To this purpose we haue printed vs many baudy so<sup>n</sup>gs (I am loth to vse such a loathsome word, saue that it is not fit enough for so vile endeuers.) To this purpose we haue gotten our songs and so<sup>n</sup>ots, our pallaces of pleasure,\* our vnchast fables, and tragedies, and such like sorceries, moe then any man may reckon. Yea, some haue bin so impudent, as new born Moabites, which wallow in their own vomit, and haue not bin ashamed to intitule their books the Court of Venus, the Castle of loue, and many other as shamelesse as these. O that there were among vs some zealous Ephesians, that books of so great vanity might be burned vp. The spirite of God wrought in them so mightily

\* I had not seen either the work forming the subject of the preceding article, or the above, when the introduction of the new edition of the *Palace of Pleasure* was sent to press.

that they contained the price of so great iniquity, in one city, that at one fire they brought together the books, valued at two thousand marks, and burnt them al at once. O happy light, and cleare as the sun beames, if we might see the like in London, that the chiefest street might be sanctified with so holy a sacrifice. The place it selfe doth craue it, and holdeth vp a gorgeous Idol, a fit stake for so good a fire. O Lord thou art able to worke what thou wilt, let vs see this day that Jacob may reioice, & Israel may be glad."

The address extends to eight pages of very small print, and is dated "from my chamber, the 22d of Aprill, 1572. Thine in the Lord, Ed. De." The "xxvii lectvres, or readings, vpon part of the Epistle written to the Hebrues, made by Maister Edward Deering, Bachelour of Diuinitie:" has also a distinct title.

21 Dec. 1813.

J. H.

¶ *Mythomystes, wherein a short survay is taken of the nature and valve of true Poesy and depth of the Ancients above our moderne poets. To which is annexed the tale of Narcissus briefly mythologized. London, Printed for Henry Seyle, at the Tiger's-head in St. Paul's Church-yard. n. d. qto. 60 leaves.*

In the dedication inscribed "to the right Hon<sup>e</sup>. and my ever-honor'd Lord, Henry Lord Matrauers," the author tells his Lordship, that being a lover of Painting, so of necessity he must love her sister the Art of Poesy, and adventures to present a slight draft of her to his Lordship, "some moneths since conceiued and euen as soone borne." Concluding "your Lo<sup>ps</sup> humble and most affectionate seruant H. R."

"To the candid and ingenvous Reader. Looke not generous reader (for such I write to) for more in the few following leaues, then a plaine and simple verity vnadorned at all with elogution, or rhetoricall phrase; glosses fitter perhaps to be set vpon silken and thinne paradoxicall semblances, then appertaining to the care of who desires to lay downe a naked and vnmasked truth. Nor expect heere an encomium or praise of any such thing as the world ordinarily takes Poësy for; that same thing beeing (as I conceiue) a superficiall meere outside of Sence, or gaye barke only (without the body) of reason. Wit-

nesse so many excellent witts that haue taken so much paines in these times to defend her; which sure they would not haue done, if what is generally receiued now a dayes for Poësy, were not meerey a faculty, or occupation of so little consequence, as by the louers thereof rather to be (in their owne fauour) excused, then for any thing good in the thing itselfe, to be commended. Nor must thou heere expect thy solution, if thy curiosity inuite thee to a satisfaction in any of the vnder-accidentes, but in meerey the essentiall forme, of true Poesy: Such I call the accidents or appendixes thereto, as conduce somewhat to the matter, and end, nothing to the reall forme and essence thereof. And these accidents (as I call them) our commenders and defenders of Poësy haue chiefly, and indeed sufficiently insisted and dilated vpon: and are first, those floares (as they are called) of Rhetorick, consisting of their *Anaphoras*, *Epistrophes*, *Metaphors*, *Metonymyes*, *Synecdoches*, and those their other potent tropes and figures; helpes, (if at all of vse to furnish out expressions with) much properer sure, and more fitly belonging to Poësy then Oratory; yet such helpes, as if nature haue not before hand in his byrth, giuen a poët all such, forced art will come behind as lame to the businesse, and deficient, as the best-taught countrey morris dauncer with all his bells and napkins, will ill deserue to be in an Inne of Courte at Christmas, termed the thing they call a fine reueller."

The work commences with the following extract, which contains all the observations relating to the English poets.

"Mythomystes: wherein a short svrvey is taken of the natvre and valve of true Poesie, and depth of the ancients aboue our moderne Poets. I Haue thought vpon the times wee liue io; and am forced to affirme the world is decrepiti, and out of its age & doating estate, subiect to all the imperfections that are inseparable from that wracke and maime of Nature, that the young behold with horror, and the sufferers thereof lye vnder with murmur and languishmēt. Euen the generall Soule of this great creature, whereof enery one of ours is a seuerall peece, seemes bedrid, as vpon her death bed, and neere the time of her dissolution to a second better estate, and being: the yeares of her strength are past; and she is now nothing but disease for the Soule's health is no other than meerey the knowledge of the Truth of things. Which health, the world's youth inioyed, and hath now \* exchanged for it, all the diseases of all errors, heresies and different sects and schismes of opinions and vnderstandings in all matter of Arts,

\* For the world hath lost his youth and the times begin to waxe old. 2 Esd. cap. 14. *Margin.*

Sciences, and Learnings whatsoever. To helpe on these diseases to incurability, what age hath euer beene so fruitfull of liberty in all kindes, and of all permission and allowance for this reason of ours, to runne wildely all her owne hurtfullest wayes without bridle, bound, or limit at all? For instance; what bookes haue wee of what euer knowledge, or in what mysteries soeuer, wisely by our auncients (or auoiding of this present malady the world is now false into), couched and carefully infoulded, but must bee by euery illiterate person without exception, deflowred and broke open, or broke in pieces, because beyond his skill to vnlooke the? Or what Law haue we that prouides for the restraint of these myriads of hotheaded wranglers, & ignorant writers and teachers, which, out of the bare priuledge of perhaps but puny graduate in som Vniuersity, will venter vpon all, euen the most remoued and most abstruse knowledges, as perfect vnderstanders and expounders of them, vpon the single warrant of their owne braine; or inuenters of better themselues, than all Antiquity could deliuer downe to them; out of the treasonous mint of their owne imaginations? What hauocke, what mischiefe to all learnings, and how great a multiplicity of poysonous errors and heresies must not of necessity hence ensue, and ouerspread the face of all Truths whatsoever?

“ Among these heresies (to omit those in matter of diuinity, or the right forme of worshipping God, which the doctors of his church are fitter to make the subiects of their tongues and pens, than I, a Layman, and all-vnworthy the taske,) among, I say, these, (if I may so call them) heresies, or ridiculous absurdities in matter of humane letters, and their professors in these times, I find none so grosse, nor indeed any so great scandall, or maime to humane learning, as in the almost generall abuse and violence offered to the excellent art of Poesy; first, by those learned (as they thinke themselues) of our dayes who call themselues Poets; and next, by such as out of their ignorance, heede not how much they prophane that high and sacred title in calling them so.

“ From the number of these first mentioned, (for, for the last, I will not mention them; nor yet say as a graue Father, and holy one too, of certaine obstinate heretikes said; *Devipiantur in nomine diaboli*; but charitably wish their reformation, and cure of their blindness;) from the multitude (I say) of the common rimers in these our moderne times, and moderne tongues, I will exempt some few, as of a better ranke and condition than the rest. And first to beginne with Spaine. I will say it may iustly boast to haue afforded (but many ages since) excellent Poets, as Seneca the Tragedian, Lucan, and Martiall the Epigrammist, with others; and in these latter times, as diuerse in prose, some good Theologians also in Rime; but for other

Poesies in their (now spoke) tongue, of any great name, (not to extoll their trifling, though extolled *Celestina*, nor the second part of their *Dianna de Monte Major*, better much than the first; and these but Poeticke prozers neither,) I cannot say it affords many, if any at all: The inclination of that people being to spend much more wit, and more happily in those prose Romances they abound in, such as their *Lazarillo*, *Don Quixote*, *Guzman*, and those kind of *Cuenta's* of their *Picaro's*, and *Gitanillas*, than in Rime. The French likewise, more than for a *Ronsart*, or *Des-Portes*, but chiefly their *Salust*, (who may passe among the best of our modernes,) I can say little of. Italy hath in all times, as in all abilities of the mind besides, been much fertiler than either of these in Poets. Among whom (to omit a *Petrarch*, who though he was an excellent rimer in his owne tongue, and for his *Latine Africa* iustly deserued the laurell that was giuen him, yet was a much excellenter Philosopher in prose; and with time, a *Benbo*, *Dante*, *Ang. Politiano*, *Caporale*, *Pietro Aretino*, *Sannazaro*, *Guarini*, and diuers others, men of rare fancy all) I must preferre chiefly three; as the graue and learned *Tasso*, in his *Sette giorni*, (a diuine worke) and his *Gierusalem liberata*, so farre as an excellent pile of mecerely Morall Philosophy may deserue. Then, *Ariosto*, for the artfull woofe of his ingenious, though vnmeaning-fables; the best, perhaps, haue in that kind beene sang since *Ouid*. And lastly, that smooth writ *Adonis* of *Marino*, full of various conception, and diuersity of learning. The *Douche* I cannot mention, being a stranger to their minds, and manners, therefore I will retorne home to my Country-men, and mother tongue: And heere, exempt from the rest, a *Chaucer*, for some of his poems; chiefly his *Troylus* and *Cresside*. Then the generous and ingenious *Sidney*, for his Smooth and artfull *Arcadia*, (and who I could wish had choze rather to haue left vs of his pen, an *Encomiasticke Poeme* in honour, then prose-apology in defence, of his fauorite, the excellent art of Poesy.) Next, I must approue the learned *Spencer*, in the rest of his Poems, no lesse then his *Fairy Queene*, an exact body of the *Ethicke doctrine*: though some good iudgments haue wisht (and perhaps not without cause) that he had therein beene a little freer of his fiction, and not so close rivett-ed to his Morall; no lesse then many doe to *Daniell's Ciuile warrs* that it were (though otherwise a commendable worke) yet somewhat more than a true *Chronicle history* in rime; who, in other lesse laboured things, may haue indeed more happily, (howener, alwayes cleerely and smoothly) written. Wee haue among vs a late-writ *Polyolbion*, also, and an *Agincourte*, wherin I will only blame their honest Authour's ill fate, in not hauing laid him out some happier Clime, to haue giuen honour and life to, in some happier language. After these, (besides

sides some late dead) there are others now living, dramaticke and lirieke writers, that I must deseruedly commend for those parts of fancy and imagination they possesse; and should much more, could wee see them somewhat more, force those gifts, and liberrall graces of Nature, to the end shee gaue them; and therewith worke and constantly tire vpon sollid knowledges; the which hauing from the rich fountes of our reuerend annuents, drawne with vnweari'd, and wholsomely imploied industries; they might in no lesse pleasing and profitable fictions than they haue done (the very fittest conduit-pipes) deriue downe to vs the vnderstanding of things euen farthest remooued from vs, and most worthy our speculation, and knowledge. But alas, such children of obedience, I must take leaue to say, the most of our ordinary pretenders to Poesy now a dayes, are to their owne, and the diseased times ill habits, as the racke will not bee able to make the most aduised among twenty of them confessed, to haue farther inquired, or attended to more, in the best of their Authours they haue chosen to read and study, than meerely his stile, phrase, and manner of expression; or scarce suffered themselues to looke beyond the dimensions of their owne braine, for any better counsaile or instruction elsewhere. What can wee expect then of the poems they write? Or what can a man mee thinks liken them more fitly to, than to Ixion's issue? for hee that with meerely a naturall veine, (and a little vanity of nature, which I can be content to allow a poet) writes without other grounds of sollid learning, than the best of these vngrounded rimers vnderstañd or aime at, what does he more than imbrace assembled cloudes with Ixion, and beget only monsters? This might yet be borne with, did not these people as cõfidently vsurpe to them selues the title of Schollers, and learned men, as if they possesst the knowledges of all the Magi, the wise East did euer breed; when, let me demand but a reason for security of my iudgement in allowing them for such, they straitie giue mee to know they vnderstand the Greeke, and Latine; and in conclusion, I discover the compleate crowne of all their ambition, is but to be stiled by others a good Latinist or Grecian, and then they stile themselues good Schollers. So would I too had I not before beene taught to say: *Non quia Græca scias, vel calles verba Latina, Doctus es aut sapiens. Sed quia vera vides*; and besides, hapned to know a late traouiling ODCOMBIAN among vs; that became (I know not for what Mortaller sinne than his variety of language) the common scorne and contempt of all the abusie witts of the time: yet possesst both those languages in great perfection; as his eloquent Orations in both tounge; (and vttered vpon his owne head \* without prompting) haue euer suf-

\* For they made him stand, and speake Greeke vpon his head with his heeles vpward. *Margin.*

ficiently testified. Now, finding this to be the greater part of the Schollership these our Poets endeauour to haue, and which many of them also haue; I find with all, they sit downe as satisfied, as if their vnfurnish brests contained each one the learning and wisdome of an Orpheus, Virgil, Hesiod, Pindarus, and Homer altogether. When as, what haue they else but the barke and cloathing meerely wherein their high and profound doctrines lay? Neuer looking farther into those their golden fictions for any higher sence, or any thing diuiner in them in-foulded & hid from the vulgar, but lulled with the meruellous expression and artfull contexture of their fables—*tanquam parui pueri* (as one saies) *per brumam ad ignem sessitantes, aniles nugas fabellâsque de Poetis imbibunt, cum interim de vtiliore sanctiorique Sententia minime sunt solliciti.*!

“ I haue staid longer, and rubde harder mee thinks than needes, vpon the sore of our now a day Poets. Let mee leaue them, and looke backe to the neuer enough honoured Auncients.” . . . . .

At the end of the volume is the tale of Narcissus, which the author “ had diuerse yeares since put into English,” and from which the following description of Narcissus and Eccho will amply serve to appreciate his talents as a poet.

No sooner from his birth-day had the sun  
After three lusters, in his carre of light  
Three yearely rounds more through the Zodiack run,  
When this bright visadg'd buoye (NARCISSUS hight)  
Was growne to that supreme perfection  
Of beauty, and grace, combinde to breed delight,  
As no degree, no sexe, no age are free,  
But all perforce of him enamour'd be.

The winning features of his face were such,  
As the best beauties seem'd to his, but bad;  
Sweet, soft, and fresh to looke vpon, and touch,  
The tender hue was of the louely lad;  
Widdowes desir'd, and married wiuers as much,  
And eu'ry maid a longing for him had;  
No harte so chaste, and free from amorous fire,  
But he could tainte, and kindle with desire.

Yet his proude hawty minde had in disdain  
Whateuer beauty came within his sight;  
Nor car'de the choycest virgins loue to gaine,  
Whereto by kinde, Nature doth man inuite;  
Nor yet of riper women sought to obtaine  
The vs'de allay of the bloud's appetite;



But only lou'de, ador'de, and deifi'de  
Himselfe, dispizing all the worlde beside.

One day, that louely browe, those liuely eyes,  
That ruby lip, that alabaster chinne  
And crimson cheeke of his, a Nympe espyes,  
A Nympe that neuer doth to speak beginne,  
But readily to such as speake, replies;  
Though all her words lame and imperfect been,  
While in her mouthe confounding all the rest,  
Her last worde only comes out perfectest.

This Nympe which then, and still we Ессно name,  
That answers others speeche, but speakes to none,  
Was not as now, a meere voice peec'd, and lame,  
But forme and substance had of flesh and bone;  
When to her tounge that imperfection came  
To vente but halfe wordes, and them not her owne,  
Through a disdaine shee in the breste did raise  
Of Juno, ielious of her husband's wayes.

Ere which a voice shee had, so sweete to th' eare,  
With a discourse so smooth, and full of pleasure,  
As it a heauen was her wordes to heare,  
Wordes which the heauyest grieuance and displeasure  
Could mitigate, and easier make to beare,  
(Of sweet and sage so equall was their measure;)  
For still shee kept them by discretion good,  
Within the seemely bounds of womanhood."

J. H.

¶ *Alcida. Greenes Metamorphosis. Wherein is discovered a pleasant transformation of bodies into sundrie shapes shewing that as vertues beautifie the mind, so vanities giue greater staines, than the perfection of any quality can rase out. The discourse confirmed with diuerse merry and delightfull Histories; full of graue principles to content age, and sawsed with pleasant parlees, and witty answeres, to satisfie youth: profitable to both, and not offensive to any. By R. G. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dulci. London, printed by George Purslowe, 1617. qto. sig. K. 3.*

[Dedicated] "To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Charles Blount, Knight, indewed with perfections of learning, and titles of nobility: Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and vertue.

"Achilles

“ Achilles, the great commander of the mirmidones, had no sooner (Right Worshipfull) encountered the hardie Troian with his courtelax, and registred his valour on the helme of his enemie, but returning to his tents, hee pourtraied with his pen the praise of Polixena, ioyning Amors with Armors, and the honor of his learning with the resolution of his Launce. In the Olympiades the Laurell striued as well for the pen, as the speare: and Pallas had double sacrifice, as well perfumes of torne papers, as incense of broken truncheons. Entering (right worshipfull) with deep insight into these premisses, I found blazoning your resolute indeuors in deeds of armes, and report figuring out your euer-intended fauours to good letters: presuming vpon the courteous disposition of your Worship, I aduentured to present you, as Lucius did Cæsar, who offered him an Helmet topt with plumes in warres, and a booke stuffed with precepts in peace, knowing that Cæsar held it as honorable to be counted an Orator in the Court, as a souldier in the field. So (right worshipfull) after you returne from the low Countries (passing ouer those praise-worthy resolutions executed vpon the enemie) seeing absence from armes had transformed Campus Martius to mount Helicon, I ouerbolnded my selfe to trouble your worship, with the sight of my Metamorphosis: A pamphlet too simple to patronage vnder so worthy a Mæcenas: and vnworthy to be viewed of you, whose thoughts are intended to more serious studies. Yet Augustus would read Poems, and write Roundelayes, rather to purge melancholly with toyes, then for any delight in such trifles. So I hope your Worship wil, after long perusing of great volumes, cast a glance at my poore pamphlet: wherein is discovered the anatomy of Womens affections: setting out as in a mirror, how dangerous his hazard is, that sets his rest vpon lone: whose essence (if it haue any) is momentary and effects variable, if either the method, or matter mislike, as wanting scholarisme in the one, or grauity in the other: yet if it shall serue your Worship as a trifle to passe away the time, and so slip with patience, as a boord iest, I shall be lesse grieved: if any way it please as to procure you delight, I shall be glad and satisfied as hauing gained the end of my labours: but howsoeuer hoping your Worship will pardon my presumption in presenting; and weigh more of the well affected will, then of the bad labored worke, I wish your Wor-ship such fortunate fauours as you can desire, or I imagine. Your Worship's to command, Robert Greene.

[Then, an address wishing] to the Gentlemen readers health.  
 “ Falling (Gentlemen) by chance amongst a company of no meane Gentlewomen: after supposes and such ordinary sports past, they fell to prattle of the qualities incident to their owne sexe: one amongst the rest, very indifferent, more addicted to  
 tell

tell the truth, then to selfe conceit, said, That women that had fauours, had most commonly contrary faults: for (quoth shee) beauty is seldome without pride, and wit without inconstancie. The Gentlewomen began to blush, because shee spake so broad, be sure, and blamed her that shee would so fondly foyle her owne nest. Shee still maintained it, that what she had spoken was true: and more, that she had forgotten their little secrecie. Whereupon there grew arguments: and a sophisticall disputation fell out amongst the Gentlewomen, about their owne qualities. I sate still as a cypher in *Algorisme*. and noted what was spoken: which after I had perused in my chamber, and seeing it would be profitable for yong gentlemen, to know and foresee as well their faults as their fauours. I drew into a fiction the forme and method, in manner of a *Metamorphosis*: which (Gentlemen) I present vnto your wonted curtesies, desiring yon not to looke for any of *Ouid's* wittie inuentions, but for bare and rude discourses: hoping to finde you, as hitherto I haue done whatsoeuer in opinion, yet fauourable and silent in speech. In which hope setting downe my rest, I bid you farewell. Yours euer, as he is bound, Robert Greene.

Commendatory verses follow in Latin by R. A. Oxon. G. B. Cant. and anonymous: in English, by Ed. Percy, and Bubb, Gent. From the story, want of room only prevents the giving any extract.

Robert Greene has lately obtained an advocate to redeem his character from the long continued obloquy, with which it has been shadowed by his partial or inattentive biographers. It is not necessary for me to idolize my author, nor attempt, obstinately, to contend against the numerous proofs of his errors, because I continue persuaded of the injustice formerly done him; and that, while his mind contained the soundest principles of virtue, enlarged by education and chastened by reflection, his heart was led astray in the career of vanity, and only revelled in the acts of folly, with a restless and indefensible hope of outstripping his looser associates. Yet, impressed with this opinion, it could not be otherwise than gratifying to me lately to receive an intimation that the efficient pen of my coadjutor was likely to be employed upon the subject. In a Preface, Critical and Biographical, prefixed to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, reprinted at the private press at LEE PRIORY, the task is, in part, performed, and, precluded as I feel myself from expressing any  
 opinion

opinion in this place, upon the Memoir, I may yet be allowed to observe that the publication forms one of the most splendid and perfect specimens of typography that has, within recent date, issued from the press of any private gentleman.

J. H.

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¶ *Babilon, a part of the seconde weeke of Guillaume de Salvste Seigneur du Bartas. With the Commentarie, and marginall notes of S. G. S. Englished by William L'isle. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. Imprinted at London by Ed. Bollifant, for Richard Watkins. 1596, 37 leaves.*

Dedicated "to the right honovrable, Charles lord Howard, baron of Effingham, knight of the most renowned order of the garter, one of hir majestie's priuie councill, and lord high admirall of England, &c." wherein the writer, after describing the work of du Bartas as a stranger, venturing over the seas, notwithstanding the Spanish fleets, says, "so, my lord, with a fauorable winde, breathing directly from the french Helicon, by the safe conduit of your honourable name, and helpe of the Muses, at length I landed my stranger in England. Where, since his arriual; he hath gladly encountred diuers of his elder brethren, that were come over before, some in a princely Scottish attire, others in faire English habits; and to th' entent he might the better enioy their companie, who by this time had almost forgotten their french, he was desirous to learne englishe of me: . . . Whose I rest euer at command. William L'isle." \*

The argument of the first two days of the second week is given in prose; and then follows the poem of Babilon, in which the text is repeatedly broke in upon for the purpose of giving the notes of the commentator. As our author's pretensions as a poet are dubious, it requires an awakening interest by subject to give currency to his drawling Alexandrines, and therefore the following specimē has been selected from the Vision, where the principal languages are scribed as applied to the English.

\* For an account of the author, see Wood's *Fasti* I. Col. 147, and *Censura Literaria*, Vol. I. p. 291.

" The speech of Englishmen\* hath for hir strong pillers,  
 Three knights, *Bacon* and *More*, they two Lord Chancellors,  
 Who knitting close their toong rais'd it from infancie,  
 And coupled eloquence with skill in policie :  
 Sir *Philip Sydney* third who like a cignet sings  
 Fair *Tham'ses* swelling waues beating with siluer wings :  
 This streame with honour fild his eloquence doth beare  
 Into dame *Thetis* lap, and *Thetis* eu'ry-where.  
 But what new sunne is this † that beameth on mine eies ?  
 What ? am I wrapt amongst the hea'nly companies ?  
 O what a princely grace ! what state imperiall !  
 What pleasant lightning eies ! what face angelicall !  
 Ye learned daughters of him that all gouerneth,  
 Is't not that *Pallas* wise, the great *Elizabeth* ; ‡  
 That makes the sturdie men of England nothing bent  
 For man's empire to change a woman's government ?  
 Who whiles *Erynnis*, loth to tarry long in hell,  
 Hir neighbour kingdomes all with fire & sword doth quell,  
 And whiles the darke affright of tempest roring-great  
 Doth to the world's carack a fearfull shipwracke threat,  
 Holdeth in happie peace hir Isle, where true beliefe,  
 And honorable lawes are reck'ned of in chiefe :  
 That hath not onely gift of plentie delectable ;  
 To speak hir mother-toong, but readily is able  
 In Latine, Spanish, French, without premeditation,  
 In Greeke, Italian, Dutch, to make as good oration,

\* The speech of English. For ornament of the English toong he nameth Sir *Thomas Moore* and Sir *Nicholas Bacon* both Lord Chancellors : the first of them was very learned in the arts and toongs : the second exceeding well seene in the common lawes of England : and both very eloquent in their mother language. As for Sir *Philip Sidney* he deserueth no lesse commendation than the poet hath giuen him. *Chaucer* deserueth the like commendation here that *Osias* did among the Spanish Auctors.

† But what new sunne is this. He maketh a digression in praise of the *Queene* of England, who the space of seuen and thirtie yeeres hath gouernrd hir realme in great prosperitie ; so as, during the troubles and ouerthrowes of other kingdomes about hir, hir selfe and hir people haue bene preserued from infinite dangers. This famous *Queene* hath also the toongs heere mentioned by the poet, very parfit, and at this day by the singular grace of God she is accounted the pretious pearle of the North, and very fortunate in all the wars she taketh in hand : hir happie successe and victories are euery day so memorable, that they deserue to be written in a large historie, and reuerenced of all posteritie.

‡ For the fourth pillar of the English toong he nameth our gracious *Queene Elizabeth*, duly and truly praising hir for wisdom, maintenance of peace, learning, and eloquence. *Margin.*

As Greece can, as can France, as Rome emperiall,  
 As Rhine, as Arne can, plead in their naturall.  
 O bright pearle of the North, martiall, Mars-conquering,  
 Loue still and cherish arts, and heare the Muses sing :  
 And in case any time my verses winged light,  
 Shall ouer th' ocean sea to thine Isle take their flight,  
 And by some happie chaunce into that faire hand slide,  
 That doth so many men with lawfull scepter guide ;  
 View them with gracious eie and fauourable thought,  
 I want thine eloquence to praise thee as I ought."

J. H.

¶ *A Goodly Gallerye with a most pleasaunt prospect, into the garden of naturall contemplation, to behold the naturall causes of all kynde of Meteors, as wel fyery and ayery, as watry and earthly, of whiche sort be blasing sterres, shooting starres, flames in the ayre, &c. thöder, lightning, earthquakes, &c. rayne, dewe, snowe, cloudes, springes, &c. stones, metalles, earthes, &c. to the glory of God, and the profit of his creaturs. Psalm. 148. Prayse the Lorde upon earth Dragons and all deepes, fyre, haile, snowe, ise, wyndes, and stormes, that doe his wyll. Londini. Anno. 1563. Colophon, beneath the printer's device and motto. Impryted at London in Fletestreate, at the signe of the Faucone, by William Griffith: and they are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstones churchyarde in the weste. 1563. 12mo. 74 leaves.*

A new title page to this little intelligent performance was given by the printer in 1571.\* It is dedicated "to the Right Honourable the Lorde Robert Dudley, Maister of the Quenes maiesties horse, Knight of the most Noble order of the garter, and one of the Quenes Maiesties priuie Counsell. William Fulce, wisheth increase of grace and heauenly giftes, in perfect health and true honor, long to continue."

And the author says of his work "at this tyme, I was bolde to enterprise the matter, for that one James Rowbothum, a man of notable impudens (that I saye no worse of him) abusinge your singular humanitie and gentlenes expressing thexample of one Bathillus, or rather (that I may con-

\* Herbert 923.

tinue in the allegoria of birdes). of Esope's crowe, hath not ben ashamed to dedicate vnto your Lordship of late a treatise of myne, which I gathered out of diuerse writers concerning the Philosopher's game:\* notwithstanding he was streightly commaunded to the contrary by the right honorable and reuerent father, my Lord of London, of whom also I was exhorted and encouraged to dedicate the same vnto your honour, myselfe. Whiche though nowe through his importunitie and disobedice, it be intercepted, and the booke defaced with his rude rythmes and penish verses:† yet I thought best to geue your Lordship vnderstanding that your honorable protection which is and should be the defence of learning and learned men, might no more be a boldening to such ignorant and vn honest persones."

In the second book upon Meteors is the following section describing "of lights that goeth before men, and followeth th̄ abrode in the fields by the night season. There is also a kind of light y<sup>t</sup> is seen in the night season, and seemeth to goe before men, or to followe them, leading them out of their waye vnto waters & other daungerous places. It is also very often seen in the night, of th̄ that sayle in the sea, & sometye will cleave to y<sup>e</sup> mast of the shyp, or other highe partes, somtyme slyde round about the shyppe, and either rest in one part till it go out, or els be quenched in the water. This impression seen on the lande, is called in latin, *Ignis fatuus*, foolish fyre, that hurteth not, but only feareth foules. That whiche is seen on y<sup>e</sup> sea, if it be but one, is named Helena, if it be two, it is called Castor and Pollux,

The foulishe fyre is an Exhalation kendled by meanes of violent mouing, when by cold of the night, in the lowest region of the ayre, it is beaten downe, & then commonly, if it be light, seeketh to ascende vpward, & is sent downe againe, so it danseth vp & downe. Els if it moue not vp and downe, it is a greate lompe of glueysh or oyle matter, that by mouing of the beate in itselfe, is enflamed of itselfe, as moyst haye wyl be kyndled of it selfe. In whote and fenny countries, these lyghtes are often seen, and whereas is abondance of suche vnctuous and fat matter, as about churchyardes wher through the corruptiō of the bodies ther buried, y<sup>e</sup> earth is ful of suche substance, wberfore in churchyardes, or places of cōmon buriall, oftentimes ar such lightes seen, which ignorant and superstitious fooles, haue thought to be soules tormēted in the fyre of purgatorie. Indede y<sup>e</sup> deuill hath vsed these lightes (although they be naturally caused) as strōng delusions to captiue the myndes of men, w<sup>t</sup> feare of the pope's

\* See Herbert, p. 803 & 805. † For a specimen of the verses see *Censura Literaria*, vol. vi. p. 261.

purgatorie, wherby he did opẽ iniury to the blond of Christ, which only purgeth vs frõ al our sinnes (and deliuereth vs from al tormẽts, both temporall and eternal, according to the saying of the wyse mã, the soules of the ryghteous are in the hands of God, and no torment toucheth them. But to returne to the lightes in which there ar yet twoo thinges to be considered. First, why they leade men out of their waye. And secondly, why they seeme to follow men and go before thẽ. The cause why they leade men out of the waye, is, that mẽ whyle they take hede to such lights, and are also sore affrayde, they forgett their waye, and then being ones but a litle out of their waye, they wãder they woote not whether, to waters, pyttes, and other very daungerous places, which, when at lengthe they hadde the waye home, wyll tell a greate tale, how they have been lead about by a spirite in the likenes of fyre. Nowe the cause why they seeme to goe before men, or to followe them, some men haue sayde to be the mouing of the ayre by the goyng of the man, which ayre moued, shold driue them forward if they were before, and drawe them after, if they were behynd. But this is no reason at all, that the fire which is oftẽtimes, thre or fowre miles distaunt from the man that walketh, shold be moued to and froo by that ayre which is moued through his walkinge, but rather the mouing of the ayre & the man's eyes, causeth the fyre to seeme as though it moued, as the Moone to chyl dren seemeth, if they are before it, to run after them: if she be before them, to run before them, that they can not ouertake her though she seeme to be very neare them. Wherefore these lyghtes rather seeme to moue, then that they be moued in deade.”

J. H.

¶ *Old Madrigals.* \*

i.

“ In vain he seeks for beautie that excelleth,  
 That hath not seen her eyes where Loue soiourneth;  
 How sweetly here and there the same she turneth,  
 He knowes not how loue healeth and how he quelleth;  
 That knowes not how she sighes and sweet beguileth,  
 And how she sweetly speakes and sweetly smyleth.

ii. I

\* *Musica Transalpina, Altus. Madrigales translated of foure, five, and sixe partes, chosen out of diuers excellent authors, with the first and second part of La Verginella, made by Maister Byrd, upon*  
*truro*



## ii.

I saw my lady weeping and Lone did languish,  
 And of their plaint ensued so rare concenting,  
 That neuer yet was heard more sweet lamenting,  
 Made all of tender pittie and mournfull anguish :  
 The floods forsaking their delightfull swelling.  
 Stayd to attend their plaint ; the winds enraged,  
 Still and content to quiet calm asswaged,  
 Their wonted storins and euery blast rebelling.

## (Part 2.)

Like as from heauen the dew full softly showring,  
 Doth fall and so refresh both fieldes and closes :  
 Filling the parched flowers with sap and sauour :  
 So while she bath'd the violets and the roses,  
 Vpon her louely cheekes so freshly flow'ring :  
 The spring reneu'd his force with her sweet fauour.

## iii.

Sleepe, sleepe mine only juell,  
 Much more thou didst delight mee,  
 Then my belou'd, to cruell,  
 That hid hir face to spyte mee.

## (Part 2.)

Thou bringst her home full nye me,  
 While she so fast did flye me,  
 By thy meanes I behold those eyes so shyning,  
 Long time absented, that look so mild appeased ;  
 Thus is my grieffe declyning :  
 Thou in my dreames dost make desire well pleased.  
 Sleepe if thou be like death, as thou art fayned,  
 A happy lyfe by such a death were gayned.

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*two Stanza's of Ariosto, and brought to speake English with the rest. Published by N. Yonge in fauour of such as take pleasure in musicke of voices. Imprinted at London by Thomas East the assigne of William Byrd. 1588. Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis. Cantvs, Bassvs, Sextvs, same date. Dedicated to Gilbert, Lord Talbot, son of George, Earl of Shrewsbury: wherein Yonge observes, "I endeoured to get into my hands all such English songes as were praise worthie, and amongst others I had the hap to find in the hands of some of my good friends certaine Italian Madrigales translated most of them five years ago by a gentleman for his priuate delight," which form part of the collection. Dated first of October, 1588. Contains 57 pieces. For extracts from second part of the Musica Transalpina, see Cens. Lit. Vol. IX. p. 5. In the present collection may be found the poem inserted in England's Helicon, ed. 1812. p. 204.*

## iv.

Rubyes and pearles and treasure,  
Kingdomes, renowne and glory ;  
Please the delightful minde and cheare the sory ;  
But much the greater measure  
Of true delight he gaineth,  
That for the fruits of Loue sues and obtaineth.

## v.

The fayre yong virgin is like the rose vntainted,  
In garden faire while tender stalk doth beare it ;  
Sole and vntoucht, with no resort acquainted,  
No shepherd nor his flock doth once come neere it :  
Th'ayre full of sweetnesse, the morning fresh depainted,  
The earth the water with all their fauours cheer it :  
Daintie yong gallants, and ladies most desired,  
Delight to haue therewith their head and breasts attyred.

(Part 2.)

Bvt not soone from greene stock where it growed,  
The same is pluckt and from the same remoued ;  
As lost is all from heauen and earth that flowed,  
Both fauour grace and beauty best beloued :  
The virgin faire that hath the flower bestowed,  
Which more than life to gard it her behoued ;  
Loseth hir praise, and is no more desired  
Of those that late vnto hir loue aspired.\*

## vi.

Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth,  
With flowers and herbs and winter's frost exileth ;  
Progne now chirpeth and Philomele lamenteth,  
Flora the garlands white and red compileth,  
Fields doe reioyce the frowning skye relenteth,  
Ioue to behold his dearest daughter smyleth :  
Th'ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth ;  
Each creature now to loue him reconcileth.

(Part 2.)

But with me wretch the storms of woe perseuer,  
And heauy sighes which from my hart she strayneth ;  
That tooke the key therof to heauen for euer,  
So that singing of byrds and spring time flowryng,  
And ladies loue that men's affection gayneth,  
Are lyke a desert and cruell beasts deuouring.

J. H.

\* This is the piece in two parts referred to in the title as by Bird.



# Skelton Poeta.



Ete mo mansura die dum sidera fulgent  
Equora dumq; tument hec laurea nostra virebit  
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomē referetur ad astra  
Vndiq; Skeltonis memorabitur altera donis

## Portrait of John Skelton, Poet Laureat,

OB: 21 JUNE 1529 Æ. ABOUT 68.

The doggrel though humourous rhimes of this ancient poet laureat are amongst the earliest attempts at personal satire in our language. Chaucer and others that preceded, did not spare the drones of the confessional, but the pungency of general satire never equals scurrilous ribaldry and low invective in provoking curiosity and gratifying the invidious appetite of the multitude. Perhaps from that circumstance it has happened, that while the works of earlier poets have but slowly and almost recently obtained general circulation, many of the pieces of Skelton are found, during the reign of Elizabeth, when much of their poignancy had abated, to have the renewed impress of several printers, and to be preserved for posterity, when the names of better poets must have been lost in oblivion.

His works were partially collected as "*pithy, pleasant, and profitable,*" for Thomas Marsh in 1568; and reprinted in 1736, but by what editor is not known. There is an unimportant transposition of some pieces from the beginning to the end of the volume. Mr. A. Chalmers has since given place to Skelton's name among the English poets:\* and having had an opportunity to compare the original edition with Mr. Chalmers's volume, I can pronounce the text verbally accurate, although taken from the reprint of 1736.

We had collected some few notices relative to the author and his works; but find the material part of them incorporated with the researches and additions made by Mr. Bliss to Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.†

As our readers probably possess both the volumes of Chalmers and Bliss, which have so lately appeared, we shall not consider it necessary to enlarge upon the subject beyond the description of the portrait given in a former number.

The print is taken, we believe, from a tracing made by the late George Steevens; and now in the British

\* Vol. II. p. 227.

† Ed. 1813. Vol. I. p. 49.

Museum; and, as appears, in the hand-writing of Steevens, is from the back of the title-page to "*A ryght delectable tratyse upon a goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell by Mayster Skelton Poete laureat studiously dyvysed ot Sheryshotton Castell. In ye. foreste of galtres. Where in ar cōprusyde many & dyvers solacyous & ryght pregnant allectyves of syn-gular pleasure, as more at large it doth apere in ye. pees folowynge.*

"*Inprynted by me Rycharde faukes dwellyd in duram rent or else in Powlys chyrche yarde at the sygne of the A B C. The yere of our lorde god. M.CCCC. XXIII. The. III. day of Octobre.*" 4to. b. 1.\*

J. H.

¶ *Honour in his perfection: or a treatise in commendations of the Vertues and Renowned vertuous vnder-takings of the Illustrious and Heroyicall Princes Henry Earle of oxenford. Henry Earle of Southampton. Robert Earle of Essex: and the euer praise-worthy and much honoured Lord, Robert Bartve, Lord Willoughby, of Eresby: with a briefe Cronology of theirs, and their Auncestours Actions. And to the eternall memory of all that follow them now, or will imitate them hereafter, especially those three noble Instances, the Lord Wriouthesley, the Lord Delaware, and the Lord Montjoy. At nunc horrentia Mortis arma virumq: Cano. London, printed by B. Alsop for Benjamin Fisher, and are to be sold at his shop in Pater noster Row, at the signe of the Talbot. 1624. 4to.*

Dedicated "to the honovr and eternall memorie of the foure illustrious, great, heroyicall and noble houses; the house of Oxford; the house of Southampton, the House of Essex, and the House of Willoughby, and to all the liuing braunches, Males and Females which truly deriue themselves from any of those long honoured and princely families." And is subscribed

\* Should the reader compare the above with the *Ane:does of Literature*, Vol. I. p. 207, there will be no necessity to refer to the Cracherode Collection. We stand pledged for the accuracy of the transcript from Steevens,

“ a deuoted and true admirer of your honourd vertues G. M.”  
Probably Gervase Markham.

Upon a single leaf are the names of the officers in the four regiments of which the three Earls and Lord Willoughby were respectively Colonels.

“ Honour in his Perfection,” commences with describing the Excellency, Antiquity, duty, glory, and reward of a Soldier. A definition of honour, its antiquity, universality, and privileges. An invocation to Britain, and then the story of the house of Oxford compared with Cæsar. Of John the 15th Earl he relates that “ Edward the fourth (amazed at his actions) said, ‘ that Oxford was an Eagle in the warres, and soared aboue the clouds when he thought to take him, but fell suddenly vpon those which held him farther off and shewed them destruction :’ And the Duke of Gloster being asked his opinion of this Earle, said, ‘ He was the best sword and buckler that euer defended the House of Lancaster.” . . . Of John the 16th Earl of Oxford, he relates an amusing story of his killing a wild boar when on foot at a hunt in France with a common rapier to the admiration of the noblemen who were beholders, and replying to the observation on his over daring : “ My lords, what troubles you, or what myrackle haue I done of which I haue no feeling, is it the killing of this english pyg? Why euery boy in my Nation would haue performed it, they may be bug-bearers to the French, to vs they are but ser-uants ; I tel you, had an heard of Lyons beene in his place, I would haue done as much, and said vnto them with the poet, *Dominum cognoscite vestrum*. I tell you Man was created Master of all liuing creatures.” At this the French were mute and only said amongst themselves that his valour and his Fortune had shakt hands and agreed to raise his name above comparison.”

In the account of Henry, second Earl of Southampton, the author speaks of having lived many years where he daily saw the Earl, and of having accompanied him in a journey to the Azores. After descanting on the families and honours of the other noblemen, he concludes with the following as “ a remembrance of the Lord Wriothsley, the Lord De-Ware, and the Lord Montioy.”

“ When (O Britaine) thou hast read these foure Chronicles to thy younger Schollers ; if thou findest any heauie or vnapt for Noble Action ; especially, where youth and abilitie of body bath giuen incouragement of better hopes, then point them out these three young Cæsars : the Lord Wriothsley, the Lord La Ware, and the Lord Montioy, let them looke vpon them

them with admiration, and when they haue perfittly viewed them, let them sigh and blush for shame that they are not equall partners of their vndertakings; let them behold the obiect wheratt they looke, and they shall finde it is sacred and not prophane, a marke of holinesse, not a blazing meteor of greatnesse; looke on the chaine which drawes them, and they shall finde it iustice, not the quarrel of earthly passion; and let them looke at the end wheratt they would aime, and they shall finde it in Heauen and the Communitie with Saints not the Court (which is the Theater of worldly praise) nor the princes fauour: But if all this preuaile not, but still this secure Slumber of Peace will lye heauy vpon them; then stirre vp thy warme blood, and modestly thus chide them:

“ Tell them, that as the King is the great maine Ocean or Sea of all Honour, and may bestow his waters freely at his pleasure; so expects from those which are his pettie Riuers, that hourelly to him they pay backe their Tributes: That hand which giues Honor, euer lookes from the honour'd hand to receiue some seruice; Then you (O you yong men, you able men) you that haue receiued honors beyond expectations, fauours past hope, and wealth past merit. Looke whether your Riuers be not conuerted to standing lakes, and no Tribute returned, and whether<sup>d</sup> your seruices be not concealed, whiles poore barren wishes only make good the place of a dead duty; if you finde these faults amend them, if you finde these faults forsake them.

“ Againe, tell these great ones (whom hardly Thunder can awaken) that when they neglect Honour, they neglect and are rebellious against God, and it is a meere folly for them to hope to rule men, whom they will not be ruled by him that made them; But they will answere thee, that greatnesse of place, giues them priueledge from Censure, and so they can cary a faire shew, no matter for sufficiencie. Reply thou that it is folly to thinke so, for assure them that a superficiall shew of sufficiencie, is but like small wines which will not keepe, and being once tainted, no poison like that of Contempt.

“ Say vnto those which are dull, and want good matter wheron to build great thoughts, that as small springs are soon emptied if the be often drawne, so spirits that haue weake foundations, silence is good to make them seeme wise; but when Wisdome comes to proue them, euery imagined good thing (in them) falls asunder like so many disioyned peices.

“ Tell the phanta-ticke Mimickes of honour, those which are carried away with euery shadow of fauour or fashion, that neuer fixe vpon any thing that is constant or serious; that alwaies hunt after vanities, and thinke no exercise in Armes so meritorious, as tossing a Shyttilwike: tell them the study of vaine things is a toilesome Idlenesse, and a painefull  
folly;



folly; the spirit which is strucke with this disease, are very hardly cured; neither can their curiositie in this kinde (how carefull soeuer) afford them any thing but ignorance; and believe it, there is nothing more dishonourable or daungerous either to Court or Common-wealth, then an Ignorant great one: Tell them that Henry the Great of France, call'd Ignorant, Noble Men Golden Calues, and all that did Reuerence to them, well worthy to perish for Idolatrie: It was his opinion, that Noblemen might bee borne good, generous, and capable of Vertue; but Instruction only makes them wise: Wisedome cannot be gotten without paine, she cannot be sold, or if she could, it is ten to one, this sort of Nobilitie would neuer buy her, there are so many follies to step betwixt her and them, which are both cheape, and euer ready to pull downe the market.

“ Lastly, and for a Conclusion of this small Treatise, say to him whatsoever hee be that shall taxe me of bitterness, or thinke I have gone beyond the bounds of good manners in seeking to aduise them, who are aboue the rule of my knowledge, and that whatsoever is aboue me doth nothing belong vnto me, tell them they are mistaken: Bid them call to minde, that the Tree which grew from Romulus' Jaueling (when he threw it into the ground) was walled about by the Romans, and kept so carefully, that if any man (of what degree soeuer) saw the leaues begin to wither, he presently gaue the allarum to the whole Citie, and cryed for water as if all had beene on fire: In like manner Subjects haue cause to grieue and call out, when as those plants, from whence the hope to gather the strength of protection, the fruits of Justice and the shadow of their rest, doe wither either through the negligence of those which should prune and preserue them, or through the want of good Sap, which might be infused into them by due watering and manuring Finis.”

J. H.

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¶ *Ariosto's Satyres, in seven famous discourses, shewing the state. 1. Of the Court, and Courtiers. 2. Of Libertie, and the Clergie in generall. 3. Of the Romane clergie. 4. Of Marriage. 5. Of Soldiers, Musitians, and Louers. 6. Of Schoolmastrs and Scholers. 7. Of Honour, and the happiest life. In English by Gervis Markham. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Roger Jackson, dwelling in Fleet street, neere the great Conduit. 1608. qto. pp. 108.*

¶ *Ariosto:*

¶ *Ariostos seven Planets governing Italie. Or his Satyrs in seven famous discourses, shewing the estate 1. Of the Court, and Courtiers. 2. Of Libertie and the Clergy in general. 3. Of the Romane Clergie. 4. Of Marriage. 5. Of Soldiers, Musicians, and Louers. 6. Of Schoolemasters and Schollers. 7. Of Honour, and the happiest life. Newly Corrected and Augmented, with many excellent and note worthy notes, together with a new Addition of three most excellent Elegies, written by the same Lodovico Ariosto, the effect whereof is contained in the Argument. Qui te sui te sui. London, Printed by William Stansby for Roger Jackson, dwelling in Fleete streete neere the Conduit. 1611.*

This translation is claimed by Robert Tofte in a note upon the *Blazon of Jealousie*, and wherein he states it to have been, unknown to him, "set forth in another man's name." There is no difference in the two editions of the Satires, except in the titles. To the last are appended three elegies, with a new pagination. The following is the address

" *To the Reader.*

"Gentle Reader, the vertuous, with their owne, hauing alwaies regard to another's good, do painfully bestow houres, dayes, and yeares, to make that easie to others, which they with great labour haue obtained; in their places, vsing all meanes, to reclaime all persons from all manner vices, and to furnish them with such gifts of grace, as to make the possessors all ioyntly happy. From the man of experience, which hath learning and wisdome, thou mayst bee sure to receiue good instruction. I know my selfe vnable to give the Author of this booke his due commendation: if I were, and did, yet should I seeme to some to flatter; to others, not to haue said enough: wherefore for thy contentment, let this suffice thee: the Author had his education with the learned, his liuing among the greatest concourse of people, and his life vnreprouable. For his gifts, the world hath already had sufficient experience, in that famous worke of Orlando Furioso. Whoeuer thou art, I dare assure thee, thou mayest in this discourse (as in a glasse) see thy present estate, and so not misse to iudge rightly of thy end. In reading thou shalt finde pleasure both in the matter and forme, by considering thou shalt  
be

be able to instruct thy selfe and others ; but by practising as thou ought, thou shalt finde settled happinesse. Let the example of others be thy instruction, to flye that euill which hath beene their ouerthrow, and to embrace that good which was their aduancement. Be thankfull first to God, then to the Author, and lastly to thy Country-man, who for thy sake without any other recompence, hath taken the paines in most exquisite manner, to bee thy interpreter. Vale."

Then " the argument of the whole worke, and the reasons why Lodouico Ariosto writ these Seauen Satyres." Some tales are introduced in the Satires as the well known one of Hans Carvels ring in the fifth Satire. The following is from the third.

" William surnamed Rufus, when in hand,  
 He swaid the english scepter at command,  
 It chan't a wealthy Abby voide did fall,  
 Whose great demeanes being rich in generall,  
 Many came to the king the same to buy,  
 (For he did money loue exceedingly.)  
 Now when Church-chapmen all were com'd vnto him,  
 And with their vtmost summes did amply woo him,  
 He spide a Monke stood halfe behinde the dore,  
 Whom straight he cald, and bade him come before :  
 Imagining he came as did the rest,  
 With full filde bagges, to make his offer best :  
 And therefore thus the King most graciously  
 Speakes to the Monke : " Tell me man willingly,  
 What thou wilt giue ; great the reuennues are,  
 And thou free leaue to offer for thy share."  
 " My gracious Lord (the old man did reply)  
 I came not hither this rich place to buy :  
 For I am poore : or had I wealth at will,  
 I would not load my conscience with such ill,  
 As to ingresse Church-liuings aboue other,  
 Making me rich by robbing of my brother.  
 Besides I were an asse to vndertake,  
 To lay too great a burthen on my backe :  
 Which to support I know I am vnfit,  
 Both for my learning, industry and wit.  
 Onely I hither came in humble wise,  
 To beg of him which to this place should rise,  
 That I this petty fauour might but haue,  
 To be his priest, his Beadse-man or his slane."  
 The King who heard this olde man gratiously,  
 And finding in him true humility,

Whence

Whence his rare vertues sprang so curiously,  
 That they exceld his ranke in dignity :  
 Freely and franckly without recompence,  
 Gae him this Abbey and dispatcht him thence.

J. H.

*To Correspondents.*

We feel particularly indebted to the Gentleman who furnished several volumes for inspection, through the medium of Mr. Triphook. The not giving excerpts from his interesting Collection of Manuscript Poems, has arisen from not being able to appropriate so large a space as the nature of the Collection was entitled to.

An intelligent friend suggests, that at p. 103, l. 5, for bowgyt we should read bowgty, i. e. booty; and at p. 115, l. 6 from the bottom, thoil means toil.



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FINIS.



CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ OF THE WORKS PUBLISHED  
BY HEARNE.

*To the Editor of the British Bibliographer.*

SIR,

The attention of the public having recently been powerfully directed towards the works edited by that celebrated antiquary THOMAS HEARNE, and the letter,\* as well as the printed proposals, of Mr. Bagster, bookseller, having informed us of his intention to republish all the productions of the same antiquary, in a manner at once elegant and correct, you may probably have no objection to the present communication; which has, for its object, the promotion of antiquarian works in general, and the illustration, or accurate description, of those of Thomas Hearne in particular. I beg leave, however, to premise that it is far from my intention, as well as beyond my ability, to enter into a critical disquisition upon the comparative merits and demerits of these multifarious publications. My object is chiefly *bibliographical*; and as such you may consider this epistle the better entitled to a niche in your periodical journal.

Subjoined to the biographies of Wood, Leland, and Hearne, printed in two octavo volumes at Oxford, 1772, there is a copious, and, upon the whole, minute and accurate, list of Hearne's publications. Much, however, remains to be noticed, and to be added to this list; and if the present attempt, which I would call a *Catalogue Raisonné of the Works edited by Hearne*, should be deemed in some measure to have supplied these deficiencies, and to be useful at a moment when there is such an ardent and general thirst to possess the publications of this antiquary, I shall consider myself amply remunerated for the pains and trouble it may have cost me.

One word more, Mr. Editor, by way of preliminary remark; and this relates to the laudable plan of Mr.

\* *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1809, Vol. LXXIX. Part II.

B

Bagster,

Bagster. Every one who has seen (and what man of literary taste is there who does not *possess*?) his elegant reprint of *Walton's Complete Angler*, must, while he wishes well to his present undertaking, be convinced that it will be creditably executed. For my own part, I will frankly confess that I have seen, and highly commend, the plan, or rather the reprint itself, of those volumes \* which are shortly to meet the public eye: but I would anxiously wish both the publisher and editor, again and again to reflect, how far a reprint of the *entire works* of Hearne (as they are called) may be a profitable or even useful undertaking!—and whether the advice of the Oxford editor, † and the opinion of a late learned antiquary, ‡ may not be worth an attentive consideration upon

\* *Robert of Gloucester's*, and *Peter Langtoft's Chronicles*; 4 vols. 8vo. The common impression in medium octavo; a second, upon royal octavo paper; and a third in demi quarto, [with a beautiful pearl border, in red ink, round every page of this latter] ; are each excellently well printed, or “got up,” as the technical phrase is. The number of the copies, on each paper, is very limited.

† “A judicious collection of the more curious papers, published by him, would be a valuable work; but it is said, that such an undertaking has not been carried into execution for private reasons respecting his family.” Edit. 1772. vol. i. p. 33. Note; might it not be inferred from this passage, that it would be necessary to examine the papers of Hearne, wherever now deposited, in order to make this reprint complete?

‡ “A friend proposes, that all Mr. Thomas Hearne's works should be printed in two volumes, folio. Some of the publications are, indeed, scarce worth reprinting; but, as gentlemen will ever be desirous of collecting them, it would be no bad scheme to reprint them together, in the manner proposed; as it would both reduce the price, and make the volumes more easily to be come at, some being now exceedingly scarce.” *Anonymiana*, p. 273. edit. 1809, 8vo.

To this it may be replied, that, if “a great book be a great evil,” a “folio” is a much greater evil than an “octavo;” besides, the convenience of the latter size, [which has been acknowledged in the reprint of all law publications in it] is too obvious to require an argument to support it. It is very well for such men as the late Dr. Pegge, and the living Professor Heyne—who, by using three or four, or even eight desks, have “ample room and verge enough” to wield their folios,—to talk thus:—but, “non omnia possumus omnes.”

In the preceding passage from the “*Anonymiana*” I have omitted the mention of Dr. Wilkin's critique on Hearne's works, as inserted in his preface to Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannica*. This critique I have read; but it is very short (being occasionally subjoined to his description of some of Hearne's pieces) and not very important. However, the “judgment” of Dr. Wilkins shall be brought forward in the course of my *Catalogue Raisonné*. The opinion pronounced upon Bishop Nicolson's *Historical Library*

upon this occasion? As to the particular works which should be reprinted, the present is not the place to consider them: there can be no question about the intrinsic excellence, or the probability of the sale, of those which are forthwith to appear. Thus much only may here be added, with reference to the publication of the *future* volumes; that those works should first be printed which are not only very scarce, but very curious and interesting; and that the scattered notices of Hearne upon a particular subject, in various works published at different periods, should be brought together into one publication, be the same in two, three, or more volumes. Moreover, that the errors should be corrected, the appendixes, notes, and annotations thrown into their proper places, and, where an opportunity occurs, additional information should be introduced: for, it may be said of Hearne's works, as it was by an eminent black-letter critic of Shakspeare's; 'if they are worth reading, they are worth illustrating.'

It is a conviction of the importance of this mode of arranging Hearne's publications that has induced me, in forming my *Catalogue Raisonné* of the same, to

brary, both by Hearne and Wilkins, is a just one: and might not something similar be pronounced upon the learned work to which the latter's opinion is prefixed? A new edition of Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannica* is, indeed, a great desideratum in literature.

It may be worth adding, that Fabricius, long ago, had expressed a wish for the republication of Hearne's pieces. In his *Biblioth. Mediæ et Inf. Ætatis*, vol. i. 276. [edit. 1734, 8vo.] he says, quæ [nimirum Hearnii Opera] junctim excudi curante aliquo viro docto, esset tanto magis operæ pretium, quoniam et digna pleraque quæ studiosorum Historiæ terantur manibus, et rarissima sunt omnia, editore hoc agente scilicet, ut paucissima tantum singulorum exempla typis exscriberentur." He then briefly notices about fourteen of Hearne's pieces that had fallen under his observation. Vogt, in his *Catalogus Libror. Rariorum* [edit. 1793, 8vo. p. 420] reiterates the wishes of Fabricius; telling us, what few modern collectors stand in need of being apprised of—"paucis exemplaribus, nec exiguo pretio, imprimuntur; quo fit, ut iis semel distractis libri *immensi pretio* veneant." Hearne's works are scarcely known in France. De Bure gives but a meagre and partial notice of them; and neither Fournier, nor Peignot, the latest and among the most active bibliographers, have incorporated them in their recent works. Consult the former's *Dictionnaire Portatif de Bibliographie*, 1855, 8vo. and the latter's *Essai de Curiosités Bibliographiques*, 1804, 8vo. and *Bibliographie Curieuse* 1808, 8vo. The fine libraries of Gaignat, the Duke de la Valliere, Boze, Prince de Soubise, Gouffard, Favier, Boutourlin, and Santander, are quite barren of our antiquary's publications.

commence it with an account of those volumes which treat of

### The Antiquities of Glastonbury.

- I. THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF GLASTONBURY; by an anonymous author who entitles it "A little Monument to the once famous abbey and borough of Glastonbury. [Or, a short specimen of the history of that ancient monastery and town, giving an account of the rise and foundation of both. To which is added, the description of the remaining ruins, and of such an abbey, as that of Glastonbury is supposed to have been: &c. &c.] From a MS. never before printed.\* Oxford, printed at the Theatre, 1722, 8vo." [*Published at 10s. 6d. the small paper: 1l. 1s. the large; number of the large is not specified. 151 Subscribers.*]

Opposite the title page there is an indifferent plate of a monk of St. Benedict, executed, I suppose, from one of the cuts in the 'Monasticon Anglicanum:' and facing page 285 are three cuts (folded); namely, 1. A Prospect of Littlemore Minchery, and a view of the Nuns' dining table in the refectory: 2. The Effigies of Mr. William Smith: 3. An Inscription upon an old grave-stone, &c. These four cuts, with another of a medal of an ancient Earl Pembroke, introduced in

\* This MS. is said to be "Finisht April 38, 1716." The author of it, who I think is called by Hearne "a worthy and pious man," [see Pref. p. lxxxviii.] is said, "in the Bodleian Catalogue, to have been Dr. R. Rawlinson; but Hearne says the author was certainly Charles Eyston, of E. Hendred, Berks. So that Dr. R. was only publisher." See Gough's *British Topography*, vol. ii. 215.

The author, like R. Stephens [in his planning the division of the New Testament into verses] and Erasmus [in meditating upon his "Moriæ Encomium"], seems to have been indebted to a *journey upon horseback*, for the origin of the composition. He happens to alight at an inn; where, putting up his horse, he walks into the bar or common room, for refreshment, and entering into chit-chat with the landlord, hears a long gossiping story about the abbey of Glastonbury, in the neighbourhood of which the public-house chances to be. This excites in the author a wish to become better acquainted with the history of so extraordinary a place; and going home, he rummages the works of the "best antiquaries," from which he tells us his own composition is "gathered."

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the letter-press, p. LVII, (all of them very indifferent) are the only embellishments to the book. From page vii. to xciii. we have a copious, and rather curious, preface by Hearne, written in his vernacular tongue; being one of the very few which he wrote in the English language. Below,\* are submitted to the reader's notice some

\* "*Effigies on Tomb Stones.*

"Effigies on tombstones are often neglected, and overlooked, as if of little or no value, whereas sometimes they are excellently well done, and for that reason alone [were there no other] they ought carefully to be preserved, John Harewell's [Bishop of Bath and Wells, temp E. 3] was a very good one, and so were many besides, that are now quite gone. And, 'tis among such effigies, that we ought to reckon the images of cross-legged knights, as they are called, and of some others that are to be found in some churches." Preface xl.

"*Ditto on Brass Plates.*

"I know that the putting effigies on brass plates is now disused, and another pompous custom is come in its place. But it was continued for some time after the Reformation, as might be shewed in several instances. But I will leave particulars to future industry, VOL. XLIII. Hearne then notices the effigy of a Mr. William Smith, a celebrated Oxford man, which is not noticed in either of the editions of Wood.

"*Registering Names. Mortuary Bills.*

"Divers of those buried at Glastonbury, were benefactors either to the church or abbey there, and all their names were carefully and exactly registered. For this justice must be done to our ancestors before the Reformation, as to confess, that they were men of gratitude. They thought, and very justly too, that a good deed deserved an acknowledgment, For that reason they had many ways of recording their friends. The common method is books. But this was not sufficient. They embellished the sacred windows with names. But then they had no fulsome characters about their friends. They thought such eulogiums would rather hinder than encourage benefactions. I will not insert all the ways they had of commemorating what was done for them. One more, however, I will mention, and that is their *Mortuary Bills*, which contained catalogues of names, and were generally either fixed upon the sacristy, or else read by the curates before their Prones or short sermons. The bigger and more famous any church or chapel was, so much the greater number of mortuary bills belonged to it. So that it is inconceivable to think, what a variety there was at Glastonbury. Indeed no church or chapel was without them.

"I will not pretend to plead for prayers for the dead, or to justify any error or mistakes. But I hope, a commemoration or mention of our dead friends and benefactors, is no crime, and that the ancients do not deserve any ill character for returning thanks to God for raising them such, whatever may be said against them for praying for them in the separate state. Many curious gentlemen collect, among other antiquities, these mortuary bills, and I had one lately lent me by my ingenious and worthy friend, Mr. John Murray, of London. What church or chapel it belonged to, Mr. Murray cannot learn, but, from the hand, I take it to be about the time of Richard II. and since Mr. Murray [as he hath often told me] found it in a MS. of Hilton's Scale of Perfection, that once belonged to the

some extracts from this preface, which are conceived to be sufficiently striking of Hearne's peculiar manner of

Charter House, before the dissolution; it is very probable that it relates to some benefactors of that monastery. It is written on a large octavo leaf of vellum, and contains the following words:

for the soule of Roger Houghton, and Ione: And for the soule of Nicholas Yong and Margaret; \* Sir Iohn Browne for the soule of Syr Iohn Rudkyn. And for the soule off Emmot Skyllington. And for the soule of Thomas Parkyn and Ione. And for † the Henry Walgat. And for the soule of Rychard Florry and Margere. for the soule off John Coye and William Coye: And for the soule of Mayster Roger flour. And for the soule of Mayster Rychard Thymmylby. ‡ God have mercy on these soules, and of all Crystan soules

am not, by any means, an enemy to reformation; but then, I hope, wickedness will not be called such. No good man, surely, will either commend ingratitude, or extoll those that are against keeping up the memory of excellent persons; much less will he applaud such as will not let the bones of pious men and women rest, even in the places where they had raised churches and chapells. I could here recount several sad stories, and some, too, of things that have happened within my own memory. I am not far from a place, where an eminent benefactor was forgot almost as soon as he was dead; I am sure within a few years after his death, the costly building he raised was pulled down, and his benefaction looked upon as just nothing. But such stories will grate." Pref. p. XLVII: LII.

*" Use of Painted Glass Windows.*

" What light would it give to our accounts of Glastonbury, if we could now see the windows that were there in old time, in which the history of Joseph of Arimathea and his companions coming thither, and settling there, was depicted? Nay, what encouragement would it be to virtue, to find a great number of other historical passages neatly done in the glass of that place, and most carefully preserved, till destroyed by such as stuck at no wickedness to gratify their lusts? Were there no other instances of the use of such glass, the west window, that was formerly in St. Marie's church in the University of Oxford, were sufficient proof, in which window was painted the whole history of King Alfred's restoring that university, and many ancient and laudable customs were

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\* These three words are in a later hand. † The words " soule of" are wanting. ‡ These three lines are in a small hand of the same age.

of thinking and writing. Then follows the preface of the anonymous author of the "Little Monument," which occupies thirteen unnumbered pages; and in which he gives us some account of the authorities that he used in its compilation.\* Next comes the 'Little Monument' itself, comprehending 160 pages. The following pieces, as specified in the Oxford List before mentioned, close the volume :

1. *Fundatio et statuta Cantariæ Sheringtonianæ in ecclesia cathedrali divi Pauli Londini.* e Cod. MS. veteri penes D. Edvardum Filmer, de East Sutton in agro Cantiano, Baronnetum. p. 161.
2. *Dr. Plot's Letter to the Earl of Arlington, concerning Thetford* From the Original in the hands of the Author's Son in law, Mr. John Burnan. p. 225.
3. *Some Fragments relating to the Brittish Antiquities, written by old Oliver Mathews.* From a MS. communicated by Dr. Thorpe of Rochester. p. 237.
4. *Notes out of the Church Register in Thatcham in Berks, communicated by Thomas Rawlinson, Esqr.* p. 272.
5. *Extracts from the Register of Hwakeshead in Lancash, beginning A<sup>o</sup>. 1508.* communicated also by Tho. Rawlinson, Esq. p. 280.
6. *Extract of a Letter, written by Jer. Loveday, relating to the Register of Bisham in Berks.* p. 284.

were cleared and explained by it. From this window, a controversy between the Doctors and Masters was decided; namely, whether the masters were to be covered in convocations and congregations, and it was carried in behalf of the masters, from the painting in that window, in which they were represented covered in such assemblies." Pref. p. LXXI. 28c.

\* "I have all along, says he, used Protestant authorities, excepting only where I find Protestants not concurring with Saunders, † Reyner, and Cressy. And the reason why I prefer their sentiments before Protestants, is, because Saunders lived at the time of the dissolution, being a fellow of New College in Oxford, in 1546; which was but nine years at most after the dissolution of this monastery, and Reyner and Cressy were both monks of the same order that the monks of Glastonbury were of, so had better opportunities of knowing, and [in all likelihood] did know, more of the matter of fact than Mr. Wood or Mr. Willis could know." p. 5. His account of the Benedictine Monks, the original tenants of the abbey, is briefly and prettily written in the preface: he having "said but little of them in the book itself."

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† Saunders must be a stubbed boy, if not a man, at the dissolution of abbeys; therefore what he reports, probably, was from his own knowledge?

7. *E. Thomæ Gascoigne Dictionario Theologico MS<sup>o</sup>. excerptum*, unde liquet, Johannem de Gaunt, lue venerea misere affectum ac cruciatum diem obiisse. p. 290.
8. *Index librorum, quos Johannes de Bruges Monachus Coventriensis scripsit ad opus sive usum ecclesiæ Coventriensis*. Una cum recensione aliquot terrarum ecclesiarum, ab ecclesia Coventriensi alienarum. E. MSS. vet. in Bibl. Bodl. p. 291.
9. *De Capellano Universitatis Oxoniensis, & de solenni ejusdem Universitatis Benefactorum celeberrimorum Commemoratione*, ex epistolis v. doctiss. Thomæ Bakeri Excerpta. p. 295.
10. *Bishop Goodman and Mr. Ashmole's account of the Glastonbury Thorne*. E Cod. MSS. penes Editorem. p. 301.\*
11. *Ex Epistola v. doctiss. Thomæ Bakeri Excerptum*, de Abbatibus quibusdam Glastoniensibus, & de constructionibus quorundam Monasteriorum. p. 303.
12. *Out of a Letter written by Dr. John Thorpe of Rochester concerning Sherington's Library, Chapell, and Place of burial*. p. 307.
13. *Formula antiqua nuptias in iis partibus Angliæ (Occidentalibus nimirum) quæ Ecclesiæ Herefordensis in ritibus ecclesiasticis, ordine sunt usæ, celebrandi* p. 309.
14. *A Charter of the Prior and Convent of Poghley*, by which they grant a tenement in South-Denchworth, to Elias de Bagenore. p. 326.
15. *The Indenture constituting John Att Hyde, Steward of the Priory of Poghley*; with an Inventory of the Goods committed to his Trust. p. 328.

The preceding will be found to be the most copious and accurate description yet published of Hearne's first attempt at illustrating the antiquities of the far-famed abbey of Glastonbury. It would seem that he had rather sharpened, than satisfied, his appetite in this new undertaking. His natural turn for seriousness, his enthusiastic admiration of monastic establishments, and his reverence for the literary undertakings carried on in

\* "Bishop Goodman, in his '*Two great mysteries of the Christian Religion*,' 1652, thinks this miraculous thorn first appeared at the dissolution, as an emblem that religion should survive that event, no ancient author having mentioned it. Ashmole says, Gerard, Parkinson, and Camden, are the first that speak of it. Appendix to Hist. of Glast. p. 301." Gough's *British Topography*, Vol. ii. 216.

them,



them,\* quickly led him to make other discoveries, and to receive other communications, connected with his beloved Glastonbury. Accordingly, about four years after his first publication, he put forth

II. JOHANNIS CONFRATRIS ET MONACHI GLASTONIENSIS CHRONICA; sive Historia de Rebus Glastoniensibus. E Codice MS. membraneo antiquo descripsit ediditque Tho. Hearnius. Qui et ex eodem Codice historiolum de antiquitate et augmentatione vetustæ ecclesiæ S. Maniæ Glastoniensis præmisit, multaque excerpta e Richardi Beere (abbatis Glastoniensis terrario hujus cœnobii) subjecit, &c. Oxon. 1726. 8vo. 2 vols. [*Published at 1l. 1s. the small, and 2l. 2s. the large paper. Number of the latter not specified. About 140 Subscribers*]. We have

1. *Hearne's Preface in Latin*; in which there is some curious matter, and a good deal said about ancient coins, and the

\* In consequence of the warmth and partiality of his sentiments relating to these subjects, in some of his prefaces, [see, in particular, those prefixed to Thomas of Otterburne, Walter de Hemingford, Johannes de Trokelowe, which will be noticed in their proper order] Hearne did not escape the imputation of dying a Roman Catholic; but this charge, which was also brought against his great predecessor Sir William Dugdale, was equally, with the latter, destitute of foundation. Our Antiquary, perhaps, went the full length of Ordericus Vitalis, in the following observation: "Sic in Angliâ Monasticus Ordo renovatus est: et in multis Cœnobiis gloriosum agmen Monachorum contra Satanam virtutum armis brumitum est: et perseveranter dimicare in prælio Domini donec victoriâ potiatur, nobilitèr edoctum est." [See Baron Masere's valuable *Historiæ Anglicanæ Selecta Monumenta*, p. 239, edit. 1807, 4to.]—but he did not, as far as I have been able to discover, subscribe to any of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith. To be sure, he takes care to give us a plentiful sprinkle of anecdotes of nunneries, abbeyes, &c. in almost all his appendices, notes, and addenda: witness, the long and wearisome account of the "Protestant Nunnery of Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire," subjoined to the second volume of "*Thomæ Cui Vindic. Antiquitat. Oxon.*" of which Mr. Lenton's sprightly letter to Sir Thomas Hetley is the only readable part. What would have been Hearne's sensations to have had the first rummaging of the monastery of Hirsauge, in Germany? the Chronicle of which was written by Trithemius, and first published in 1559, afterwards in 1690. two vols. folio! The Chronicler's account of the library in this monastery ["*Bibliotheca preciosa, et multis voluminibus cumulata*, p. 56, edit. 1559], may justify us in supposing that our antiquary, like Erasmus, [when the latter was busied in completing his edition of St. Jerom,—see Fabricius's excellent account of the labours of Erasmus; *Syllog. Opusc. Hist. Crit. Lit.* p. 366, 1738, 4to.] would have braved "perils of robbers, and perils of waters" in the accomplishment of so congenial an undertaking!

decayed,

decayed state of the mint of the realm : advising, very properly, the cultivation of that branch of useful antiquities which relates to ancient coins and gems. In praise of the text of his author, Hearne observes that his friend Dr. Smith, “ quum Museum Ashmoleanum adire soleret, præter alia, Codices ibi adservatos, *Johannem Glastoniensem* manu versare, et curiosis oculis lustrare é re sua duxit, elegantiam que etiam Codicis Ashmoleani laudare, qui Codex Ashmoleanus quippe operæ pretium est animadvertere) ad Bibliothecam San Gregorianam Duaci olim pertinebat, &c.’ Of the intrinsic excellence of this manuscript we shall presently speak. At page lix, among the prefatory matter, are some notes of Gerard Langbain (in Latin) relating to the MS. of John of Glastonbury, preserved in the Bodleian library. Then follows,

2. *Johannis Glastoniensis Chronica*, which fills the first volume, concluding at p. 284. The second volume begins with
3. *Excerpta E. Richardi Beere Terrario Cœnobii Glastoniensis*; concluding at page 357. Then, according to the Oxford Catalogue,
4. *Consuetudo Luminarii seu Cereorum*, in ecclesia Glastoniensi per Sacristam loci ad divinum officium exhibendorum. Ex eod. MS. veteri membrano in bibliotheca Collegii S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiæ. p. 358. This is a very curious piece of monastic antiquity.
5. *Charta Adami le Eyr de Soway*, Cœnobio Glastoniensi concessa, de reddito quodam annuo ad sustentationem cujusdam Cerei ac Luminaris. Ex eodem Cod. Cantabr.— p. 366.
6. *Charta Willelmi Hogheles de reddito quodam annuo*, ad sustentandum luminare ecclesiæ beatæ Mariæ Glastoniensis. p. 368. Ex eodem Codice.
7. *Ea que demisit frater Adam de Domesham* de bonis S. Dunstani in Thesauraria Glastoniense, A. D. 1289. p. 369. Ex eod. Codice.
8. *Index Chartarum*, aliorumque id genus, ad cœnobium Glastoniense spectantium tempore Johannis de Tantorla, Abbatis Glast. [A. D. 1290.] p. 370. Ex eod. Codice Cantabr. Very curious and interesting,
9. *Henrici III. Charta de cœnobio Glast.* Ex eodem Cod. p. 419.\*

\* This charter is taken from “ An ancient, fair, and very large leiger book of the abbey, called “ Secretum Abbatis,” because, always in his custody : it is in the Bodleian library, among Wood’s books bought by the University.”

*Gough’s British Topography*, vol. ii. 218.

10. *Numerus librorum Glastoniensis ecclesie*, qui fuerunt de librario anno Gratie m<sup>o</sup>. cc<sup>o</sup>. xl<sup>o</sup>. viii<sup>o</sup>. p. 423. Ex eodem Codice.\*
11. *Reliquie sacræ Glastoniensis ecclesie*. p. 445. Ex eod. Cod. All the ensuing pieces, as far as the Index, are comprehended in an "Appendix."
12. *Dr. Charlett's Letter to Archbishop Tenison, concerning the death of Mr. Anthony a Wood*, † p. 455. Ex Apographo Edvardi Burtoni, Armigeri, qui ex Autographo descripsit.
13. *Amicissimæ doctissimique Viri Thomæ Smithi, S. T. P. Epistolæ*, ‡ duæ de S. Ignatii epistolarum Codice MS. Mediceo,

"There is something, says Mr. Gough, extremely picturesque in Leland's account of this library, which he represents as the finest in England. Among the books here, appear Livy, Sallust, and some of Bede's pieces, so old as to be useless." *British Topography*, Vol. ii. 217. See also the note in the subsequent page. Leland's description is worth subjoining: "Eram aliquot abhinc annis [says he, in his account of MELCHINUS] Glessoburgi Somurotrigum, ubi antiquissimum simul et formosissimum est totius insulæ nostræ cænobium, animumque longo studiorum labore fessum, favente Richardo Whitingo, ejusdem loci abbate, recreabam; donec novus quidam cum legendi tum discendi ardor me inflammaret. Supervenit autem ardor ille citius opinione: itaque statim me contuli ad bibliothecam, non omnibus perviam, ut sacrosanctæ vetustatis reliquias, quarum tantus ibi numerus, quantus nullo alio facile Britannicæ loco, diligentissime evolverem. Vix certe limen intraveram, cum antiquissimorum librorum vel solus conspectus religionem, nescio an stuporem, animo incuteret meo; eaque de causa pedem paululum sistebam. Deinde, salutato loci numine, per dies aliquot omneis forulos curiosissime excussi." *De Scriptoribus Britannicis*, Vol. i. 41. Besides the classics mentioned by Mr. Gough, there appear to have been some opuscula of Pliny, Aristotle, Boetius, Pompeius, &c. Vide the above Catalogue.

† This letter is inserted in the *Life of Wood*, p. 398, published as the second volume to the work from which the above list is taken.

‡ These two letters have the following introductory passage, on the reverse of page 460. "Good Mr. Hearne, and my trusty friend. These two letters, with Mr. Ledgard's papers, you must preserve most carefully, and print them some time or other, tho' it bee 7 yeares hence—otherwise put them into the hand of some trusty friend, who will do mee this piece of justice and service, T. S." "When I read these lines, says the author of the *New Memoirs of Literature*, Vol. IV. 205, I thought Dr. Smith's letters were a sort of mystery: but it was a mistake. They were dated from Westminster, March 3, 1708-9, and Octob. 25, 1709. In the first Dr. Smith shews, that the manuscript of Saint Ignatius's epistles, in the library of the Great Duke of Tuscany, is very incorrect and faulty; and gives several instances of it, from the collation of Mr. Ledgar: in the second letter, Dr. Smith informs Mr. Hearne, that in the year 1677, Dr. Pearson, Bishop Fell, and Dr. Lloyd, at that time Dean of Bangor, proposed to send him into Greece, Anatolia and Egypt, to search for another copy of St. Ignatius's Epistles, and several works of the ancient Fathers not yet discovered. But Dr. Smith did not think to undertake such a journey, for some reasons mentioned by him. Those Letters are followed by Mr. Ledgard's Collation of the Florentine Manuscript of St. Ignatius'

- diceo, una cum V. cl. Johannis Ledgardi eadem de re observationibus. pag. 459.
14. *A supplication to Q. Mary, by John Dee,\* for the Recovery and Preservation of ancient Writers, and Monuments.* e Coll. MSS. Smithianis penes Edit. *with Dee's articles on that occasion.* pag. 490.
  15. *John Dee's account of his life and studies for half an hundred years.* p. 497. Ex iisdem Coll. MSS. Smithianis.
  16. *Out of John Dee's book, entituled famous and rich Discoveries: written in the year, 1577.* pag. 552.
  17. *Kalendarium monasterii de bello capite, id est, Beauchief ex Fundatione Baronum de Alfreton.* Ad fidem Cod. MS. mihi donati ab amico doctiss. Ricardo Graves, de Mickleton, in Agro Glocestriensi, Armigero. p. 557.
  18. *The Copy of a Paper, relating to Ashdowne or Ashbury, in Berkshire, communicated by my friend Mr. George Wigan, M. A. and Student of Christ Church.* p. 567.
  19. *Fragmentum quoddam historicum de eod. Cod. &c. vel fragmentum Historicum, capite & calce mutilum, sex foliis constans, quo Poetice & Stylo Cædmoniano celebratur virtus bellica BEORHTNOthi Ealdormanni & aliorum Anglo Saxonum, in prælio cum Danis, Anglo-Saxonice, pag. 570. e Cod. MS. in Bibliotheca Cott.*
  20. *Nota, ad bellum de Brannokburne pertinens e Boweri additionibus ad Joannem Fordunum penes Nobilissimum Comitem Oxoniensem.* p. 577.
  21. *Indulgentia Abbati & Conventui monasterii Glastoniensis concessa, de utendis pileis, dum interessent Divinis.* e Cod. MS. vet. in Bibl. Coll. Trin. Cantabr.—p. 579.
  22. *Index.* p. 581.
  23. *Notæ aliquot omissæ.* p. 606.

Ignatius's Epistles with the edition of Isaac Vossius." At p. 486 there is an account of the civility of Magilabechi, the famous Librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

\* In his preface, p. xx, &c. Hearne speaks with rapture of the discovery of this curious memorial, and the subsequent piece of biography, relating to John Dee. The whole is, indeed, singularly interesting; and has been almost verbally copied by me, to appear in a future edition of a recent work. Dee's library contained 4000 volumes, and was valued by him, perhaps exaggeratingly, at 2000*l.* It was the result of forty years active labour in collecting, and abounded with ancient classics, as well as with a copious harvest of books illustrative of the *occult art*. Its owner was the great conjurer, traveller, alchymist, astrologer, and scholar of the age! His Memorial was written "*with tears of blood,*" as he himself informs us! Poor man! while he was the oracle of the vulgar, he was not aware of being the dupe of the court! In the second volume of Mr. Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*, p. 263, there is extracted the advertisement to his "*General and Rare Memorials pertaining to the perfect Arte of Navigation,*" &c. Fol. 1577.

24. *Operum Hearnii Catalogus*. 612. containing much curious additional matter respecting Sir Thomas\* Bodley, &c. This list of Hearne's works includes every thing hereafter specified, and closes the second volume.
25. *Appendix egregia ad Reliquias Bodleianæ*, e Cod. MS. p. 612.
26. *Nota de Asserii Menevensis Vita Ælfredi Magni*. p. 648.
47. *Vindiciæ V. cl. Henrici Dodwelli contra Gualterum Moyseum*. p. 649.
28. *De tractu quodam MS. in Bibl. Cott. inscripto*, Impositions and Taxes on the state, gathered out of Monkish Registers, and Stories, from the Conquest to Hen. the 7th. p. 652.
29. *The Epitaph of Mr. Thomas More, Author of the Life of Sir Thomas More, Kt. &c.*—p. 655.

Thus much for a list of the pieces in these rare volumes of Hearne. As to the intrinsic value of the chronicle of JOHN OF GLASTONBURY, (which abridges Domesday's history, and brings it down from the year 1290 to 1400) perhaps the less that is said of it, the better it may be for its reputation. Neither Wilkins, Gough, nor Nasmith (see the last edition of that most valuable of all Bishop Tanner's publications, the *Notitia Monastica*, † folio, 1787, Art. xxii. Somersetshire) dwell a moment

\* These letters, which have been also copied by me for the forementioned purpose, are, some of them, very interesting. It is delightful to observe the progress of such a work as the establishment of the Bodleian Library. "Primo parva metu, mox sese attollit ad auras." The invincible perseverance ("nullis fessus laboribus," as Johnson said of Cave) and unbounded generosity of SIR THOMAS BODLEY place him in the foremost rank of the greatest characters of his age. To the credit of the times, too, it must be added, that most of the leading noblemen and literary characters contributed, by large donations, to the success of the undertaking. Some of their contributions are thus recorded by Sir Thomas.

*My Lord of Essex*; about 300 volumes, (chiefly in folio.)

*My Lord Chamberlain*; 100 volumes: "all in a manner new bound; with his arms, and a great part in folio.

*My Lord Montacute*; 66 costly great volumes, in folio; "all bought of set purpose, and fairly bound, with his arms."

*Sir Robert Sidney*; 102 volumes in folio, to the value of one hundred pounds, being all very fair, and especially well bound, with his arms."

*The Lord of Northumberland*; 100l.

*The Lord Bishop of Ely*; 40l.

*Sir Walter Raleigh*; 50l.

*Mr. Robert Cotton of Conington*; 9 Manuscripts, of which some are in Hebrew. He hath also promised to augment his gift."

† A great portion of the impression of this work, which was printed at the

ment upon its value. Indeed, it seems evident, from the preface to ADAM DE DOMERHAM, that Hearne himself had but a poor opinion of it, and was ashamed of the eulogies under which he had ushered it into the notice of the learned. It was unfortunate that he had not seen the excellent chronicle of this latter monastic historian, before he ventured upon John of Glastonbury: and equally unfortunate was it for Wharton, in the first volume of his *Anglia Sacra*, p. 587, to print the corrupt text of John, under the name of that of Adam de Domerham. But, whatever may be the defects of the first volume of this publication, the second, as the reader may have already had a sufficient intimation, is singularly curious and valuable; and deserves reprinting on many accounts. Like the greater part of Hearne's works, the fruit ingrafted is generally better than the parent stem.

A sprightly review of this publication appeared in the *New Memoirs of Literature*, Vol. IV. p. 200-207; in which the account of the relics,\* said to belong to the abbey, is more minutely and sarcastically criticised than by Mr. Gough, in his *British Topography*. The review

the University Press, at Cambridge, for Mr. Nichols of Red Lion Passage, is said to have perished in the fire which consumed the premises of the latter, in the year 1807. Bishop Tanner's *Notitia Monastica* was first published in 8vo. 1695, when its author was only twenty-two years old. A second edition, greatly enlarged by his own labours, was published, after his decease, in 1751, folio; and the above "worth its weight in gold," was the third and last edition. A few particulars concerning the Tanners ["clarum et venerabile nomen!"] may be found in Mr. Nichols's recent publication, entitled Bishop Nicolson's *Epistolary Correspondence*, Vol. I. 57.

\* "A journalist may be allowed to take notice of relics, when they are very curious and uncommon. The Monks of Glastonbury were resolved to be well stored with relics of the Apostles, and of all the most eminent saints and confessors: it was a profitable contrivance. They had but few relics of the Old Testament; but those relics were very well chosen. I have seen in Germany and Italy very extraordinary relics; but I quickly grew weary of that sight.

"I shall mention but one miracle among those that are ascribed to crucifixes, and images of the Holy Virgin. A certain Monk, named AILSI, used to go by a venerable crucifix, covered with gold and silver, without bowing to it. But one day he thought fit to make a bow. The crucifix spoke to him—*now too late AILSI: now too late, AILSI*. Whereupon the Monk fell down and died immediately. I refer to the book those readers who desire to have a full knowledge of it. But I must not forget to observe, that because the abbey was situated in a very cold place, Pope Innocent IV. gave the Monks leave to officiate with their caps on." See the above authority, p. 203, &c.

concludes

concludes with calling "Mr. Hearne an indefatigable Antiquary;" and, among his valuable qualifications, "particularly to be commended for his great exactness."

In a very short time after the publication of John of Glastonbury, Hearne put forth another more valuable and ancient performance, relating to the abbey, under the following title:

III ADAMI DE DOMERHAM Historia De Rebus Gestis Glastoniensibus. E Codice MS. perantiquo, in Bibliotheca Collegii S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiæ, descriptus primusque in lucem protulit Tho. Hearnius. Oxonii 1727. 8vo. 2 vols. (*Published at 1l. 1s. the small, and 2l. 2s. the large paper*: of which latter there appear to have been forty-eight copies. 128 subscribers; of whom nine subscribed for several copies.) These volumes contain: (exclusively of the table of contents.)

- I. *A Latin Preface of Hearne*: p. ix—xxxvi: which is succeeded by an *Appendix*, extending to p. ciii.

From this preface, we learn that Adam de Domerham improved and continued the text of William of Malmesbury concerning the history of Glastonbury Abbey, bringing it down to the year 1290. Dr. Gale had before published Malmesbury's text (*Hist. Script. Anglic. Vol. III. p. 291. to 335*), but in a very incorrect \* manner. Domerham's text, which is most accurately † printed by Hearne, from a unique ‡ MS., has been considered by antiquaries as a great acquisition to the history of Glastonbury, in the period of which it treats: the author, however, does not seem to have given it the last polishing touches of his hand. Hearne's account of him is sufficiently interesting; and his preface contains various curious particulars relating to literary works. Opposite, p. xxxviii there is a plate of a mutilated inscription upon an ancient stone. The following parti-

\* "Verum Galei editio erratis quam plurimis spissis fœdisque scutet; sicut et plures in eadem deprehenduntur omissiones." P. xv.

† "Nos nihil vel mutavimus, vel depravavimus, sed codicem MS. eâ, qua decuit, fide secuti sumus." P. xii.

‡ "Non aliud auctoris hujus exemplar antiquum exstare existimo." P. x.

culars,

culars, from the Oxford list, are comprehended in the Preface and Appendix.

1. *Abbatum quorundam Cœnobii de Mushelney, in agro Somersetensi laterculus, cum Notis historicis.* p. xxv.
  2. *An Extract of a Letter, written by Dr. Edward Bayly, of Havant in Hampshire, to a friend of his about the Chichester Inscription.* p. xxxvii.
  3. *Some Notes of the said Dr. Baily, on Mr. Gate's Copy of the Roman Inscription at Chichester.* p. xl.
  4. *The Publisher's Discourse concerning the Chichester Inscription, occasioned by the Extract out of Dr. Bayly's Letter.* p. xli.
  5. *The Copy of a Paper (copied from a Register at Westminster, and) given to the Publisher, by the Hon. Benedict Leonard Calvert, Esqr. concerning Edward Bottler's leaving the monastery at Westminster, in order to retire to Milburgh's Priory, at Wenlock, of the Cluniack Order.* p. lvi.
  6. *A Grant from Richard de Paston to the Abbey of Bromholm, in Norfolk.* p. lxi. *from an old Leiger Book, pertaining to the Abbey of Bromholme, in Norfolk, and now (Feb. 8. 1726.) in the hands of Mr. Paston (a very curious Gentleman) of Pautley, in Gloucestershire, who copied this Charter from it.*
  7. *E Statutis Collegii Novi, de libris Collegii conservandis & non alienandis.* p. liv.
  8. *Ex iisdem Stat. de portis & Ostiis dicti Collegii statutis temporibus claudendis & serandis.* p. lxi.
  9. *Joannis Foxi \* Epistolam ad Laurentium Humphredum, quo tempore Collegii Magdalenensis (Oxonii) bibliothecæ librum de gestis ecclesiæ donavit.* p. lxiv.
  10. *Excerpta quædam, ad cœnobium Muchelneyense, in agro Somersetensi pertinentia, e Breviariis duobus antiquis, calamo exaratis, penes nobiliss. Dom. D. Carolum Bruce in Membraneis.* p. lxvii.
  11. *Electionem Richardi Whiting in Abbatem Glastoniensem.* p. xcvi. *e Scheda MS. a doctiss. Tannero communicata.*
- II. *Gulielmus Malmesteriensis de Antiquitate Glastoniensis*

\* It may be worth while to inform the reader that, at p. xxii, Hearne tells us of the value of the first edition of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, of which he gives the title-page in a note. It was published in the year 1563; and the wood-cuts, from their freshness, are greatly superior to those in the editions of 1634, 1684. Hearne's words are "prima [editio] etiam omnium optima;" without specifying any particular reason for this preference. From an original MS. letter of Anstis, however, I find that the late editions are not quite so full in some particulars; and that "many things are left out about the Protector Seymour."



ecclesiæ, multo quam antea emendatior, atque etiam auctior, ex Cod. MS. in Bibl. Trin. Coll. Cantabrigiæ. p. cxi.\*

3. *De electione Walteri More*,† Abbatis Cœnobii Glastoniensis, e registro ecclesiæ Wellensis. p. 123.
4. *Quædam de uno atque altero Abbate* ejusd. Cœnobii ex iisd. Registris. p. 150.
5. *Perambulationes Forestarum quinque*, in agro Somersettensi. p. 184.
6. *Observationes ad pretia ac valores rerum spectantes*, ex antiquis Registris. p. 202.
7. *Chartæ quædam, cum aliis aliquot instrumentis*, ad Glastoniam, spectantes. p. 228.
8. *Chartæ & Notæ ad Prioratum Bathoniensem spectantes*. p. 278. Chartæ autem e Registris haustæ sunt Wellensibus.
9. *Chartæ ad Charlton Carvill*, in agro Somersettensi pertinentes. p. 294. E Registro Prioratus Kenilworthiani. This concludes the first volume, which ends at p. 299.
10. *Adami de Domerham Historia de Rebus Gestis Glastoniensibus*. p. 303. to 596.
11. *Auctarium*; a considerable part of this is taken from Domesday-book. 597. to 676.
12. *Notæ: containing, among other things, a Description of the Parish of Wilde Combe, in the Moore [in Devonsh.] shewing the Situation of the place, the ancient Tinworks formerly in the same, the antiquity of the Church and tower, and other ancient structures and buildings: together with a plain and true Narrative of that wonderful Work of God's power and mercy, shewed to the inhabitants thereof, in the dreadful Tempest and storm of thunder, lightning and hail; which fell on that Church and tower, the 21st day of Oct. being the Lord's day, in the year 1638. In Verse: the Author Mr. Richard Hill, Schoolmaster there.*‡ p. 676.

13.

\* A plate of the ground plan of the abbey, by Browne Willis, faces the commencement of Malmesbury's History.

† "Walter More was elected abbat, May 7, 1456, and died October 22 following," p. 181.

‡ Take the following, gentle reader, as a specimen of the poetical talents of rare "Richard Hill, schoolmaster," part of which is "now truly copied out as followeth"—[to use the language of Hearne]

In the west part of Devonshire, towards the southern side,  
 There lies a valley, which in form is long and somewhat wide;  
 From whence a parish there derives the name of Widecombe,  
 Well qualify'd with a pure air in large and ample room.  
 This parish was in tinworks rich, as ancient men have said,  
 Wherein men rather than in land their cost and labour laid:

c

And

13. *Index.* 690-716.  
 14. *Operum Catalogus.\**

These three publications were expressly put forth by Hearne, in order to illustrate the ancient history of Glastonbury Abbey. With the exception of the five indifferent plates in the first, and the two meagre ones in the last, they were published in a manner the least satisfactory to the tasteful antiquary; although an opportunity was afforded of illustrating one of the most ancient and interesting spots of monastic life, in a way which could not have failed, by the introduction of picturesque and faithful embellishments, of securing

And with the gains thereof, they built a tall and stately tower,  
 Which yet remains, though tinworks fail, untill this very hour.  
 A spacious church adjoin'd thereto, with other buildings new,  
 For ancient structure more beautifull were none or few.  
 One mansionhouse near thereunto was chief and principal,  
 Tho' much decay'd, yet remains swill, was called Great North Hall.  
 In houses, walls, and windows all, fair prospect did appear,  
 The motes and trenches being fill'd with streams of water clear,  
 Wherein good store of fish were bred, as ancient men did say;  
 The ruin'd banks whereof remain untill this very day.  
 And when the family within would walk into the town,  
 Or else return, a dra-bridge firm was presently let down;  
 And at their pleasure drew it up, to keep the household safe:  
 This house did formerly belong to RALPH THE SON OF RALPH.  
 &c. &c. &c.

The black-letter reader [for Hearne reprinted it in the said black letter] will probably see the remainder in Mr. Evans's forth-coming edition of his father's *Old Ballads*: meanwhile, in order to soften the severity of his criticism, he should be thus told; in the language of the

Postscript,

Blame not the rudeness of these lines, they are as I command them,  
 I writing to plain men desire plain men should understand them.  
 &c. &c.

\* In this catalogue are, amongst other things, 1. *The Death and Epitaph of Nicholas Fitzherbert*, author of "Oxoniensis in Anglia Academia Descriptio," p. 720. 2. *Henrici VI. Literæ Patentes*, quibus efficit, ut in jus gentis nostræ Anglicanæ adscriberetur Titus Livius Foro Juliensis, p. 722. 3. *A Letter of Soldan Malet, Emper.r of the Turks*, directed to a Christian King about the taking of Acon or Acres from the Christians. The letter, which Hearne justly calls "a curiosity," [and as it pleased him, so he believed it might not be displeasing to curious readers] is in Latin, with an English translation from the register of John de Pontessera, Bp. of Winchester, by the Rev. Mr. Rich. Turney, Archdeacon of Surrey, p. 727. 4. *Mr. Anthony a Wood's Last Will and Testament*, from the Prerogative Office, p. 731. This latter is not inserted in the *Oxford Life of Wood*.

both

both fame and profit to the publisher. But Hearne was a sorry hand at these things! It should be noticed, however, that in his *William of Worcester*, p. 120, &c. *Hermingus Chart. Wigorn.* p. 602, &c. and *Walter de Hemingford*, p. 631, &c. he inserted some further particulars relating to the abbey. If the reader wishes for more copious information concerning the subject, let him consult the elaborate and excellent account subjoined to the last edition of Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca Monastica* "XXII. Somersetshire:" also Mr. Gough's *British Topography*, Vol. II. 215, &c. where some publications are noticed which I do not observe to be incorporated in the last edition of Tanner. If he is desirous of being amused with the fabled histories of its original founder, he may consult Article VI. of this Number of the "*British Bibliographer*;" and arrange himself, if he pleases, in the number of those romantic believers,\* who, against the better judgment of Leland, Usher, Stillingfleet and Collier, are resolved to make Joseph of Arimathæa lay the first stone of the building.

A farewell word in regard to these HEARNEAN ANNALS of Glastonbury. They are, upon the whole, interesting; and the greater part of them deserving of republication; but I submit whether an *English translation* of the Latin historians (throwing the Latin into an Appendix) would not render such a republication considerably more amusing and valuable; especially if the text were supported by good notes, taking in the whole

\* Among whom was Hearne himself. Thus, in his preface to *Adam De Domerham*: "Josephum certe de Arimathæa adhuc accessisse, fidemque apud nos Christianam seminasse plane credo," p. xvii. He did not seem to be aware of the sentiments of his great master Leland: "Nam ego facile credere non possum Josephum, Christi optimi maximi discipulum, Glessoburgi sepultum esse. Credideren tamen sanctissimum aliquem ejusdem nominis ibidem sepultum, &c." *De Script. Britan.* p. 42. See Stillingfleet's sentiments in his *Orig. Britan.* p. 26, &c. edit. 1685: Collier's, in his *Ecclesiast. History*, vol. i. p. 8; and Usher's, in his *Antiquities of the Brit. Chr.* ch. ii. & vi.

So attached was Hearne to this hypothesis, that, in the list of his works incorporated in the *Thomæ Cui. Vind. Antiq. Oxon.* he printed a grant from some ancient roll, sent him by Thomas Baker, in which permission was given to hunt for the body of Joseph at Glastonbury: this, in fact, proved nothing; as the result of the search is not told. The grant shall be extracted in my account of Thomas Cay, or Key.

of Hearne's scattered accounts, and giving an air of elegance and interest to the work by the addition of plates, and plans, &c. Much may be done, and easily done, from Dugdale, Stevens, Browne Willis, and other topographical writers, referred to in the last edition of Tanner; and the republication might be judiciously compressed into three "goodly" octavo volumes—without parting with a single period of Hearne. As these antiquities of Glastonbury are now published, they cannot be procured under a sum much short of twenty pounds;\* as they *might* be published, in an *improved* state, perhaps one fourth of this sum could obtain them for the anxious collector.

In your next number, I shall treat of those publications of Hearne which relate to BIOGRAPHY.

Meanwhile I remain, respectfully, yours, &c.

T. F. D.

Kensington, Nov. 13. 1809.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ OF THE WORKS PUBLISHED BY HEARNE.

In pursuance of the plan laid down in my last communication, I proceed with an account of those works published by Hearne which relate to BIOGRAPHY:

- I. THE LIFE OF ALFRED THE GREAT; by Sir John Spelman, Kt. Published from the Original MS. in the Bodleian Library, with considerable Additions, and several Historical Remarks. Oxonii; e Theatro Sheldoniano. 1709, 8vo.

This is one of the commonest of Hearne's publications, and contains very little deserving of a particular notice. It is dedicated to the Prince of Wales; and the following specimen of the Editor's English composition may be thought to possess a fire and spirit not very usual in his vernacular lucubrations.

*“ To the Prince.*

“ SIR,

“ I here present unto your Highness a repaired image of one of your ancestors. Not according to the perfect life and beauty: for it was never so well taken. Nor is it one, that to the best advantage renders what those traces of his pourtrait [which to this day preserve his resemblance to us] do seem they should express. For they having, for the most part, been the accidental touches of divers hands, and never put together before, they have neither been able to save themselves entire from the violence of time; neither does that, which remains of them, hold one and the same air of expression. So the pieces we have being mangled, and wanting the joints and edges wherewith they should agree among themselves, they seem rather the rubbish of a broken statue, than the whole parts of a perfect image. But, Sir, he was of that merit, that even the dust of his feet was not unworthy the collecting, nor did the most venerable of all the Roman ashes deserve a more sacred urn.”

*The Author's Dedication.*

It

It would appear, from the following excerpt, that Hearne had got into some trouble from prefixing a plate of Alfred's portrait; the genuineness and value of which are defended by him with a pertinacity that cannot fail to excite a smile with every well-versed antiquary.

“ Liber hic ut supprimeretur curavit inimicus quidem, propter barbam scilicet in Ælfredi Magni icone ad initium libri conspecta. Sed quum hæc icon tum Vice-Cancellario, tum et Magno Aldrichio, aliisque iudicibus summis, vehementissime placeret [quippe qui exploratissimum habuerunt, omnium, quas Ælfredi Magni habemus iconum longe optimam esse, ipsiusque ingenium moresque pro seculo accuratissime exprimere] tam mihi, quam et bibliopolæ, exemplaria divulgandi licentia tandem concessa est. Academiæ quoque amicis pergrata esse accepimus, quæ de antiquitate ejusdem Academiæ litteris consignavi, ubi et notavi, sermonem, quem cum doctissimo Camdeno de clausula in Asserio Menevensi perquam insigni habuit vir cl: Brianus Twynus, nunc in Bibliotheca collegii Corporis Christi Oxonii videndum esse, id quod jam antea in Ductore Historico animadverteram. Nunquam tamen vel asserui, vel etiam innui sermonem hunc me illic vidisse. Proinde arridebis forsitan leviter, quum audieris, non deesse, qui publice docuerint, se a me ipso certiores factos fuisse, memet olim in Bibliotheca, quam dixi, conspexisse: id quod falsissimum esse palam testor. Ne que absonum monere, Asserii exemplar, quo usus est Camdenus, ceteris omnibus ejusdem auctoris exemplaribus, vel tunc vel etiam nunc extantibus, præstitisse. Adeo ut deplorandum sit, quantivis pretii monumentum penitus tandem perdidisse Academiæ nostræ hostes, invidia nescio qua tabescentes.”

JOHANNIS GLASTONIENSIS *Chronicon*: vol. ii. 648.

II. TITI LIVII FORO-JULIENSIS VITA HENRICI QUINTI regis Angliæ [pp. 95.] Accedit Sylloge Epistolarum, a variis Angliæ principibus Scriptarum e Codicibus calamo exaratis descripsit ediditque [p. 99 to p. 216] Thomas Hearnus, Appendicem etiam, notasque subjecit. Oxon. e Th. Sheld. 1716. 8vo. [100 subscribers; 46 copies upon large paper.]

The most valuable and amusing part of this volume is the collection of letters, which are cxxii in number; and of which (from page xvii to p. xxv) Hearne has given a list of the writers. These letters were taken from the collection

collection of Dr. Smith, whose testimony is thus prefixed to them :

“ As to what concernes the letter of K. Henry VIII. to Anne Bolen, the copyes of which I desired you to procure, you may acquaint your friend at York that if I were master of those papers as hee is, nothing should come into that collection of *Fragmenta Regalia*, which you know I have now by mee, and am adding to continually, which entrenches upon the rules of modesty or decency, by any smutty expression or impure phrensy, or any thing of that nature, tho’ never so remote, that might be perverted, and made use of to so vile a purpose. However I should be willing to have the satisfioun (or dissatisfaction rather) of seeing \* them and reading them, that I may be the better able to condemne the obscenity of them, and thereby expose the base disingenuity of the great men at Rome for one hundred & fifty years together, who thinke such stuffe fit & worthy to bee preserved in the archives of the Vatican Library, as a great curiosity and treasure: making no allowances for the vaine extravagances of a wanton amorous Prince to his mistresse, whom he could no way by his flatteryes and excesses corrupt.”

The supplemental part has the following heads.

1. *K. Henry Viths. Proclamation for the apprehension of Sir John Oldcastle, after he was taken, up to London*, e MS. in turri itidem Lond.
2. *The writ for bringing the said Sir John Oldcastle, after he was taken, up to London*, e MS. in turri itidem Lond. p. 218, 219.
3. *Certain sentences, being the dying words of King James the first, as they are written at the end of a common Prayer in St. John's Coll. Library Oxon. being one of the Books given to that place by Sir William Paddy*. p. 221 to 230. Advertisement at the end. [including ‘ Notæ.’]

We have now to notice another ancient piece of regal biography relating to the same monarch.

### III. THOMÆ DE ELMHAM vita et gesta HENRICI QUINTI Anglorum Regis; e Codicibus MSS. vetustis

\* Dr. Smith afterwards got an exact copy of them, which I have amongst his MSS. Num. xcviij; but I have, for the same reasons made use by the Doctor, thought them very unfit for this collection. HEARNE.

descripsit,

descripsit, et primus luci publicæ dedit Tho. Hearnius. Oxon. e Th. Sheld. 1727. 8vo. [*About 45 copies upon large paper—at 1l. 1s. — “in gratiam scilicet virorum in libris nitidis colligendis admodum curiosorum,”* as Hearne neatly remarks.]

From the preface I extract the following sentiments of the editor concerning Tyrrell and Burnet.

“ *James Tyrrell.*

“ ——— Nec quidem hoc ipse Jacobus Tyrellus [is qui de rebus nostris historicis grandia aliquot volumina satis diligenter, sed minus accurate, quippe in quo desideres iudicium, contexuit ediditque] denegasset &c.” p. xvi.

———— Certe inter easdem latet volumen magnuni à Tyrello consignatum, Historiæ nostræ Anglicanæ, nondum typis excusum, et quidem luce forte indignum. Ejusdem sane partem ipso vivente auctore vidi ac perlegi, monuique de multis, quæ vel commutanda, vel prorsus eximenda esse duxerim, utpote neque veritati, neque hominum proborum iudicio, consentanea. Itaque valde errant illi, qui ejusmodi libris historiæ veritatem petunt. Et tamen faciunt hoc non pauci, viri alioquin acutissimi ingenii. p. xvii. xviii.

“ *Gilbert Burnet.*

“ Sed, quod pace eorum dixerim, hoc parte non tantum Saturnias lemas lippunt [quod æquo animo nequaquam ferendum] in errores summos ducunt; haud aliter atque fecit ILLÆ, qui nuper ævi sui historiam memoriæ prodidisse obtendit, in qua tamen fabellas mendaciaque pro vera historia studiose venditavit. Imo Βεργαίτις, quod in proverbio est [ab Antiphane Bergæo, qui multa in libros retulit mendacia, orto] rectissime diceretur, quippe qui nihil fere dixit veri.” p. xviii.

Hearne proceeds to abuse Burnet in a very acrimonious style.

The explanatory part of this very rare and curious volume is thus particularly set forth :

1. *De Thoma & Johanne de Elmham*, cœnobii de Lenton Prioribus, Georgi Hornesii, viri pereruditi annotatio, ad fidem monumentorum veterum in Turri Londinensi. p. 347.
2. *Hen. V. P. æptum de temporibus Prioratus de S. Claro*, ordinis Cluniamensis, in diœcesi Menevensi, Johanni Weston, a Thoma



Thoma Elmham in Priorem ejusdem Præfecto, restituendis. p. 346. a Rymero.

3. *Queremonia Magistri Johannis Somerset*, Phisici Domini Hen. Regis Sexti, de ingratitude Universitatis Cantabrigiæ & specialiter contra supremos Socios Collegii Regis, suo medio fundati. Auctore Gulielmo Worcester sive Bottoner. pag. 347. E. Bibl. Cott. Jul. 4. vii. 43.
4. *V. amicissimi Thomæ Bakeri de Johanne Somerseto Observationes*, in quibus observationibus & notæ quædam, luculentæ simul & eximiæ, de Edmundo Castello habentur. p. 351.
5. *The siege of Harflet, and Batayl of Agencourt*, by K. Hen. 5. p. 359. E. Bibl. Cott. Vitellius. D. XII. 11. Fol. 214.  
This has been reprinted very carefully by Mr. Evans in his recent edition of his father's collection of Old Ballads; a publication, equally distinguished for the poetical taste and acumen of its present ingenious editor.
6. *Annotatio quædam*, unde constat, Auctorem nostrum Thomam Elmham fuisse, e duobus Codicibus MSS. Vitæ metricæ Hen. V. in Bibl. Cott. p. 375.
7. *Specimen breve vitæ metricæ Hen. V. per Thomam de Elmham*. Ex Epistola, ad Editorem a cl. Anstisio data. p. 376.
8. *Prologus in Thomæ de Elmham Cronica Regum nobilium Angliæ*. p. 377. e Cod MS. in Bibl. Cott. Claud. E. VI. 1.
9. *Instrumentum illud ipsum*, cujus vi Archidiaconatum Welensem in manus Hen. VIII. resignavit Polydorus Virgilius, Dec. 24. An. Dom. MDXLVI. 38 H. VIII. p. 284.
10. *Annæ Cherry*, Gulielmi Cherry uxoris, Epitaphium. p. 388.
11. *Caroli du Fresnii Viri maximi Epitaphium*. p. 389.
- 12.\* *Various readings in a Copy of Sir John Perrot's Will, sent me since I published his Will in Camden's Elizabetha*. p. 412.
13. *With Tristram Ecclestone's Narrative*, relating to the said Sir John. p. 414.
14. *Fragmentum quoddam admodum egregium*, ad civitatem Oxoniensem pertinens. p. 418.
15. *A very remarkable note from the Register of St. Martin's Parish, Leicester*, concerning the marriage of Sir Thomas Hisby, naturally deaf & dumb, with Ursula Russet, Feb. 5, 18th Eliz. p. 423.
16. *Aliud Specimen vitæ metricæ Hen. V. per Thomam Elmham*. p. 426.
17. *Edmundi Castelli Epitaphium*. p. 427.

\* From page 407 to the end—is “Operum Nostrorum hætenus impressorum Catalogus;” in which all these ensuing pieces are incorporated, in the usually digressive style of Hearne. The Catalogue, however, is a very particular one.

The following, from this latter head, may not be un-acceptable: as it relates to so great a man as Castell.

“ Since you desire [from T. Baker to Hearne] some account of Dr. Edm. Castle, I send you a short one, &c. &c. But what is become of the translation into Latin of Abulpheda’s Geography [made by Mr. Samuel Clarke of Oxford, and was in Dr. Castle’s hands] I cannot say; I doubt it is lost, or was not known by the words of the will,” &c. p. 356.

Hearne thus apologises for inserting, at the latter end of his book, the information he received concerning the inscription upon Castell’s tomb. The passage has considerable point and vigour:

‘Quamvis paullo seriùs devenerit, ne tamen pereat, hîc tandem profero. Meque etiam edere, et probabunt forsitan eruditi et gaudebunt. Mihimet ipsi saltem ea de re gratulor, quod exploratissimum habeam, me idcirco natum esse, non tantum ut proficiam, sed ut prosim. Nec me quidem ulla res delectare solet, licet eximia sit et salutaris, quam mihi uni sciturus sim. Hæc vanus non scribo. Utinam omnes alii idem sentiant.” p. 427.

The next volume of Regal Biography is more interesting to the general reader than either of the preceding; and shall be described, therefore, with greater minuteness. The extracts, in the notes, have been taken with great care, and will be found both curious and amusing.

IV. HISTORIA VITÆ ET REGNI RICARDI II. Angliæ Regis; a Monacho quodam de Evesham consignata, e duobus Codicibus MSS. in Bibl. Cott. nunc primus edidit Tho. Hearnius. e Th. Sheld. 1729 8vo. [130 *Subscribers*; 45 *copies upon large paper* at 1l. 1s. *small paper*, 10s. 6d.]

The pieces contained in this volume are thus enumerated:

1. *Contenta.*
2. *Præfatio*\* vii. xxxvii.

\* “ Jam si forte quæras, quisnam fuerit historiæ hujusce auctor, vel quonam nomine insignitus, illud profecto me latet. Monachum fuisse Eveshamensum ex utroque constat Codice. Quid quod et hoc idem ipso historiæ contextu itidem patet? Cogitaram de Josepho Monacho Eveshamensi, cujus mentionem feci ad finem Voluminis II. Itinerari Lelandi. Sed is profecto longe recentior erat, quam ut pro nostro habeatur. p. xii.

3. *Vitæ Ricardi.* p. 1. 216.

At pages 212, 214, &c. are some curious specimens of the English language spoken at this period.

4. *John Ross's historical account of the Earle of Warwick, from an ancient MS. in the hands of Tho. Ward, of Warwick, Esqr.* p. 217.

5. *The last Will and Testament of Richard Beauchamp, Earle of Warwick and Aumarle. From a Copy communicated by the said Thomas Ward, Esq.* p. 240.

6. *Johannis Bereblici (Collegii Exoniensis socii) Commentarii sive Ephemeræ Actiones rerum illustrium Oxonii gestarum in adventu serenissimæ Principis Elizabethæ, A. D. 1566. e Cod. MS. Editori donato, a Thoma Wardo, de Warwico, Armigero.* p. 251.

7. *Sir Richard Wynn's Account of the Journey of Prince Charles's servants\* into Spain, in the year 1623. From a MS. given to the Publisher, by Dr. Mead.* p. 297.

This "Account of a Journey into Spain, was given by the Honourable Sir Richard Wynn, of Gwydir, Baronet, then one of the Gentlemen of the Privie Chamber to his Highness Charles Prince of Wales, afterwards Treasurer to his Queene, when he became King of England. Transcribed from the Original Manuscript, written with his own hand, now in the hands of Dr. Robert Foulks, of Llanbedr. July the 8th, 1714." Beneath are some interesting extracts from the same. †

8.

\* "The Names of the Principall of them were as followeth.

Master of the Horse,	-	The Ld. Andover	Gentlemen Usher
Master of the Ward,	-	The Ld. Compton	of the Prince.
Comptroller,	- -	The Lord Cary,	Mr. Newton,
Secretary,	- - -	Sir F. Cottingham,	Mr. Young,
			Querie

Gent. of the Bedchamber,	Sir Robert Carr.	Mr. Tirwhitt.
--------------------------	------------------	---------------

Gentlemen of the Privie Chamber.	{	Sir William Howard,	Five Groomes
		Sir Edmond Verney,	of the Bed-
		Sir William Croftes,	chamber.
		Sir Richard Wynn,	Three Pages,
		Mr. Ralph Clare,	Two Chaplains.
		Mr. John Sandilaus,	
	{	Mr. Charles Glemham,	
	{	Mr. Francis Carew.	

Gentleman Usher of the Privie Chamber, Sir John North."

† "Here let me not forget a passage, that happened between the Prince and a Spaniard in this village. His Highnesse being arrived with my Lord Marques at the inn, up comes to them (out

of

8. *A Letter from Mr. Edward Llwyd to Dr. Smith, relating to Josephus Eveshamensis, together with two Specimens of the said Josephus.* E Cod. MS. penes Editorem. p. 342.

9.

of a coach that stay'd at the door) two Spaniards, who having saluted them, told them, they had received many courtesies in England, and understanding they were of those parts, and strangers here, they offered to serve them in any thing they could. The Prince thanked them, and then falling into divers discourses, the Spaniards told them, what a number of handsome women they had seen in England, naming the Lady Somerset, the Lady Salisbury, the Lady Windsor, and divers others. The Prince then told them, that he had seen one of the handsomest ladies in the world, a Spaniard, that was wife to an ambassador's sonne, that was then in England, 'but,' said the Prince, 'she had the most jealous coxcomb in the world to her husband, a very long ear'd asse, such a thing as deserved not to be master of such a beauty.' The one of them stood blank awhile, and after he had mused a time, he answered, that he knew them both very well, and that they lived as happily together as any couple did. Passe at last over that discourse they did, and very inquisitive they were to know their lodging at Madrid, and their names. They answered, they were brothers, their names Smyth, their lodgings at the extraordinary Ambassador's the Earl of Bristol's. So they took their leaves of them, but with farr more sullen countenances then they came. The Prince observed it, and marvelled what might be the cause, but thinking of their journey, drove that conceit quickly out of their heads. The next morning after they came to Madrid, before they were ready, one brings them word up to their lodgings, that two Spanish gentlemen desired to speak with them. They wondering who they might be, sent for them up, when they found they were those that they met by the way. The Spaniards, as they came up stairs, had notice who the Prince was. Then entring the room, desired Pardon for not being more serviceable when they met him, but they hoped their not knowing him was a sufficient excuse. The Prince thanked them, and used them very courteously. Having talked of divers things, and being ready to part, the one steps to the Prince, and told him 'I came with an intention to let you know, that I was husband to that lady, you had so commended by the way, and came with an intention to have had right done me for the ill language you then bestowed upon me, but knowing who you are, I am confident, you have all this by relation, and not of your own knowledge.' The Prince blushed and sayd, 'It's true I have been told so, but since I have had thus much knowledg, I will be ready to justifie the contrary.' The other Spaniard, his companion, that had heard the day afore all the discourse, smiles and claps his fellow on the back, and sayes, 'This is the asse with the long eares, that was so jealous of a fair lady'—so all ended in a comedy, and so they parted." &c. p. 324, 326.

"Up

9. *Tryvylam sive Treerytham de laude Universitatis Oxoniæ. e Cod. MS. veteri penes Rogerum Galeum, Armigerum. p. 344.*

10.

———“Up wee went to the Prince, whom wee found at dinner, attended by some of his own servants, and some Spaniards, who wee found glad to see us, and wee much revived with the kissing of his hand Wee found him and the Marques [afterwards, Duke of Buckingham] in Spanish habits, such an attire as will make the handsomest man living look like another thing. About three in the afternoon, the Prince, as usually he is wont, went down into the garden, such a one as hardly deserves the name. So nasty and so ill favouredly kept, that a farmer in England would be ashamed of such another. Yet this he must walk in, or mew himself up in two little roomes all day long. Over against the court gate, some twelve score off, stands a very fair stable, that hath in it some three score horse, the handsomest I have seen, of so many together. Above it a goodly armory, well furnished. Towards the evening I went to my Lord of Bristoll's, to wayt upon my Lady, and in my return through one street I met at least five hundred coaches; most of them had all women in, going into the fields (as they usually do about that time of the day) to take the aire. Of all these women, I dare take my oath, there was not one unpainted; so visibly, that you would think they rather wore vizards, than their own faces. Whether they be handsome or no, I cannot tell, unlesse they did unmask; yet a great number of them have excellent eyes and teeth. The boldest women in the world. For as I past along, numbers of them call'd and becon'd to me. Whether their impudence or my habit was the cause of it, I cannot tell. I saw more good horses under saddles, foot clothes, and in coaches, than ever I saw in all my life.

“ Thus did I passe our first daye's being there, and at night did return to the Duke's pallace to our lodging, where, by the way, there were so many chamber pots and close-stooles emptied in the street, that did almost poison us. For the usual custome there is, that at eleven at night, every one empties those things in the street, and by tenne the next day, it's so dried up, as if there were no such thing. Being desirous to know why so beastly a custome is suffered, they say, it's a thing prescribed by their physicians. For they hold the aire to be so piercing and subtle, that this kind of corrupting it with these ill vapours keeps it in good temper. Notwithstanding all these ill smells, yet a plague is not a thing known in this town.” p. 328-9.

“ Within two dayes after wee saw a play acted before the King and Queen, in an indifferent fair roome, where there was hung up a cloth of state, and under it fine chaires. There was a square railed in with a bench, which was all round about covered with Turkey carpets, which to the stage side cover'd the ground two yardes from the formes. The company, that came to see the comedy,

10. *The Contents or Arguments of John Ross's book (in the Cottonian Library) of the story of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. From a MS. of Sir William Dugdale, in Museo Ashmol. Oxon. pag. 359.*

11.

comedy, were few, besides the English, although there were no difficulty in getting in. But the reason was, as I conceived, because there are none admitted to sit, no not the grantees, who may stand by covered between the formes and the walls. The players themselves consist of men and women. The men are indifferent actors, but the women are very good, and become themselves far better then any that ever I saw act those parts, and far handsomer then any women I saw. To say the truth, they are the onely cause their playes are so much frequented. After some time's expectance, enter the Queen's ladies by two and two, and set themselves down upon the carpets, that lay spread upon the ground. There were some sixteen in number of them. Handsome I cannot say any of them was, but painted more (if it were possible) then the ordinary women, not one of them free from it, though some of them were not thirteen yeare old. Rich enough they were in clothes, although not over costly. To fill those fine chaires set, then came the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Don Carlo, and the young Cardinal, the King's brothers. First sat the Queen in the midst, the Prince on her right hand, and the King on her left, Don Carlo sitting next the Prince, and the Cardinal next the King. All the three brothers (were they no Princes) are very handsome young gentlemen. The Queen has a lovely brown face through her vizard, for she doth paint as thick and as palpable as any of her women. The play being ended, the Ladies by two and two, hand in hand, go within three paces of the Queen, and there make low courchees, and so sally out all afore her. All the women's ruffs are of a deep wachet. They weare high chopeens, and hoops about their skirts. These women are so cloistered up (and they need not) that they see not men at all, but at these times in publick, where they dare not speak to any. The better sort of women are much carried up and down in chaires of velvet by two footmen. In all places of the world, there be not so many that walk in the streetes, converse, and eate in spectacles, as in this town. You cannot meete tenne, but you shall finde one of them with a pair of glasse eyes." p. 330-1.

After reading this singular account, I naturally turned to that exhaustless and invaluable repertory of historical information, *Rushworth's Collections*, Vol. I. p. 76: where I found Charles's visit to Spain described in the usually particular and animated style of the author—"And now behold (commences he) a strange adventure and enterprise! The Prince and the Marquis of Buckingham, accompanied with Cottington and Endimion Porter, post in disguise to Spaine to accelerate this marriage. The 17 of February they went privately from court, and the next day came to Dover,

where

11. *Prince Charles's Journey into Spain. From Sir Simonds D'Erwes Life, written by himself, and now preserved in the Harleyan Library. p. 371.*
12. *The Mischiefs occasioned by George Villars, Duke of Buckingham, with an account of his Death,\* from the said Life of Sir Simonds D'Erwes in the Harleyan Library. p. 372.*
13. *The most exquisite beauty of the D. of Buckingham, † from the same MS. p. 384.*

where they imbarqued for Boloign, and from thence rode post to Paris, where they made some stop. The Prince, *shadowed under a bushy peruque*, beheld the splendor of that court, and had a full view of the Princess Henrietta Maria, who was afterwards his royal consort," &c. When Charles arrived at Madrid, "a general pardon was published; the prisons were opened, and hundreds of officers were set at liberty; and" (what is curious enough!) "a late proclamation *against excess in apparel was revoked!*" &c. p. 77, edit. 1682.

\* Buckingham's death is thus described. "Aug. 23, being Saturday, the Duke having eaten his breakfast betweene eight and nine of the clocke in the morning, in one Mr. Mason's howse in Portsmouth, hee was then hasting away to the King, who lay at Reswicke, some five miles distant, to have some speedie conference with him. Being come [to] the further parte of the entrie, leading out of the parlour into the hall of the howse, hee had there some conference with Sir Thomas Frier, Knight, a Colonell, and stooping downe in taking his leave of him, John Felton, gentleman, having watched his opportunitie, thrust a long knife with a white halft, hee had secretlie about him, with great strength and violence into his breast under his left papp, cutting the diaphragma and lungs, and peircing the verie heart it selfe. The Duke having received the stroake, instantlie clapping his right hande on his sworde hilts, cried out, *God's wounds, the villaine hath killed me!*"

† The greater part of which is as follows: "After this [tilting, in presence of the French Embassadour Cadmet and divers French Lordes that came with him, in the Tiltyard over against Whitehall, on Monday Jan. 8, 1620-1] most of the Tilters, excepting the Prince [Prince Charles,] went upp to the French Lordes, in a large upper roome of the house; standing at the lower end of the Tiltyard, and I, crowding in after them, and seeing the Marquesse of Buckingham discoursing with two or three French Monsieurs, joined to them, and most earnestlie viewed him for about halfe an howre's space at the least, which I had opportunitie the more easilie to accomplish, because hee stood all that time hee talked bareheaded. I saw everie thing in him full of delicacie and handsome features, yea his hande and face seemed the moore accomplisht, because the French Monsieurs, that had invested him, weere verie swarthie hard favoured men."

14. *The fall and great vices of Sir Francis Bacon, Viscount of Saint Alban, from the same MS.* p. 385.
15. *De Joanne Wicklefo hypocritica.\** p. 389.
16. *De Pseudo-Episcopis quibusdam e Registr.* Eliens Arundell. p. 390.
17. *Mandatum Domino (Thomæ Arundell Episcopo Eliensi) directum, ad orandum pro Domino (Henrico Spencero Episcopo) Norwicensi & Exercitu suo transeuntibus in Cruciata contra Antipapam, et sibi adhærentes.* Ap. 1383. E Regist. Eliens. Arundell. p. 393.
18. *John Fordham's Admission to the Bishoprick of Ely,* (being pretty remarkable) with the oath which he then took, Sep. 27, 1388. E Registro Eliens. Fordham. p. 397.
19. *A note relating to St. Mary's Ch. at Cambridge.* p. 400.
20. *A Letter of Prince Charles, afterwards K. Ch. I.* (copied from the Original) to the Duke of Buckingham, without date. p. 204. †

\* From Anthony Wood. "Jun c13 dclxxii. With Dr. I. Fell in his lodgings in Ch. Ch. Wee were then looking over and correcting the story of Ioh. Wycleve, in Hist. et Antiq. Univ. Oxon. before it was to be wrought off from the press. He then told me, that "Ioh. Wycleve was a grand dissembler, a man of little conscience, and what he did as to religion was more out of vaine glory, and to obtaine unto him a name, than out of honestie, &c. or that effect."

† "The Letter (which is without date) relates to some Lady, with whom an intrigue was carrying on in behalf of the Prince, with whom the Prince confesseth he had been once. I know not well the mystery (adds Hearne) but surely Buckingham was the cause, and no doubt he is highly to be blamed for it. The Letter is as follows:

" Steenie,

" I have nothing now to wryte to you, but to give you thankes both for the good counsell ye gave me, and for the event of it. The King gave mee a good sharpe potion, but you tooke away the working of it, by the well relished comfites ye sent after it. I have met with the partie, that must not be named, once alreddie: and the cullor of wryting this letter shall make me meete with her on Saterday, although it is written the day being Thursday. So assuring you that the busines goes safelie onn, I rest,

*Your constant loving Friend,*

CHARLES.

I hope ye will not shew the King this letter, but put it in the safe custodie of Mister Vulcan."



21. *Edmund Windham, of Kettesford, in the County of Somerset*, his account of the apparition that appeared to George Villars, Duke of Buckingham. p. 405.
22. *Index.* p. 410.
23. *Operum Catalogus.* p. 432.
24. *A Note relating to Agas's Mat. of Oxford, and to Nich. Harpsfield's Life of Sir Thomas More.* p. 436, &c.

Exclusively of the particulars in *this* volume relating to Richard II, there will be found some valuable additional matter, upon the same subject, in the second volume of *Walter de Hemingford*; from p. 453 to 477. In the next number of the *British Bibliographer* I purpose to complete the account of the publications of Hearne relating to BIOGRAPHY. The ensuing numbers will contain the remaining pieces of this sedulous antiquary.

T. F. D.

Kensington, March 10, 1810.







CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF THE WORKS PUBLISHED BY HEARNE.

The last communication upon this subject treated of those works, published by Hearne, which related to REGAL BIOGRAPHY; the present is a continuation and conclusion of the same department of history.

V. BENEDICTUS ABBAS Petroburgensis de vita et gestis Henrici II. et Ricardi I. e Cod. MS. in Bibl. Harleiana descripsit et nunc primus edidit Thomas Hearne. Oxon. e Th. Sheld. 1735. 8vo. 2 Vols.

The following are the contents of these volumes.

1. *Præfatio*. p. vi. to xxvii.
2. *Appendix* to p. lxiv.

Some remarks in this preface and appendix are worth here bringing forward to the reader's notice:

“ *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum.* ”

“ Quamobrem rectissime faciunt, qui Monastici Anglicani, aliorumque id genus operum [etsi in iisdem inculta quædam inveniuntur, et horrida] sibi comparant exemplaria, absque quorum subsidio quot quantæque re vera fuerint monachorum possessiones ne quidem conjectura assequi possumus.” *Præfat.* ix. [Hearne then notices how very rich the Harleian library was in this department of antiquities—calling it, at p. x. “optimis auctoribus undiquaque conquisitis instructa].”

“ *Burning of the Cotton Library.* ”

———— incendio illo acerbo, quo nuper perplura itidem alia antiquitatis, monumenta, in ILLA BIBLIOTHECA, per totum orbem terrarum litterarium celeberrima, reposita, absumpta fuerunt, hominibus sane doctis, aliisque etiam bonis, miserum in modum eo nomine lugentibus. quippe qui optime viderunt, quanta inde perurbatio, quanta confusio jacturaque antiquarum litterarum consecutura fuerit.” *Præfat.* xvi.

c

“ *Bale.* ”

“ *Bale and Leland.* ”

———— Adeo ut mihi videatur, Baleium etiam, si adspexisset, aliter de Benedicto judicaturum fuisse, ita scilicet, ut inter scriptores pressæ fidei forsitan numerasset. *Forsitan* inquam, quia Baleus, quomodocunque bonarum litterarum admirator maximus, [quem tamen non desuperunt, qui blasphemum, quid sonet hæc vox omnes intelligunt, appellaverint] adeo immoderata erat intemperantia [omnium, Zenonis opinione, perturbationum matre] ut medicum eminentissimum Andream Bordium, &c. summis affecerit contumeliis—raroque de monachis [in quos convicia falsa, absurda, ridicula, Creten-sis scelestus ad instar, effudit] honorifice vel loqueretur, vel etiam sentiret; secus atque Lelandus, vir fortis et constantis animi, qui illos, ut decuit, laudibus, in qua re dixit proprie et copiose, cumulavit.” Præfat. xx.

“ *Cave.* ”

———— Guilielmus Caveus, vir et orationis suavis, et diligentia pariter atque emulatione clarus—quem sane ego his in rebus, erat enim in eo inexhausta aviditas legendi scriptores Ecclesiasticos—cum summis viris comparo.” Præf. xix.

“ *Of the Author.* ”

[Mr. Tyrrel's account of Benedictus Abbas.]

“ Though Mr. Tyrrell had a great opinion of the history of Benedictus Abbas, that I now publish, yet what I find concerning this historian in Mr. Tyrrell's history, is only this, viz. in his Catalogue of Authors, quoted by him, &c. In his preface to his second volume, page xii. thus; ‘ I must here moreover mention as to civil affairs, the exact chronicle of Benedict Abbot of Peterburgh, who begins to write about the fourth \* year of Henry the Second, and carries his history as far as about A. D. 1178, † being the 24th year of his reign: and I wish he had continued it further, he being a judicious

\* “ Mr. Tyrrel is mistaken. He begins A. D. 1170, which was the 16th of Hen. II.”

† Julius A. XI. 4. ends A. D. 1177 [23d Hen. II.] abruptly, but the complete copy Vitellius E. XVII. 3. now burnt, which Mr. Tyrrel seems not to have seen, ends A. D. 1192 [3d R. 1.] and Benedictus died A. D. 1194. Hearne's note, ut supra.

and faithful writer, and from whom Roger Hoveden has borrowed a great deal of his history, word for word, tho' without owning where he had it: which, by the way, is a fault in this author, he having done the like by Simeon of Denham." Appendix, xxviii.

“ *Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham.*

“ I never doubted \* but that these related to certain ancient tenures, and for that reason, I think Mr. Blount should have taken notice of this book, in the tract he wrote and published expressly upon that subject. The first edition of these Tales came out in the latter end of Henry VIIIth's reign, [as is conjectured by my ingenious friend Mr. John Murray] long after the tenures and customs, to which they relate, were grown obsolete.” *Idem.* liv.

“ *Scoggan's Jests.*

“ After this book was printed, there were other books of mirth ascribed to Dr. Borde, on purpose to promote a sale of them, one of which is that called Scoggan's Jests, which tho' an idle thing [and therefore unjustly fathered upon Dr. Borde] hath been often printed in Duck Lane, and much bought up by those, that to their collections of books of the first class, aim at adding little pieces, that tend to promote mirth.” *Id.* lv.

“ *Robert Burton, Tom Thumb, and the Mylner of Abingdon.*

“ Robert Burton, the famous author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, was such a collector, as may appear from the great variety of little ludicrous pieces he gave, with a multitude of books, of the best kind, to the Bodleian Library; one of which

\* “ Nor is there more reason to esteem ‘ The merry tales of the mad Men of Gotham,’ (which was much valued and cry'd up in H. the Eighth's time, tho' now sold at ballad singers stalls) the authour whereof was Dr. Andrew Borde, as altogether a romance; a certain skillful person having told me more than once, that he was assured by one of Gotham, that they formerly held lands there by such sports & customs as are touched upon in this book; for which reason, I think, particular notice should have been taken of it in Blount's Tenures; as I do not doubt but there would, had that otherwise curious author been apprised of the matter.” Edit. *Guilel. Neubrig.* vol. iii. p. 744.

little pieces was *The History of Tom Thumb*—which, however looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was certainly founded upon some authentic history, as being nothing else originally but a description of King Edgar's dwarf."——

"Robert Burton being so curious and diligent in collecting ludicrous and merry little pieces, tis no wonder that he procured Dr. Borde's *right pleasant and merry history of the Mylner of Abingdon*. As I remember, t'was his copy that Mr. Wood made use of. I have seen it, if I am not much mistaken, with Thomas Newton's note. Tis probable Dr. Borde took the hint of this merry piece from Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale*, with which it ought, by such as have opportunity, to be compared. If it should prove so, it will then perhaps be deemed that there is a mistake in *Abingdon* for *Trumpington*. 'Tis certain that in the said Reeve's tale, we have an account of the Mylner of Trumpington, his wife, and fair daughter, & two poore scholars of Cambridge. But if, after all, *Abingdon* & not *Trumpington*, be the true reading in Borde, at the same time, methinks, for two poore *scholars of Cambridge*, should be read two *poore scholars of Oxford*, the situation of Oxford being more agreeable to the Mill of Abingdon than Cambridge." *Id.* lv. lvi.

In the Preface and Appendix, besides the foregoing matter, there are, in the latter, some very curious particulars concerning the Rev. Mr. Nathaniel Wanley, father of Mr. Humphrey Wanley. Some notes concerning the Cotton MSS. of the historian, collected by Humphrey Wanley—and observations concerning Dr. Andrew Borde, in addition to Wood's account of him in the *Athen. Oxon.*—are also incorporated.

3. *De Benedicto Petroburgensi, e Roberti Swashami Historia Cœnobii Burgensis.*
4. *Lamentatio de morte Regis Ricardi I.* pag. 478. e Cod. MS. in Bibl. Harleiana.
5. *Item de gloriosis ejus victoriis in itinere Jerosolymitano.* p. 750. ex eod. Cod. MS.
6. *An authentic Evidence (never before published) concerning the Relick of the blood of Hales; with proper Remarks upon it, shewing that by the help of this Evidence the Mistakes of several Historians may be rectified, and some of the many calumnies that have been thrown upon the religious Houses may be detected. From the learned Mr. George Cossingesbey, Rector of Bodenham, in Herefordshire.* p. 751.



7. *The Peregrination of Dr. Boarde*, e Cod MS. manu Laurentii Noëli Viri cl. penes Thomam Lambard, de Sevenoke, in agro Cantieno, Maii 9<sup>o</sup>. DCCXXVI. p. 764, Epistolæ quædam (antehac ineditæ) Regum optimi CAROLI PRIMI, ad Abrahamum Doucettum, &c. una cum aliis quibusdam pauculis ad eundem Doucettum pertinentibus. p. 866.
8. *Notæ*. p. 805.
9. *Index*. 808.
10. *Catalogus Operum*. \*

This is the last and the best work (of its kind) which Hearne ever put forth. The intrinsic excellence of the

\* At the end of the notice of the Annals of Dunstaple Priory, is this memorandum. "As Elias de Beckingham occurs several times in the Annals of Dunstaple, his epitaph may possibly be acceptable. 'He lies buried under a large flat marble in the nave of Bottisham church, a village about seven miles N. E. of Cambridge. The letters of the inscription round the edge of this stone seem to have been brass, and were probably stolen for the sake of the metal, but the cavities cut to receive the letters, remain still legible, though not fair enough to imitate the hand with any exactness, which I therefore shall not attempt :

' HIC : IACET : ELIAS : DE : BEKINGHAM : QUON-  
DAM : IVSTI  
CIARVS : DOMINI : REGIS : ANGLIE : CVIVS : ANIME :  
PRO  
PICIETVR . DEVS.

V. Rymeri Fœd. Tom. ii. fol. 535 : also Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. A<sup>o</sup> Edv. I et seq. Hactenus Beaupreus Bell, in litteris ad me datis apud Beaupré-Hall in agro Norfolciano, Aprilis 22. 1734.

"N. B. In the Appendix to the said Annals of Dunstaple is a collection of Letters relating to Charles the First's escape from Oxford, and to the straits he was put to on that occasion. Since the publication of them, my friend Philip Harcourt, of Ankerwycke, in Bucks, Esq. hath given me copies of several letters, written by that truly great and good king, then also in his straits, which I shall here annex in the manner they were transcribed by Mr. Harcourt from the Originals, communicated to him by a lady, who keeps 'em carefully, as a proof of the confidence which was reposed in her grandfather by his Sovereign." p. 866.

These letters, nine in number, extend to p. 870; and are succeeded by two others, sent to Hearne by Mr. T. Baker, from the Paper Office. Vide also Clarendon's Hist. Rebellion, vol. iii. 230, Ed. 1706, 8vo. Whitelock's Memorials, p. 309, 312, 329.

history is such as to put the author of it quite in the foremost rank of the historians of his day. The Benedictine Editors of the "*Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*," are prodigal in their praise of BENEDICTUS ABBAS; and as this very carefully executed edition of his labours is the only one ever published, scholars and collectors will do well to let no opportunity slip of obtaining possession of it. Mr. Gough's copy was sold (if I recollect rightly) for somewhere about four guineas.

VI. JOHANNIS DE TROKELowe Annales Edvardi II. Angliæ Regis. E. Cod. MS. in Bibl. Cott. [*Claudius D. VI. 8*] Oxonii e Th. Sheld. 1729. 8vo.

1. *Prefatio*

In this preface, speaking of the Antiquities of Glastonbury, Hearne thus strongly reprobates the destruction of old monuments and records, and the fatalities attending religious persecutions.

———"Optime igitur facit Vir eruditissimus Edmundus Archerus, Archidiaconus Wellensis, qui [communione studiorum arctissima nobis conjunctus] nostram in gratiam registra pervolvit vetera, idque tanta cum felicitate, ut inde depromat viris probis atque doctis [qui ejusmodi reliquias videre avent] multa pergrata, è quibus sunt chartæ illæ eximæ ad Glastoniam spectantes, nuper à nobis editæ. Quæ quidem chartæ vel idcirco magni sunt faciendæ, quod inde ecclesiæ Glastoniensis jura elare [perinde ac si præsto adesset] lector colligit. Adeo ut, eandem etiam ob rationem, rectissime fecerint Dodsworthius, Dugdalius, Galeus, alique viri summi [judicio acri ac doctrina exquisita ornati] qui ad eandem ecclesiam Glastoniensem, cænobiaque nostra vetusta, chartas similiter pertinentes diligentissime sibi compararunt, et juris publici fieri curarunt. Neque hujusmodi monumenta [quorum indagatio summam habet oblectationem] proferentibus quis unquam succensuit, Wiclevistas, Calvinianos, fanaticosque aliossi demas, qui [ut ignorare φιλόμυσος nemo potest] in veræ religionis cultores irritati quamlibet nacti occasionem, plerosque omnes convitiis conscindunt, antiquitatibus Britannicis oleum operamque impendentes. Verum cur his insistam, causæ nihil video. Detrectent, si lubet [nam quis adeo demens, ut aurem præbeat?] virorum præstantissimorum auctoritatem Wiclevistæ et reliqui Puritani, [scripturiendi et maledicendi impetigine incitati] Dugdaliūque Galeum, aliosque subsellii superioris scriptores imperitiæ

imperitiæ imperitissimæ simulent, stultissimosque appellent. Nos, verecundius agentes, Archeroque aliisque fautoribus gratias habentes, in studio veritatis ac antiquitatis horas collocemus, nobiscumque præclare agi putemus, si in hujusmodi nostris conatibus utile quod sit invenerint eruditi." p. xvii, xviii.

2. *Henrici de Glaneforde Chronica*, e Cod. MS. in Bibl. Cott. Cott. (Claudius D. VI. 9, p. 67.
3. *Monachi ejusdem Malmesburiensis Vita Edvardi II.* a Cod. MS. penes Jacobum Westum, Armigerum, p. 93.
4. *An Account of the Canonization of William de Morchia*, Bishop of Bath and Wells. E. Registr. Wellensibus. p. 255. (preceded by a title-page, and Dr. Archer's letter to the publisher.)
5. *The Commission to shut up John Cherde (Monk of Ford Abbey) in his solitary Apartment during Life.* E. Reg. vet. Well. p. 261.
- I. Chartæ Aulæ Ibelcestre. 265.
- II. Literæ Abbatis de Cernel super ratificatione appropriationis prædictæ.
- III. Literæ Domini Jöcelini super ordinatione appropriationis ecclesiæ beatæ Mariæ minoris.
6. *K. H. VIII's. Letter of Thanks upon the Lord Privy Seal Thomas Cromwell's being elected, chosen, and installed Dean of Wells.* E. Reg. vet. Well. p. 271.
7. *A short account of Dr. Robert Brady, and Mr. John Lightwine. From my learned friend Mr. Thomas Baker of Cambridge.* p. 273.
8. *A note about Jervais Hollis*, from the genuine or 1st edition of Mr. Ant. à Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. II. col. 702. p. 275.
9. *Nota MSS. ipsius Joannis Bale*, adjectæ Codici impresso de Scriptoribus, &c. Ex Autographo descripsit V. amiciss. Tho. Bakerus Cantabrigiensis. p. 276. 426.
10. *Ordinationes Collegii Orielensis.* In quibus & Statuta Universitatis Oxoniensis, ab Edvardo VI. latâ ac sancita. E. Codice. vet. penes Edit. p. 295.
11. *Epitaphium Saræ Cherriæ*, Filiæ Francisci Cherrii. p. 373.
12. *A remarkable Story of a great sum of money found in a cumbersome wooden Bedstead, at Leycester, on which R. III. had layn before the battle at Bosworth. From a MS. intituled, Remembrances collected by Sir Roger Twysden.* p. 374.
13. *Notæ.* p. 376.

14. *Francisci Godwini narratio de Gulielmo de Marchia, e Godwini libro inedito de Episcopis Batho Wellensibus.* p. 378.
15. *Observationes de Cænobio Sanctimonialium de Winteny, in agro Hartoniensi.* p. 382. 427.
16. *Statutum illud Collegii novi, Oxoniæ, in quo prohibetur consuetudo radendi barbas.* p. 393.

This is a long gossiping note upon the antiquity and propriety (or otherwise) of wearing beards at New College, Oxford; in which the ancient Latin version, from Leviticus chap. xix. 27, is thus rendered: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." An English translation, printed in 1541, thus renders it: "Ye shall not rounde the lockes of your heades, neyther shalte thou marre the tuftes of thy bearde."

17. *Index.* p. 396.

18. *Operum Hearnii Catalogus.*

19. Various Readings relating to the will of Richard Beauchamp, E. of Warwick, that I printed in John Ross. p. 423 to 428.

To this scarce and not incurious work there are no subscribers' names prefixed or subjoined. The large paper was sold for 1l. 1s. the small for 1cs. 6d.

VII. WALTERI HEMINGFORD Canonici de Gissburne Historia de rebus gestis Edvardi I. Edv. II. et Edv. III. E. Codicibus MSS. nunc primus publicavit Thomas Hearne. Oxon. e Th. Sheld. 1731. 8vo. 2 vols.

1. *Præfatio*—to p. cxvi.

2. *Appendix* to p. clxxxvi.

In this preface and appendix are comprehended the following miscellaneous articles:

3. *A very scarce Coin of Caurasius.* p. xlix.

4. *An ancient inscription found at Dorchester, near Oxford.* p. lvii.

5. *The old Form of admitting Ch. Wardens into their office, at Great Farington, in Berks, from an old Church Warden's book of Accounts.* p. lix.

6. *Instructions given by Thomas Bourcher, Abp. of Canterbury, to the abbot of Thorney, how Reginald Peacock, who*

who was sent thither, should be treatyd in the Monastery aforesaid. p. lxxxvi. e Coll. H. Wharton.

7. *A Note relating to Juliana Barne's book pr. at St. Alban's, of Hawking, Hunting, & Armory.* p. xcvi.

As the public curiosity has been of late somewhat attracted towards this curious and rare publication, from the notice of a forthcoming reprint of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of it by my friend Mr. J. Haslewood, (who has spared no pains to make himself master of every thing connected with the authoress and her publication) I subjoin the following bibliographical morçeau, by Hearne, for the sake of the curious: premising, that Bagford's notice of a supposed anterior edition of 1481 is not worth a moment's consideration—such edition being purely chimerical.

“ Inde profecto suspicor, pauca etiam in Julianæ Barnesiæ vel potius Berners, feminae clarissimæ, priorissæ abbatia monialium de Sopewell cœnobii S. Albani cellæ opere insigni de acupatione &c. inesse, quæ non sint re vera ipsius Barnesiæ,\*  
atque

\* “ In Bp. More's study, [now, I suppose at Cambridge Public Library] I formerly saw the books of *Hawking, Hunting, and Armory*, usually ascribed to Julian Barnes, [the book of *Fishing* was not there, or else it had been torn out] printed at St. Albans in 1486 in small folio, and had a remarkable note writ in the beginning under the hand of Will Burton, of Leicestershire, to this effect: Julian Barnes said to be author. Her name should rather be Berners: daughter she was of Sir James Berners, of Berners Roding in Essex, sister to Richard Lord Berners—Prioress of Sopewell [which you know, was a nunnery, cell to and very near St. Alban's] This is the substance of my extracts, which are in Latin, but whether Burton's note was so, or in English, or what the words were verbatim, I can't tell.” Tanner's Letter to Hearne, Sep. 20, 1731.

“ Atque in Bibliotheca Mooriana re vera exstitisse Julianæ Barnesiæ [quâ priorissa alia nulla vel pulcrior, vel etiam doctior erat] librum, monuit item Joannes Bagfordius, vir ille inclytus, artis typographicæ incunabulorum longè peritissimus, in adversariis quibusdam, satis egregiis, penes nos, ex dono amicissimi Bakeri. In hoc autem à Tannero discrepat Bagfordius, quod librum typis excusum fuisse innuit A. D. M. cccc. lxxxvi. Imo et Bagfordius mihi videtur fere prodere, bis equidem prodiisse in villa S. Albani. Quid quod et ipse etiam, ni fallor, viderim duas in folio editiones? uti etiam adspexi non ita pridem Gulielmi Caxtoni editionem, rarissimam sane, et auro contra non caram; quemadmodum

atque eo speciatim in loco, ubi de locutionibus aliquot, ab hōminibus, accurate dicentibus, usurpandis agitur. Nam his in artibus, de quibus egit Juliana; Anglice et perspicue dicendi magna laus non est: decore vero et apte dicendi etiam admiratio. In iisdem enim considerare, quid rebus, quid personis, quid locis, quid temporibus conveniat, non est artis literariæ, sed ingenii planæ et experientiæ. Loco illo, quam inuimus, Julianæ legas de execrabili monachorum copia; quod plane facit, ut locus omnino sit nobis suspectus—quippe qui putamus, ab ipso Julianæ iudicio penitus abhorrere. Neque reclamabit (ut videtur) si nunc uspiam exstet ipsum Barnesiæ *απογραφον*, quod tamen omnino periisse, arguit Codicum MSS. Julianæ mira raritas. At ab initio multos fuisse codices chirographos, nullus dubito. Tam enim nobilibus, quam aliis, perplacuit feminæ, tum corporis tum animi dotibus conspicuæ, opus, unde et in Linguam Latinam versum fuisse legimus. [Pitseus p. 649] Sed en tibi verba ipsa Julianæ, sicuti concepta exstant in fragmento Codicis impressi, ex editione, ni fallor, Pynsoniana. Reperi autem inter Fragmenta Neviana.

a multiplieinge of husbandes  
 a pontyfcalyte of prelates  
 a dynnyte of chanons  
 a charge of curates.  
 dyscrecyon of preestes.  
 a scoll of freres  
 abominable syght of monkes.

Pro 'monkes,' sive *monachorum* reposuerim 'monkeys,' vel *simiarum*, nisi quod de viris in mox præcedentibus loquatur. Quod quum ita sit, additamentum esse hunc ultimum versicu-

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quemadmodum et maximi similiter æstimandos esse duco non tantum Julianæ Barnesiæ librum, in villa Albanensi impressum, sed et omnes alios libros ibidem excusos, ne quidem excepto aditu illo ad linguam Latinam, cujus *ἀποσπασμάτιον* nos habemus in Fragmentis Nevianis. Sed Bagfordii mens manifestior erit, si verba ejus ipsissima adferam. quod eo lubentius facio, quia non sint aliis animadversa. 'Julian Barnes her Gentleman's Academie of Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, and Heraldry, the armes in proper colours, printed and called the Boke of St. Alban's, because there first printed [1481.] A pot folio. The first that ever I saw had been the book of John Leland: after, it came into the hands of Burton of Leycestershire, and is now in the collection of the Bishop of Ely [Dr. Moore.] Julian Barnes was Abbess of the Nunnery of Sopewell near Albans. There have been two impressions of it in folio.'

lum potius suspicor. Nam plane per mihi mirum visum est, Julianum perperam de monachis potuisse sentire, fæminam excultissimam, et quæ neque ad dicendum, neque ad intelligendum esset invalida. Eo modo etiam de ipsa scribunt biographi, perinde ac si bona sapiensque simul esset pariter atque erudita. Imo viraginem vocant, innuentes nimirum, neque voluptariis disputationibus, neque voluptariis vocibus, fuisse delectatam, verecundiusque proinde egisse, quam ut inter homines illos, qui voluptate omnia metiuntur, numeretur. Hæc faciunt, ut et hæc verba, *a scoll of freres*, mihi etiam sint fidei suspectæ, a *scoll* idem est atque Anglo-Sax. *reole*, sive cætus magnus, vulgo *a shole*. Hic autem eo fine usurpatur, ut in contemptionem adducantur fratres, aliter, ut opinor, atque voluerat Juliana, quæ de his etiam pariter atque monachis optime, ut videtur, sentiebat. Itaque et hæc itidem verba ab hominibus male feriatis inserta fuisse fere dixerim. Wicclevistis nempe, vel certe Wiclevistarum fautoribus. Neque tamen inficias iverim, *freres* exstare in Codice Henrico VIto. regnante scripto, penes Thomam Rawlinson, V. egregium, qui sane Codex sententiam nostram stabilit, opus Barnesiæ, quod nunc vulgo circumfertur, in aliquibus minus esse authenticum. In eo *sculk* pro *scoll*, et *mockes* pro *monkes*, legitur, hoc modo scilicet.

“A skulk of foxus. of freres. of theves. an homynable shyf of niockes. a superfluite of nonnes.” \*

Præfat. p. xcvi—xcix.

8. *A Note about Durandus's Rationale divinorum, in All-Soul's College Library. p. cx.*

“They have in All Soul's College-Library a noble folio book printed on vellum, of Durandus's Rationale Divinorum, but then it hath been horribly abused, several leaves being cut out. Nor does the date when printed appear, though it was very early, as may appear from the following MS. note at the beginning of the book. “*Liber Collegii omnium animarum Oxon, quem Reverendus pater Jacobus Goldwell, † Episcopus Norwicensis. emit in civitate Hamburgensi, dum erat missus in ambassiatum a Christianissimo principe Edwardo Rege Angliæ &c. ad illustrissimum principem Regem Daniæ, voluitque dictus Reverendus pater, ut cathanetur in choro dicti Collegii, ad utilitatem studencium. Et si quis eum alienaverit, vel contra hunc dispositio-*

\* *Coll. nost. MSS. Vol. cxxxii. p. 87.*

† “Goldwell was made Bishop of Norwich 1472 12 Edw. 4. Godwin 497. He was before Dean of Salisbury, and Secretary to K. Edward IV.”

*nem fecerit, anathema sit. Et hæc dispositio erat per præfatum Reverendum patrem anno Domini millimō cccc lxxxviii.*"

"This book is even imperfect at the end, where, in all likelihood, was the date. [A superficial extract from Beughem is then given.] It is, as it is, a book of great value, but were it perfect, it would be looked upon as worth about an hundred pounds\* among curious men." Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 103, 156.

"Licet fortasse non desint, qui ex hac nota conjiciant, nos esse stultos pretii librorum existimatores, haudquaquam tamen hercle nos inepte sensisse judicabunt alii, simul atque cognoverint, suam cuique rem esse carissimam." cix. cx. cxi.

9. *De magna discordia Oxoniensi.* A<sup>o</sup>. Dom. MCCLXIII<sup>o</sup>. inter Academicos & Oppidanos, e Chronico Abbingtoniensi. p. cxii.

\* It would appear, from the sequel, that Sir T. Sebright had valued a perfect copy of it, in his own collection, described to Hearne by Howell, at this sum.

At the end of the volume is the following account of the Mentz edition. "Nunc tandem intellexi, exemplar ejusdem editionis penes se habere Comitem nobilissimum Oxoniensem, Edvardum Harleiam, idque etiam membraneum et perquam nitidum. Me per litteras, docte et candide propria sua manu scriptas, certiolem fecit ipse Comes conatum nostrorum litterariorum fautor eximius. p. 731. Operum Catalog.

*Catholicon*: cujus bina [unum membraneum, alterum chartaceum] exemplaria in bibliotheca sua, libris omnibus instructissima, habet Comes, quem diximus, præstantissimus Oxoniensis." p. 733.

[More, Bp. of Ely.]

———— In sua itidem bibliotheca *Catholicon* habuit episcopus nuperus Elyensis Joannes Moorus [sicuti a Catalogo Codicum MSS. observari est, ubi tamen, Tom. ii. p. 379, mendose, quam dedimus, nota exstat] qui de eodem mecum hîc Oxonii coram egit; ita tamen ut de Durandi editione principe Moguntina nihil audivisse videretur. Quod moneo, quia rei librariæ admodum peritus esset Moorus, certaue sit conjectura, ipsum mihi commemoratum fuisse, si modo ad aures, harum rerum avidissimas, de Durandi illa editione quid pervenisset, utpote qui de aliis, huc spectantibus, expresse, licet strictum, tunc temporis disseruerit." p. 733.

It may be worth adding to this note of Hearne, that his Majesty, the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Spencer, and Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart. each possess a beautiful vellum copy of the *Durandus*, which is well described by Wurdwein in his *Bibliotheca Moguntina*, p. 65; and by Mr. Edwards, in his Catalogue of 1794, No. 1291, where it is marked at 1261.



10. *Notæ in eam partem Hemingfordii*, quam edidit V. doctissimus Thomas Galeus. p. cxxiii.
11. *Concerning Reginalde Peacock's Opinions, not only from Nich. Doleman's Three Conversions of England, but from a MS. in the hands of Thomas Ward of Warwick, Esqr.* p. cli.
12. *The learned Mr. Henry Dodwell's Letter, concerning the power of Metropolitans in depriving Suffragan Bishops, occasioned by a Letter from the learned Thomas Smith, whose Letter and his Answer to Mr. Dodwell, are here likewise published.* p. cliii.
13. *Processus sub brevibus*, super modo & forma, quibus Johannes Wethamstede fuit iterum post resignationem in Patrem & Pastorem ecclesiæ S. Abani reelectus. e Registro Johannis de Wethamstede in Bibliotheca Collegii Armorum Londini. p. clx.
14. *A Letter from Dr. William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, to Bishop Fell, concerning the execution, and last behaviour of the Duke of Monmouth.* Ex Autographo penes Editorem p. clxxvii.
15. *An account of the Ch. of Swafham, in Norfolk, extracted from a Letter written to the Publisher, by the ingenious Beauprè Fell, of Beauprè Hall, in Norfolk, Esqr.* p. clxxx.
16. *A Letter relating to the last behaviour of Sir Walter Raleigh, written by Dr. Robert Tounson, Dean of Westminster, and afterwards Bishop of Sarum, to Sir John Isham.* p. clxxxiv. ex Autographo penes D. Justinianum Ishamum, Baronettum, V. & ingeniosum & eruditum, ac D. Joannis Ishami (ad quem scripta est hæc epistola) pronepotem mihi mutuo dato Oct. 1. 1731.
17. *Anonymi Historia Edwardi III.* antehac inedita. e Codice vet. MS. p. 387.
18. *Notæ in vitam Ricardi II.* a nobis divulgatam. p. 453.
19. *Johannis de Wethamstede narratio de Reginaldi Pecockii (Episcopi Cicestrensis) abjuratiōe.* 490 E. Registro sive Chronico Johannis de Wethamstede MS. in Bibl. Collegii Armorum Londini. fol. 117.
20. *Viri clariss. Georgii Harbinii Collectanea Historica* ex Dictionario Theologico Thomæ Gascoygne, S. Theologie Doctoris Oxoniensis, MS. fol. in Bibliotheca Collegii Lincolnensis, Oxon. p. 509.
21. *An Account of K. Charles I<sup>st</sup>s. escape or departure from Oxford*, in the year 1646. By Dr. Michael Hudson. Together with Mr. Robert Barham, of Sandwicke's Examination, relating to the said Dr. Michael Hudson. As also somewhat

- somewhat of curious Remark, that concerns Sir Kenelm Digby. Now first published from Original Papers p. 551.
22. *Dr. Archer's account of the religious houses in the Diocese of Bath and Bristol*, and of those out of it that had any revenues in it. p. 555.
  23. *An alphabetical list of the religious houses in Somersetshire*, rectifying some mistakes and omissions in Harpsfield, Speed, and Dugdale's Catalogues. By John Strachey of Sutton Court, in Somersetshire, Esq. p. 643.
  24. *Annotatōns*; viz. 1. A note relating to the word Bachalarius, in which is something of curious remark about the old University of Oxford, as also about Siward Earl of Northumberland's being buried at York. p. 669. 2. A Coin (a silver Groat) of David the Second's King of Scotland. 3. A note about square cups. p. 678. 4. A curious fragment about Glastonbury Abbey, from a MS. in the hands of the ingenious John Murray. p. 680. [*Vide British Bibliographer*, Vol. I. p. 259.]
  25. *Index*. p. 687 to 720.
  26. *Operum Catalogus* to 736. In this catalogue are some further particulars relating to the Rationale Div. Off. of Durandus, and to other circumstances about Old Printing, and particularly about the first book printed at Cambridge.

There were 120 subscribers to this work; of which forty subscribed for large paper, at 2l. 2s. the copy; and eight for several copies: the small paper was sold for a guinea. It is, without doubt, one of Hearne's most curious and scarce publications.

VIII. ROBERTI DE AVESBURY Historia de Mirabilibus gestis Edvardi III. [hactenus inedita] e Codicibus MSS. descripsit ediditque Tho. Hearnus. Qui et Appendicem subnexuit. E Th. Sheld. 1720. 8vo.

From an analysis of the leading contents of this volume, it will be seen that few of Hearne's publications are more precious to the curious antiquary.

1. *Tho. Hearnus Lectori*. p. iii. xlii.

The opening of the preface is characteristic of Hearne's mental activity. "Dum antiquitates nostras paullo diligentius et curiosius perquiro (nam ad agendum nati sumus)" &c. From this preface it appears that the copy of Robert of Avesbury from which Hearne printed his edition, was a MS. in the possession

session of Sir Thomas Sebright. This he seems to have collated with an Harleian MS. Meanwhile his friend Thomas Baker informed him of a Cambridge MS.—and these three MSS. bear evidence of being composed in the reign of Edward III. ; during which reign, [that is, A. D. 1357,] Hearne has no doubt but that Robert de Avesbury lived; and died at Cambridge. It embraces the history of Edward III. up to the year 1356 inclusive. p. iv. v.

Hearne thinks that the second, or latter, part of this MS. has been destroyed or lost; and that it would be worth while to inspect every library in the kingdom in order to recover it. ix.

At page xxiii. He thinks John Josceline was the real author of Abp. Parker's work *De Antiq. Brit. Ecclesiæ*; and that the Abp. might have put a finishing hand to it.

Neither Josceline nor Antony Wood\* knew of Robert de Avesbury.

*“ Antony Wood.*

“ *Is re vera erat admirandæ industriæ, [utinam et iudicium adfuisset, amicorumque liberis admonitionibus aures non habuisset clausas] omnemque animi cogitationem ad res Oxonienses illustrandas atque exponendas convertit. Quem in finem innumera pene antiquitatis monumenta consuluit, omnemque ferre laborem [nam dolere solebat, si quando vel Academicorum, vel etiam Oppidanorum antelucana victus esset industria] consuetudo docuit: immo de his rebus nihil fere intermisit nec disputare, nec scribere; præcipue autem de iisdem disputavit, quum esset cum familiaribus [quorum natæram ex forma se perspicere, velut alter Zopyrus, profitebatur] in villis prope Oxonium, haud aliter atque a Cicerone de maximis rebus tum vehementissime erat disputatum, quum ageret in Tusculano, quo non pauci, suis sedibus exciti, eruditi, disceptatum cum eo de maximi momenti controversiis, confluebant. Quamobrem de Academia Oxoniensi (cujus honore et salute nihil antiquius habuit) imo de toto orbe litterario, optime meritus est Antonius. Nec vero quisquam est, qui eum, qui tantos tulerit labores, non laudandum putet. Hac de causa certe qui vivo detrectare soliti erant, jam mortuum desiderio persecuti sunt. Verum enimvero denegandum non est, hominem hunc laborio-*

\* He concludes that Wood did not know him, because he borrows nothing from R. de A. concerning the sharp conflict between the Government & Townsman A. D. 1354—In quo [nim. R. de A.] tamen hoc de certamine satis egregia. xxxii.

sum (uteunque fortem et magno animo, eo etiam vultu, oratione, omni reliquo motu, et statu, ut antiquarium diceret) per plura è Briani Twyni et Gerardi Langbainii Analectis ineditis, eorum tamen nominibus celatis, decerpisse. Hæc expertus scribo, quippe qui ante annos aliquanmultos Twyni atque Langbainii Collectanea in Turri Scholarum Oxonii adservata (ne quid dicam de illis ab Antonio nostro Museo Ashmoliano legatis) forte fortuna pervolutavi. Quod quæm rescisset amicus quidam gravis, pereruditus, his in rebus versatissimus, multorumque librorum doctissimorum scriptor, mecum per litteras (nam tum Londini degebat, quamvis Academiæ nostræ, utpote vir spectatæ integritatis, decus clarissimum) egit, docuitque plane, virum, quem dixi, diligentissimum Twyni et Langbainii scrinia compilasse, quod idcirco graviter et ægre ferendum esse monuit, quia eorum nomina reticuisset, perinde ac si omnia ipse collegisset, nemoque jam antea in eadem arena desudasset. Singula persequi hac occasione tum esset prolixum, tum et præter institutum. Illud saltem constat è lectione Antonii à Wood librorum, non obstantibus his quæ, animadvertenda esse duximus, ipsum otio abundantem, et in his studiis nunquam non occupatum, infinitos pene libros, aliaque antiquitatis *μνημόσυνα* evoluisse, de quibus vix unquam audiverat vel Twynus, vel etiam Langbainius, &c.

“————— Quinimmo idem liquet ex Historia et Antiquitatibus Universitatis Oxoniensis, in quibus operibus conficiendis totos dies et noctes (idque etiam ad clepsydræ) meditatæ fuisse nemo dubitabit, qui inspexerit. Neque est cur verearis ne vel operam vel oleum perdiderit. Hominum enim illustrium vim magnam in iisdem operibus memoria et litteris pro virili sua consecravit. xxvi. xxxiii.

2. *Testimonia de Roberto de Avesbury.* xliii-xlvii.

3. *The Subscriber's Names.* 176 names: no l. p. specified.

4. *R. de Avesbury Hist. Edwardsterty I.* 255.

5. *Minutiæ (R. de Avesbury, 256, 266.* With a genealogical plate opposite p. 265.

The following, which are taken from these minutiæ of R. de Avesbury, are not to be found in the Harleian MS.

For to stanche bledyng atte the nose, take clene clay, and tempre hit with vynegre, and with the juys of an herbe that is y clepud bursa pastoris, and make there of a chapelet of good brede, and do a bouthe the hed of hym that bledeth, and hit shal stanche.

As thou for holy churche right  
bare the bloody face

To

To the y praye both day and nyght  
 Of joye sende me a space.  
 With an O. for & an I. a space for to a byde  
 Thu here myn arnde to that lord. that bare the bloody syde.

“ Ihesu kyng in trone  
 Lord in mageste  
 To the y make my mone  
 With herte good and fre  
 frendes have y none  
 That wolde me know ne se  
 My wonyunge ys allone  
 Lord wel wo ys me

With an O. & an I. my wonnynge is wel nykke  
 frendes haue y fewe my fomen walketh thykke.”

p. 264-5.

“ *The saying of Erra Pater to the Husbandsman.*

“ If the day of Saint Paule be cleere,  
 Then shall betide an happie yeere ;  
 If it doe chauce to snow or raine,  
 Then shall bee deare all kinde of graine.  
 But if the winde then bee a loft,  
 Warres shall vex this realme full oft :  
 And if the cloudes make dark the skie,  
 Both Neate and Fowle this yeare shall dye.”

266.

“ *Beef Hall.*

“ In the year 1352, which was about the 26th year of the Reign of K. Edw. III. the University made a great complaint about the vast expenses they had been at in repairing *Beef-Hall*, &c. This hall was situated in Saint Ebb's parish, not far from St. Aldate's church, on the south side of the lane that to this day is called *Beef-Lane*. John Rowse, the Warwick antiquary, mentions it in the fragments of his table that are preserved by Mr. Leland, and printed by me at the end of the fourth volume of Leland's Itin. It is said there, that it was near St. Aldate's church, and that it was for civilians. Mr. Wood tells us, that this hall was so called from the sign of an ox that was formerly painted either in one of the windows, or else over the gate ; though others doe not approve of this derivation, observing, that if it had been called so from the sign of an ox, the true name must have been *Ox-HALL* ; and therefore it seems to them, that in old time, before it was purchased for the use of scholars, a club met here, and that they had

*meals of beef*, and that from thence it received its name, and that it retained the same even after it came to be possessed by scholars; to confirm which opinion they alledge diverse instances. There are some remains of this hall to this day."

p. 316-318.

" *Beadles.*

"It was an old custom for the beadles to dine with the Master Inceptors at the time of their proceeding, and to be splendidly entertained upon that occasion. But whereas at such times the beadles used to ask the inceptors to gratify them with some dishes and wine and ale for their own private families (which brought an unnecessary charge upon the inceptors) a statute was made against such abuses, and such an extravagant custom." p. 319.

"It was, moreover, decreed, at the same time, that the superior beadles should, besides the abovementioned allowance, given ten shillings a piece to each of the inferior beadles every year to provide themselves with shoes, and that they should every year at the laying down their staves, and taking them again, be bound to oblige themselves, that they would punctually and religiously observe this order." 321.

E. Coll. nostris MSS. Vol. lx. p. 1. Notes relating to Oxford.

6. *Nomina eorum, qui scripserunt historiam Gentis Anglorum & ubi extant*; per Joannem Joscelinum ex eodem Cod. MS. Cott. fol. 191. p. 269.

7. *Antiquus Liber Bedellorum Universitatis Oxon.* p. 299.\*

8. *Notes relating to Oxford.* E. Coll. nostris MSS. Vol. lx. p. 1.—p. 314.

9. *A Letter written by the Reverend Dr. Christopher Potter, relating to the Privileges of the University of Oxford, with the form of degrading Mr. William Prynne. Sent me by the learned Mr. Thomas Baker from the Archives of Cambridge.* p. 328.

\* A part of Hearne's note is worth adding: "Volumen, in quo hicce liber, ex officina bibliopolæ cujusdam Oxoniensis redemi mense Septembris A. D. CIO.DCC.XX. Olim pertinebat ad Antonium à Wood, qui titulum, quem hic dedimus, præfixit. Continet et impressu quodam, *Tabulam nimirum Festorum mobilium, Kalendarium, et Fratris Hieronymi Sauonarole de Ferrarii Ordinis Predicatorum. expositionem in psalmos Miserere Mei Deus. Qui reges Israël et tres versus psalmi In te d'ne sperarii.* Verum hæc [quæ e prelo Ascensiano prodierunt] omittenda plane esse duximus, utpote à re nostra quasi aliena. Hoc tamen sciendum est, in Bibliotheca Bodleiana me olim vidisse Codicem MS. in quo hiscè, quæ nunc edimus, similia reperi, &c."

10. *Dominicum Domini Regis de Wodestok.* e Recordo in Turri Londinensi. p. 331. In hoc Recordo perveteii mentio fit Rosamundæ pulchræ.
11. *Letters of K. Henry VIII. to Anne Bolen.* p. 347. e Coll. MSS. Smithianis penes Editorem. Vol. xcvi. p. 1.
- “ *Letters of K. Henry VIII. to Anne Bolen E Coll.* MSS. Smithianis penes me, Vol. xcvi. p. 1.

N° 1.

———— Vous assurant que de ma part l'annuy d'absence déjà m'est trop grande; et quant je pense a l'augmentation d'icelluy, que per force faut que je souffre, il m'est presque intollerable, si n'estoit la ferme espoire, que J'aye de votre indissoluble affection vers moy; et pur le vous remercioir aucune fois cela, et voyant qui personnellement je ne puis estre en votre presence, chose la plus approchant a cella, qui m'est possible au present, je vous envoie, c'est a dire, ma picture misse en braselettes a toute la device, que déjà saves, me souhaittant en leur place, quant il vous plairoit, c'est de la main de

Votre serviteur et ami

H. H.

N° IV.

———— Vous suppliant me faire entiere responce de cette ma rude lettre, a quoy et en quoy me puis fier; et si ne vous plait de me fair responce per escrite, assuré moi quelque lieu la, ou je la pourroy avoir de bouche, et je m'y trouveray de bien bon cœur. Non plus de peur de vous enuyer. Escrite de la main de celluy, qui volontiers demeureroit votre

H. H.

N° V.

———— Vous priant aussi, que si aucunement je vous aye per cy devant offence, que vous me donnes la mesme absolution, que vous demandes, vous assevrant, que d'ornnevant a vous seule non ceur sera dedié, desirant fort, que le corps ainsi pouvoit, comme dieu le peut fair, si luy plait; a qui je supplie une fois le jeur pour ce fair, esperant que a la long ma priere fera ouye, desirant le temps, pansant le long jusques au reveu d'entre nous deux. Escrite de la main du secretair qui en ceur, corps, et volonté est.

*Votre loyal & plus assure serviteur*

H autre [A.] ne cherche B.

## N° VI.

The reasonable request of your last letter with the pleasure I also take to know them true cause[s] me to send you now this news. The Legat, which we most desire, arrived at Paris on Sunday or Munday last past, so that I trust by the next Munday to hear of his arrival at Calajs, and then I trust within a while after to enjoy that, which I have so long longed for, to God's pleasure and our both comforts. No more to you at this present, mine own darling, for lack of time; but that I would you were in mine arms, or I in yours: for I think it long since I kyst you. Written after the killing of an hart at xi of the clock, minding with God's grace to morrow mightily timely to kill another. By the hand of him, which I trust shortly shall be yours.

Henry H.

## N IX.

“The cause of my writing at this time (good sweet heart) is wonly to understand of your good health and prosperity; whereof to know, I would be as glad as in manner mine awn, praying God (that and it be his pleasure) to send us shortly togydir; for I promise you I long for it; howbeit trust it shall not be long to; and seeing my Darling is absent, I can no less do than to send her some flesh, representing my name, which is Harts' flesh for Henry; prognosticating that, hereafter, God willing, you must enjoy some of mine, which, if he pleased, I wold were now,” &c.

H. H.

## N° X.

In this letter Henry entreats Ann Boleyn to beg of her father to hasten their nuptials—“vous suppliant ma mestress, de dire a Monsr. votre pere, de ma part, que je luy prie de arancer de deux jours le temps assiné.” &c.

## N° XVI.

“Mine own sweet heart, this shall be to advertise you of the great ellengeness, that I find here, since your departing: for I ensure you me thinketh the time longer since your departing now last, than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervence of love causeth it; for otherwise I would not thought it possible, that for so little a while it should have grieved me; but now that I am coming towards you, me thinketh my pains been half released; and also I am right well comforted, in so much that my book maketh substantially for my matter: in writing whereof I have spent above IV hours this day, which caused me now to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain



pain in my head; wishing myself (specially on evening) in my sweet hearts' arms, whose pretty dukkyes I trust shortly to cusse. Written with the hand of him, that was, is, and shall be yours by his will. H. H.

"*These are the Letters* (adds Hearne) *of H. VIII. to Ann Bullen, faithfully transcribed from a copy taken from the Originals, which are kept in the Vatican at Rome. The copy taken 1682.*" p. 347-362.

12. *Injunctions geven in the Visitacion of the moste Reverende father in god, the lorde cardinall Poole's grace, legate de Laxere, by his subdelegate James, by the permission of god, bishope of Gloucestre, througheout his Diocceses of Gloucestre, 1556.*

13. *Index.* p. 363.

14. *Operum Nostrorum Catalogus.* 371.

With these curious extracts I take leave of those publications of Hearne which relate to REGAL BIOGRAPHY. Annals, Antiquities, and Biography in General, will form the subjects of the remainder of this *Catalogue Raisonné*. If the reader, who is well versed in Hernëan lore, approve of the minute but desultory manner in which the foregoing communications are made, the compiler of this Catalogue will never think the labour it has cost him thrown away. Bibliography is a severe study: in due time it may become a popular one.

T. F. D.

Kensington, August 25, 1810.

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